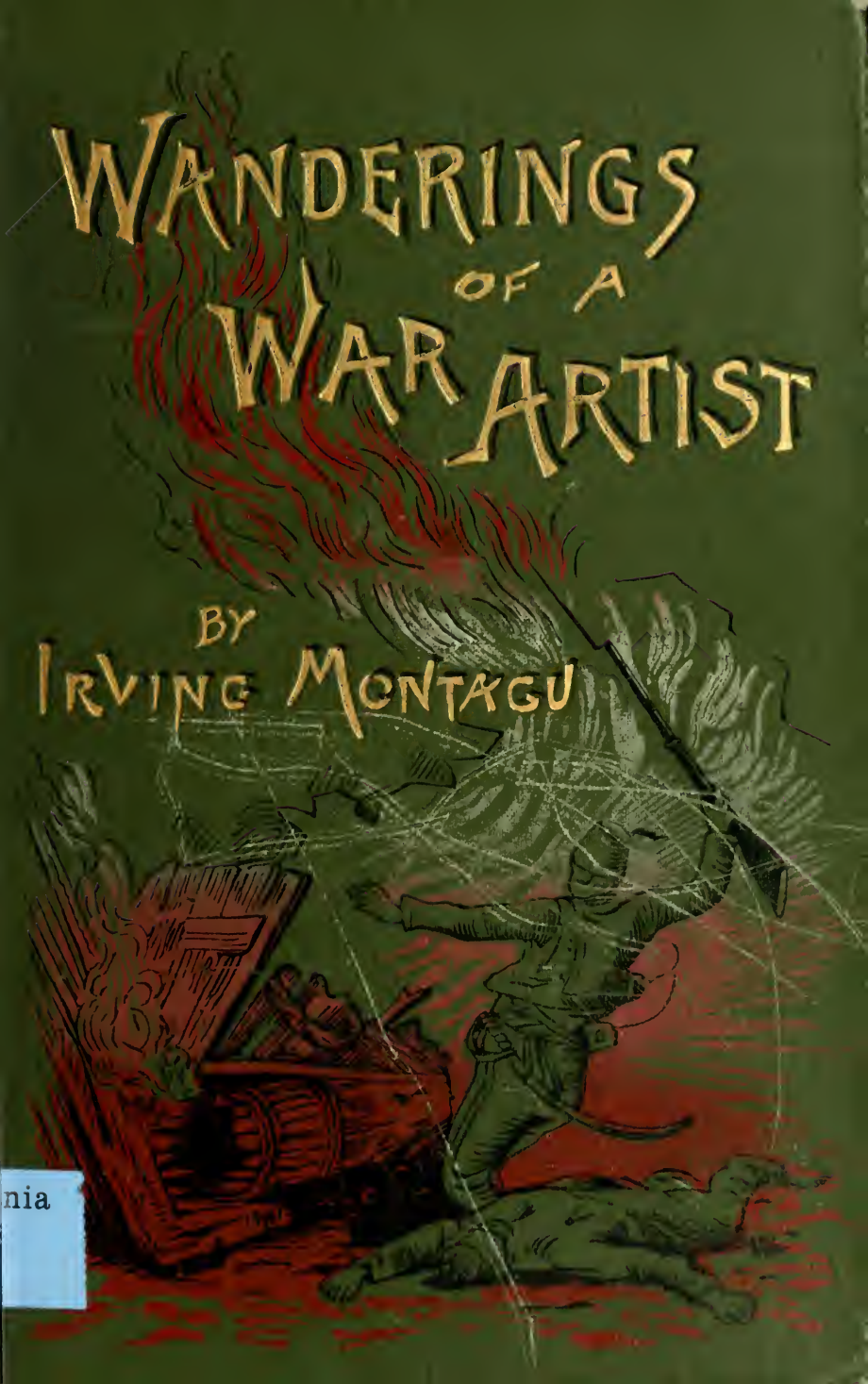
# WANDERINGS OF A WAR ARTIST

BY

IRVING MONTAGU



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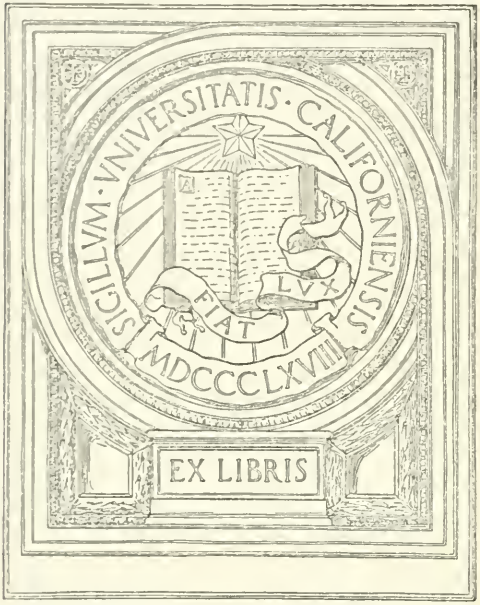


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# WANDERINGS OF A WAR-ARTIST.

# WANDERINGS

OF A

# WAR-ARTIST.

BY

IRVING MONTAGU,

*Author of "Camp and Studio," &c.*

LONDON:

W. H. ALLEN & CO., LIMITED,

13, WATERLOO PLACE, S.W.

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DEDICATED

TO

General Sir Arnold Kemball, R.A.,

*K.C.B., K.C.S.I., J.P., D.L.,*

TO WHOSE COURTEOUS CONSIDERATION

THE AUTHOR HAS—AS A WAR-ARTIST—BEEN INDEBTED

FOR ADVANTAGES WHICH MAKE

THIS SMALL TRIBUTE TO HIS KINDNESS

A PERSONAL GRATIFICATION.

MAR 27 '43
GIFT OF MRS. A. F. MORRISON

434427

# PREFACE.

I BELIEVE that although a large section of the public do not read the prefaces to books, preferring to judge unbiased by the author's promises or apologies for themselves, there are, on the other hand, many who do, and to whom it is a sort of key-note to the contents; therefore should it incisively convey a suggestion of the *menu* with which their mental appetite is about to be appeased.

Throughout these pages I have endeavoured, without egotism, to tell a plain, unvarnished tale of my wanderings. Commencing, then, with a first course, in which I touch on my early life and its subsequent vicissitudes, I go on to those campaigns that form the more substantial fare which follows, and which if found acceptable will, before long, be succeeded by the publication of yet another

volume, which, as a sequel to this, will so far terminate my somewhat eventful history.

In the meantime, if my readers have been able, in some sense, to live with me my life over again, to have gone with me through the experiences I have recorded without suffering from *ennui*, then shall I be pleased indeed to have interested them in *some* of the Wanderings of a War-Artist, so that when they next turn over the pages of our illustrated newspapers they may perhaps more fully realise the process by which the point of the "special's" pencil is sharpened.

*Linden Gardens, W.*
*March, 1889.*

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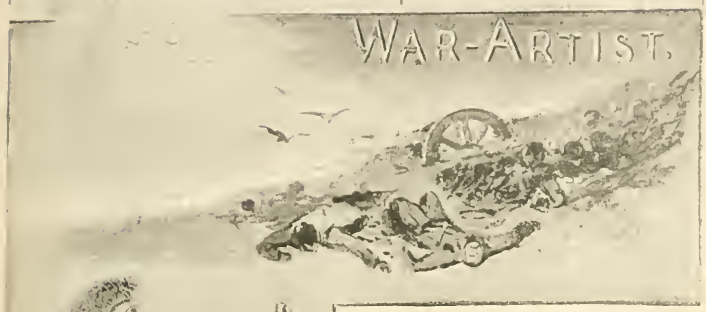
# WANDERINGS OF A WAR-ARTIST.



ALTHOUGH I have my nurse's authority that I was not the most docile of infants, I am not in a position to chronicle any particular incidents in my earliest childhood which are likely to bear directly on my after-life ; indeed, the first of the seven ages, even of the most exalted career, can hardly be of so much interest to the general public as to the mother of the illustrious one ; so surely it is wise to dispense with any allusion to that period of *my* existence, unless, indeed, it is to say that my first plaything was a drum, and that my earliest ambition was to gain family notoriety by the dismemberment of a battalion of wooden soldiers, whose well-glued limbs and pedestals gave way before repeated onslaughts.

Yet perhaps I should not pass over my earliest experience of ignominious defeat, since, serving to point a moral, it may also adorn a tale.

I was staying with an uncle in the country. Quartered in the farm buildings attached to his house was a goose of huge proportions, whose fate would probably have come about, in the common course of events, the following Michaelmas, but whom I, imbued with the spirit of mischief, brought to an untimely end with a newly-purchased bow and arrow.

He had waddled to the window of the loft in which he was being fattened, apart from kith and kin, and was looking complacently round the domain, of which he was Major Domo, when that luckless arrow entered his breast, and hastened his departure for that bourne whence no traveller or goose has yet been known to return. He must indeed have passed instantly to those happy hunting-grounds, where the aroma of sage and onions is unknown, for no sooner had the fatal point penetrated than with a frightful flutter, which terrified me beyond all description, and a horrible gurgle, he fell to the ground just where a whole flock of his own kith and kin were discussing what scant pickings the farmyard afforded, and who, could their thoughts have been read, had doubtless till now envied that corpulent victim.

From my point of view the enormity of my guilt was terrible indeed, and I fled helter-skelter with fearful velocity, horror-struck, from the scene of my crime—for to me it was one of the deepest dye. Then came retribution fast and furious, following me up in the shape of that flock, which, however much in life they had hated him, had now united—at least so I thought—to avenge the death of their fellow. Tam O'Shanter, when chased by the witches, could not have presented a more pitiable spectacle than I did, when,

close pressed by my infuriated feathered foe, I clambered up the nearest five-barred gate. Here, though escaping for the moment the persecutions of the geese, I had yet to come to conclusions with a jackdaw (a great domestic favourite), who, noting my cowardice, hopped on the rail to

THAT LUCKLESS ARROW!

which, shrieking lustily the while, I clung, and commenced so vigorously to attack my calves with his sharp beak that I was nearly in convulsions.

Fortunately my screams attracted old Tom, the stable-

man, and I was soon carried ignominiously indoors, strongly convinced that dangerous weapons should be used with discretion, and that wanton mischief brings all too soon its own punishment from most unexpected quarters; for not only was I fearfully scared by the avengers and terribly pecked by their ally the jackdaw, but when that goose was stuffed, cooked, and served up redolent of all that to a hungry juvenile could promise to be delicious, I had the mortification of seeing everyone served save myself, and had to sit during that long-drawn-out repast dinnerless, a hungry spectator, watching with eager eyes the evident enjoyment of those who had thus been provided by ME with a dainty dish which I was not permitted to share.

Treating, however, these earlier memoirs only in passing, I will come to that turning-point in my youth when I first became acquainted with Bob.

"Did Bob wear a wooden sword when he was a little boy?"

This has been handed down as a question I used to put, when a child of eight, with reference to a fine strapping fellow of some fifteen summers, known then, as in after-life, by the diminutive of Bob. I speak of the late Robert Landells, who played for many years an important part in the journalistic world, who was, indeed, one of our earliest war-artists. And when it became an ascertained fact that Bob, at my age, had girt about him a wooden sword, I was at once satisfied as to the necessity for doing so myself forthwith.

The influence of a boy in his teens on a child with whom he is apt often to come in contact cannot be overestimated. The moral precepts of the nursery, the gravest paternal advice, go for little under such circumstances; and if many a Vice-Admiral indirectly owes his distinction to an early acquaintance with *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, or General

"OH, DON'T! I'LL NEVER DO IT AGAIN!

to an intimacy with *Frank Hilton*, or *Tom Burke of Ours*, then, surely, many a fag has imbibed his first strong impressions and inclinations from the particular sixth-form

THE WOODEN SWORD.

boy in authority over him, just as I did in those days from Bob.

Bob bought a pistol—I purchased a pop-gun. Nature herself seemed to aid me. Bob emerged into manhood, I into boyhood, following closely in his track. I, in short,

took up the example which he left behind, till suddenly there came a blank, a gulf, which seemed boundless, between myself and my exemplar.

Bob became a "war-artist," and was ordered off to the front by the *Illustrated London News*. I distinctly remember my father explaining to me what "the front" meant, and the craving which came over me to go there too. I felt at that moment, in my childish heart, as if I could fight army corps of the heaviest dragoons if need be, and pictured Bob in top-boots and spurs riding round the lines making graphic sketches in a very hot-bed of shot and shell. How dear to me was every scrap of Crimean news, small as I was, when I felt that he was playing his part with our armies in the field.

Thus it was that my earliest inclinations for the war-path were fostered, and that I first began to look on art as a means to an end, by which, as a war-artist, I might one day wander at will *round about the redoubt*, or on the tented field, while slowly, yet surely rising on the Eastern horizon was my bright particular star Bob, whose vivid pictures of Crimean incident in the *Illustrated London News* filled me with amiable envy.

Then followed those school-days, so dear to memory, when imbibing the warlike spirit of the times, we devoted every half-holiday to mimic battle; we had fortifications and earthworks which would—to say the least of it—have astonished the military engineers of those days, or any subsequent times; yet whatever our tactics may have been, I think the contingencies which sometimes arose, and the expedients we had recourse to, may not have been without their influence on some of us in after-life.

Next to Bob Landells, whom I still looked on as a bright though distant luminary, came Tom Beresford, the captain of our eleven, one anecdote concerning whom must not be

forgotton, as having special reference to the subtle modeller of human clay, our dear old head-master.

Ten fellows were absent; they had gone out of bounds —to "Bradley's" farm,—and, to make a long story short, were caught red-handed in the possession of illicit stores by "the Doctor"; but it is the way in which their capture was effected that points the moral. Seven were intercepted at the cross roads, laden with supplies; they were interrogated as to the names of the remaining three, and, with a sneaking hope of lightening their own punishments, at once gave them up.

Alas and alack! those other three who, all unconscious of their comrades' fate, still remained at the farm were Tom Beresford, Watkins ("Nipper Watkins," not "Long Watkins"), and your humble servant, better known in those days as "Peg Montagu."

Then came the query to the trembling three, "Who were the other seven?"

We, fondly hoping they had escaped, looked first at each other, then at the Doctor; no one spoke. Threats followed, but with no result. Crestfallen but resolute, we stood to our guns, and returned to the school still in custody.

The great bell was rung at an unwonted hour; terrible was the suspense and excitement; why, such a thing had not happened since Bully Evans was expelled for robbing the hen-roost. The silence was positively painful as the portentous step of the Doctor was heard approaching.

Mounting his rostrum, he took his seat; you might have heard the proverbial pin drop. The awful moment had come.

"Beresford, Watkins, Montagu, stand out!"

And there, disobedient, woe-begone wretches that we felt ourselves to be, we stood, while with eyes and mouths dilated to the utmost limit, sat the whole school awaiting with nervous impatience the issue of events.

"Do you still refuse to give up the names of those boys who were with you out of bounds?" A pause.

"Yes, Sir," in a sort of loud whisper.

"Very well, I give you five minutes to decide." And then came the most fearful five minutes we, any of us, in our lives had experienced; at the termination of which the Doctor, in a slow and impressive voice, as if he had been one of "The Council of Ten," continued: "And now, boys, what have you to say? Will you give up those names" (an awful pause), "or do you *absolutely* refuse to do so?"

An age seemed to elapse; we felt as if about to place a fusee at a given moment to a barrel of gunpowder, as we replied:

"We refuse to give them up, Sir."

"Very well," said the Doctor, in a voice of thunder, "since that is the case there is only one course to follow; come up here each of you, and let me" (another awful pause) "*shake you by the hands*, and congratulate you on having held on as you have done, in spite of prospective penalties, as a matter of schoolboy honour. I congratulate you, I say, on having *refused* to give up the names of those other fellows, who, to save themselves, were only too ready to give up yours."

How those rafters rang again, as the dear old Doctor gave us that never-to-be-forgotten lesson. When the excitemen had somewhat subsided, he concluded by addressing the remaining seven:

"I have no punishment to give you, except it be by expressing a hope that you may not be so ready on a future occasion to screen yourselves at the expense of others."

When after the ups and downs of many school terms I left, I shall not easily forget the Doctor's last words as the coach drew up, and I prepared to mount the box.

"Good-bye—God bless you," said he. "When a fellow leaves here for the big world beyond, I feel like one who is sending out another soldier to whom I have taught the arts of war. Remember in the fight you have before you to defend the right, and 'never give in while you can stand or see.' Think, too, sometimes of your old school, and remember wherever you are, whatever you do, to be a credit to us; so that if you win laurels we may enjoy their reflected light, that those who have known you here may some day be proud of saying, 'We were at school together, he was a Blenheim boy.' Again good-bye—God bless you."

Long years have elapsed since then; but I have not forgotten the sentiment of that farewell. It was over; the coach had come and gone; the boys, having cheered their loudest, were back at their Horace and Virgil, while a lonely schoolboy, bereft at one blow of all his early friends, was—well, the truth must be told—crying his eyes out, by old Griffith's (the coachman) side.

With this venerable Jehu I was always a welcome passenger at vacation time—"one of the young gentlemen known for little tips," as he used to put it—so with him I felt that I could unburden my sorrows without fear of ridicule.

"Never mind, Master Peg," said he, in his kindly old-fashioned way, "never mind. Of course we shall all miss yer for a bit, we allus does them that's been at the Doctor's any time; but then you know you're a-goin' up to Lunun town, you are, and ha' got all the world afore yer—wish as I 'ad—that's all, I wouldn't be a-driven of this 'ere old coach now—no, not me."

* * * *

Having left school at the early age of fourteen, I continued studying with my father.

My career in London commenced unostentatiously

enough. Impossible Apollos, fantastic fauns, and very shady satyrs occupied for some time my attention at the British Museum, from which I migrated to Marlborough House (then "The Vernon Gallery"), to cover innumerable canvases with most questionable copies of great originals.

Here, by the way, His Royal Highness Prince Albert was often graciously pleased to come, *incog.*, to give some word of kindly encouragement to those who were students at that time.

It was a quaint, interesting old place, was Marlborough House in those days, where in idle moments we wandered fancy free through cob-webbed cellars and dusty lumber-rooms.

On one occasion several of us were strolling through its deserted passages, when I, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, penetrated into what appeared to me to be a dark capacious cupboard. Those with me being amused at my curiosity, and seeing their opportunity, shut the door (which they were quite unaware fastened with a spring), and, expecting me to turn up presently, ran off to continue their work in the galleries.

Thus "cribbed, cabined, and confined," I remained patient enough at first, hoping it would be but a short lived jest. However, nearly half-an-hour having elapsed, my temper and patience began to diminish and the situation to pall upon me—in vain did I try to make myself heard—so I set about to find some means of exit.

I commenced by slowly feeling and pushing against the walls round about me. Now, strangely enough, and much to my relief, the back part of my prison-house was as flexible as if the paper of the adjoining room were only strained on canvas across it. An idea struck me—nothing could be easier than to take my penknife and cut a slit

sufficiently long for me to step through into the next apartment, the door of which most probably would be unfastened. With this prospect of escape, I was just on the point of making a rent in the canvas, when I heard footsteps, and a cheery voice without, exclaiming—

"Oh! I say, old fellow, you there still! we'd forgotten all about you till a moment ago. This is almost *too* much of a joke! You might have been there all night."

Seeing the knife in my hand, his next inquiry was if I had contemplated suicide during my solitude.

"Certainly not; only I wasn't going to be shut up in such a place when I found I could cut through that partition."

"Partition! what? that canvas at the back?"

His look of horror startled me.

"Yes; and why not?" said I interrogatively.

"Good heavens! why you were on the point of walking through 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage'—getting through £6,000 at one step, to say the least of it."

It was true enough, too, as I afterwards discovered; it was Turner's masterpiece which stopped the way, and not, as I had supposed, a canvas wall. One moment more, and I might have gained a sudden notoriety in the art world which few would have envied me.

I next studied at "Heatherly's Life School." Heatherly, gaunt, pale, kindly, ghostly Heatherly, who has won for himself any number of such complimentary titles, as "the Saint," "the Shadow of Art,' &c., still glides silently from room to room.

There was a dusty, quaint, indescribable something about Heatherly's in my time—a grim antiquity which seemed to win one over; but Time's picture changes, for, when I passed there a little while since, orthodox house-painters were brightening up the front, a trim servant was polishing

the brass knobs on the hall door, and the windows of my old art master's Sanctum Sanctorum were being cleaned by an ex-model—aye! and the blinds drawn up—and then I sighed, as we are all wont to sigh for that which was, and may never be again; so I hastened on, and turned down that little court which leads to Upper Rathbone Place, and got away into the busy haunts of men, trying to forget that new-fangled, polished, painted sprite which stepped between myself and memory—for it was there, and under clever, genial Tom Nicholson the artist (a worthy contemporary of Sir John Gilbert), that I derived the only personal instruction in art that I ever had.

In those early days, however, I never lost any opportunity I could get for practice, sitting often late into the night, by the light of candle-ends accumulated and secreted for the purpose, working hard at the few old plaster casts I possessed, till, having exhausted every conceivable position as far as they were concerned, I fell back on the crockery, wash-hand stand, chest of drawers, and other still life within the narrow scope of my little bedroom.

* * *

How vain are the expectations of youth—how brilliant the pictures which fancy paints—how glorious the goal which lures one on! Alas! how soon may all our anticipations fall through, and the idol we have worshipped lie shattered at our feet.

An only child, in the full enjoyment of my parents' love and guidance, surrounded by every home comfort, I was yet, all too soon, to find myself alone—a waif and stray in the great Sahara.

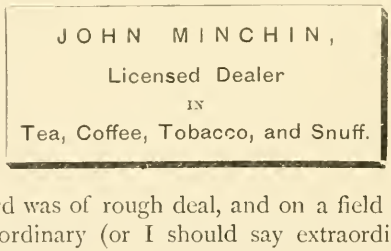
My mother, owing to illness, was ordered by our doctor to reside, if not permanently, at least for a considerable time, in the country, where my father, a hard-working and most prolific literary man (some time editor of the *Court*

*Journal*, *Lady's Newspaper*, &c.), was unable to join her. Hence it was that she went for a prolonged stay with a relation in Gloucestershire, while my father and I lived *en garçon* in town.

I may say here that concerning his early life there had always been a curious mystery, which to this day has not been cleared up—the loss, after he left Cambridge and emerged into the professional world, of large estates, and a title remaining unfathomed. On this point he was always reticent, though on every other the loving confidence in which my parents lived was exceptional.

My mother felt that this peculiar family mystery which attached to his early life was inviolate, and thus the secret still sleeps, my father dying and leaving behind no trace of the shadow which had enveloped his early years—nothing, indeed, as far as this world's possessions are concerned, though rich was I in the inheritance of his bright example, the sunshine of that godly, self-sacrificing nature which so patiently submitted, so hopefully aspired to the end.

Thus left alone, as I have said, in London, I was not long in suffering considerably from that most painful of complaints, want of funds, and the text from which I chronicle the following experiences of my early life may best perhaps, be found as follows:—




The board was of rough deal, and on a field of white inscribed in ordinary (or I should say extraordinary) black letters may still be found, for all I know, the above legend.

The escutcheon of the Minchins, general dealers, Walham Green, was amongst the earliest endeavours by which I absolutely turned my brush to account.

I was exceedingly hard up at the time, and so, unfortunately for me, was my patron John. We, however, came to terms as follows: he to supply me with all necessary materials in the shape of paints, brushes, &c.; I to execute the work, within certain limits as to time, and to receive payment to the extent of three-and-ninepence (I fought hard for four shillings, but in vain), three shillings of which was to be in edibles from his stores, and ninepence in hard cash.

I think I shall some day make a pilgrimage to Walham Green, and try to find out (if he be still in the flesh) my old friend "John," and ascertain if, at an advance on the original cost, he will sell that tablet; it would make an interesting panel, not exactly for one's front door—strangers might make mistakes—but it might at least find a place in some quaint cabinet in one's sanctum, as a relic of "Auld Lang Syne"—one which *some* would not care to recognise—they would doubtless prefer gazing on that curiously wrought spoon proverbially associated with their birth.

So far so good, but the less we say about our insignificant associations the better, especially if it be with reference to those whose fathers have tilled the soil and sown the seed for them to reap the harvest, and to whom reference is then only made when well within the inner walls of their most secret chambers.

Good, honest John Minchin! his patronage did not stop by any means at his first commission, for he had a friend whose brother was engaged to the daughter of a man whose uncle kept an oil-shop in the Fulham Road, and to this friend he mentioned me.

Thus it was that the flowing tide of my fame spread even

till it reached the threshold of that oil-shop, and bore away a counter commission to paint the owner's favourite dog, which, being of the skye terrier type, was chiefly a study in hair—a sort of animated door-mat—a subject treated boldly, owing much to accident, and which was said to be remarkably like the shaggy original, so much so that the fortunate

"A SORT OF ANIMATED DOOR-MAT."

possessor persuaded an acquaintance, a milkman, to give me an order for a "dun cow," which work of art was also acknowledged to be "so life-like" as to win for his establishment a genuine reputation.

Nor did my renown cease here.

His wife's sister, a young woman who took in mangling, was so delighted with it, that she begged that I would make yet another essay. The subject, domestic, was a reproduction, upon a well-worn board which hung outside the kitchen window, of—"the Mangle"—a powerful conception in "black and white," to which lettering in vermilion to the effect that this necessary homely operation was "*done here*," gave a touch of colour which most effectively relieved the monotony of the subject, and which at the same time was an "*extra* consideration." In this manner my reputation extended by slow but sure degrees, beyond the—to me—wide circuit of the Fulham Road.

I forget how my next acquaintance sprang up; it was with a gentleman whose occupation it was to arrange with thrifty housewives little matters of exchange, in which pea-green vases, round which impossible blue and white roses essayed to climb, on the one part, and "old clothes" on the other, formed the staple commodities of commerce.

By this genial gentleman, Nathaniel Lyons, of 22, Petticoat Lane, E.C., I was introduced to many equally kindly sons of Judæa, who "took me up," and when they saw the life-like portrait I was then painting of Mr. Lyons, in Prussian blue, moire-antique, plentifully bedizened with rings, chains, and other effective jewellery, they instituted a portrait club, which led to my spending much time in their midst.

I wonder where Nathaniel is now, and if he is ever likely to see this reference to himself; if so, I should like him to know that the two pounds sterling which he gave for that portrait—a perfect mine of wealth in those days—has not been without its influence. It was a lift at the right moment—in the right direction—from an unexpected source—to one then floundering on the shifting sands of London life.

When on business Nathaniel was a most ordinary "old clothesman"; he wore a fustian jacket and red necktie, while a well-oiled curl depended gracefully beneath his "several" hats. "At home," however, he was "monarch of all he surveyed." He had always a whole shopful of excellent second-hand clothes at command, only carrying on business, as he told his customers, with the aristocracy and gentry; and since I spent long days at his shop, I can speak not only as to his hospitality, but as to the nature of it. We had what to me then were most delicious and substantial tea-dinners, which took place when he returned in the evening from business, and after a good day's work he never failed to give me some small change, saying in a kindly, cheery way as he did so:

"To pay yer bus yer know, for Chelsea's a long way from Petticut Lane, when yer have to go on Shanks' pony."

Now it was when returning from Nathaniel's one afternoon that, passing down Cornhill, I looked in at the quiet bank-like window of Cockerell's the coal merchant. What prompted me I know not, but, with a confidence which certainly is foreign to me now, I walked in and asked for an interview, which in a few moments that venerable gentleman accorded me.

In a vague way which seemed greatly to amuse him, I asked if he required "an artist's" help.

It was in the early days of illustrated advertisements, so I suggested that some such pictorial heading as "miners at work in a pit," lumps of the best Wallsend picturesquely grouped on a coal truck, or a solitary "black diamond" with the current prices written in flame colour thereupon, might fit in somewhere with his business views. Suffice it to say that, before I left that office, I felt I had won Mr. Cockerell's goodwill, and promised to return with a suggestive sketch in a day or two.

When I did, it took the form of an elegant fireplace, the bars of which were in bas-relief, and in which, by a dexterous arrangement of red and yellow tinsel and wool, and infinitesimal blocks of real coal, I produced the effect, at a first glance, of a miniature fire. Nor had I forgotten the probable influence of the outside atmosphere, having carefully covered the whole with a thin solution of gutta-percha (my secret), by means of which it was to withstand the weather for at least three or four months, long enough at all events to serve my patron's purpose as to duration, and mine as to mutability.

Those posters kept me going pretty comfortably, while I looked round for fresh subjects to apply myself to; but, sad to say, only a very short time elapsed before I had a rival.

Some nameless knight had entered the lists, who bore upon his shield a similar device to mine, with the blood-curdling challenge athwart its bar-sinister of "half-price."

Before him I for a time recoiled, his weapon was too strong for me, but it was only a short-lived glory. He, after all, only "made hay when the sun shone," and the first shower laid him low, *i.e.*, reduced his rival posters to pulp. He had failed to think of one thing in their construction, a solution which should have made them for a time as impervious to the weather as *my secret* had; so that the "quality of mercy" which came *literally* "as the gentle dew from heaven" in the shape of rain, completely reinstated me in my former position. His productions disappeared from the face of the earth, while mine went on flaring away with a brilliancy—to me at least—delightful to look upon.

Those early struggles, and the remembrance how, skimming round the extreme outside edge of art, I lived through them, always puzzle me, and I never can quite understand

how I came to the front at all. Like the swallows, I was decidedly migratory.

During the three or four years in which I was thus an Arab in the great metropolitan desert, several times was I lost to sight, though to memory dear, as far as my landlady was concerned, and not infrequently did I find myself in such queer quarters as "Soho Chambers," or "The Albion," on the sites of which a large trimming warehouse in the one case, and Novello's the music publishers in the other, are now situated.

Those were times when often an aërated bun and a draught of water from a drinking fountain formed the chief meal for the day. I had two reasons for purchasing that tasty morsel: firstly, it was cheap and looked large at the price; secondly, I discovered that by drinking water between each mouthful, it was a bun which had a marvellous capacity for expansion; so in this way, and with a large stretch of imagination, I convinced myself that I was as replete as though I had had a substantial meal.

I suppose similar places of accommodation to those above mentioned still exist for those to whom three shillings a week for a wooden partition with a bed in it, in a long noisy dormitory, is a consideration. But the advantages of "Soho Chambers" did not stop here; it had its reading-room with its daily papers, its kitchen with its blazing fire, with lockers ranged round the walls in which to keep your modest supplies of bread, butter, coffee, or bloaters; and, moreover, its common room, in which of winter nights a fire crackled, and where a very motley crew assembled.

Some there were in that scantily furnished apartment who had utterly gone to pieces, and who, failing before long to find the wherewithal to pay the rent, would emerge from those doors to glide from the last stages of borrower to general hangers-on and horse-holders, till that "union"

which doesn't *always* represent strength opened its bare arms for the final embrace, which only relaxed when, beyond the reach of care and want, they became, "unhonoured and unsung," fit subjects for the scalpel of "Guy's," "King's," or "Middlesex."

A VERY SHADY CHARACTER INDEED.

There were those, too, who had yet to win their spurs, who were only, so far *in transitu*; and yet again another type, the great rollicking, idle, impecunious throng; while the rear was brought up by several very shady characters indeed, of whom we spoke in whispers only, and on whom

the upper-ten of that motley company looked rather with awe than admiration. These, far from being the loafing vagabonds to which the tribe of ne'er-do-wells belonged, were men of business to the back-bone—seldom going out till dusk, it was true, but forming quite a little fraternity of their own, always to be found during the day in the common-room, chatting in an undertone, as if their very existences depended on suffering from a sort of sore throat by which they nearly lost their voices. Then, on the other hand, there were men of very different mould, those who had been reduced, by circumstances over which they had positively no control, to a position which they accepted, for the time being, with the utmost resignation. The man whose "bunk," shall I say, was next to mine had written with chalk upon his door—

> Deal boards do not a prison make,
> Nor plaster walls a cage,
> They surely must be *fools* who take
> These for a hermitage;

thus paraphrasing "Lovelace" with some point, as applied to the deal box in which he was constrained to pass his long winter nights. This man, quite young, was the son of a clergyman in the midland counties, who, in consequence of some unfortunate love affair, a long, romantic, and mysterious story, had for the time to keep out of sight.

Opposite to his was another retreat, which greatly excited my curiosity, as it was always kept unlet, and concerning which I interrogated the keeper of the chambers one day.

"Fever?" I mildly enquired. "Some one died there? prejudice against it?" and so on.

"Well, no, Sir, no—that's not it. Why, bless yer, we wouldn't let that there room on no account. Come in and ave a look at it."

And I went in, and there, on the panelling and all over the plaster walls were graphic sketches of character from an appreciative pencil, little bits of real life below stairs, produced with that point and picturesqueness, which in later years have placed George Augustus Sala on the literary pinnacle from which he now so justly and proudly looks down, beaming upon the countless lesser lights who glimmer round him. In this room it was that he for some time slept when trying to penetrate the meshes of that net which the fates were weaving.

"There, Sir, that's why we won't let it. The sort of people what comes here, as a rule, would soon 'improve' them there sketches off the face of the earth. So I keeps the key in my pocket and shows it to those who wonder why it's shut, and seem 'igh-class like.'"

A similar sort of place, too, was "The Albion," "The Albion Hotel," we called it, and perhaps it was a few degrees higher in the cheap lodging-house scale than the other. To this I afterwards repaired when my artistic or, I should say, "signboardistic" horizon began to clear, just, in fact, when a scheme was developing into a reality, and, having taken a cheap workshop in Crawford Street, I had established myself as a "manufacturer of advertising boards."

Yes, absolutely a manufacturer—at least, so the neatly printed business card said, which further went on to assure the general public that not only did I pursue the above-mentioned branch "of art," but that, further, I was prepared as a scene and blind painter, an heraldic or decorative artist, lithographic designer, draughtsman and colourist generally, to carry out orders in the best possible manner, in the shortest possible space of time, and for the smallest possible amount of money. *Sic itur ad astra.*

I do not know if any still exist of the many advertising

boards I prepared at "the factory." I think I may say that I was the originator of a school which may be dubbed the "Rail or Road" period; the treatment was severe, the subject always, more or less, the same.

A cheery little engine, under the superintendence of two gentlemen in, considering the circumstances, exceptionally white shirts, is bringing a huge many-coloured furniture van, followed by a black goods-truck, towards the coast. Indeed, the sea may itself be seen in the distance, and on it a diminutive vessel bearing another huge furniture van is gaily careering, while yet another of that ilk is having a bad time of it, drawn by refractory steeds—up impossible heights—to an uncomfortable-looking dwelling perched on an emerald green cliff to the right.

With satisfaction far exceeding the pardonable pride with which I have since found myself on the line at the Royal Academy, I then found myself *all along the line* at all the railway stations of the United Kingdom.

* * * * *

That "there is a divinity which shapes our ends rough hew them as we may," is evidenced so often, even in the lives of the most prosaic, that there is little wonder that those in the vortex should realise the master-hand in everything, though they do not always admit it in so many words.

I was soon again in a whirligig of perplexities. Not having the wherewithal to withstand the tide, the "factory," after a brilliant but short career, collapsed for want of funds, and it was an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph* which effectually settled the question of my immediate future.

SCHOLASTIC.—Wanted, at St. Dunstan's College, St. Dunstan's Crescent, Kentish Town, Junior Master, thorough English, French and classic scholar, charge of thirty gentlemen in training for the army, Civil Service, &c., &c.; increasing salary, commencing £15 per annum.

What an opening this! To make a long story short, I was accepted as his factotum by a very learned-looking pedagogue in cap and gown, and shortly afterwards installed into my new abode on the northern heights of London—nay, more: being only an Usher, a room was allotted to me which the Boots had absolutely refused to sleep in; a thin partition only dividing my bedroom from that of a howling lunatic, who had, for a substantial consideration, been taken by the Principal as a boarder. He was an ex-captain in the army suffering from the effect of sunstroke, and his friends were only too glad to get rid of him on these terms.

A slight glimmer of reason presented itself now and then, like summer lightning in a sultry sky, and with all his yells and execrations he turned out, on acquaintance, to be a kindly and sympathetic neighbour enough, quite delighted when I gave him occasionally a small modicum from my tobacco-pouch—a luxury now denied him, and which, though it may have made him troublesome afterwards, had at least a soothing effect at the time.

The voice of the hungry wolf, with which I have since become well acquainted, would have been music to this gentleman's ravings, and had it not been for my nocturnal narcotic, I really think there might have been another candidate for restraint.

It has been a mystery to this day as to how the Captain came by that tobacco. When questioned on the subject, he always replied with the same charmingly vague response of "Juggernaut," which, in time, palled upon the most anxious inquirers.

The roseate hue given to things in that establishment is to me memorable, an opalesque liquid supplied for the matutinal meal being dignified by the name of tea, while the homely succulent treacle was glorified into—African jam.

But I was evidently not born to be a pedagogue, and so, as soon as I possibly could, I escaped into the outer world again, leaving a more worthy successor to worship at the shrine of St. Dunstan.

Then came a series of shifting scenes, in which first photographic background painting for the London Stereoscopic Company and others, and then scene-painting proper

A LEARNED-LOOKING PEDAGOGUE.

arranged themselves. In this connection I have pleasant memories of old Cremorne Gardens, as well as provincial ventures in which Croydon Theatre played a conspicuous part.

From my experience it seems that, not unlike the proverbial snowball which gathers as it goes, one picks up, unconsciously, those unconsidered trifles which become means to an eventual end. Thus, a little greater variety of occu-

pation might have made me a vagrant—an extra dash of scenic work a scene painter—a longer residence at Walham Green a sign-painter, and so on.

It appears, however, that there were several ingredients still wanting, amongst which, strangely enough, was science, this too being destined to play its part, for by my diary I find that I next appeared as a meteorological observer to the metropolitan district of St. John's Wood, and at the same time librarian and secretary of the literary and scientific institution of that much-abused neighbourhood.

In return for these services I had two empty rooms, coals, gas, and a salary of £50 a year, with a perpetual handling of considerable sums of money. To the pure, of course, all things are pure;—but sitting on the safety-valve is not an advisable way of looking after the locomotion of a steam-engine. To give a very small salary, with very great temptations, to very young men, is like putting plum jam on the table and making them sip senna-tea.

For several months I remember predicting utterly impossible atmospheric combinations, greatly to the horror of the authorities at Woolwich Observatory—who wrote seriously assuring me that were my prognostications possible, the world would be in fragments in five minutes. By degrees, however, acquiring a knowledge of the astronomical instruments over which I presided, I was looked on really quite as the Zadkiel of the neighbourhood. Moreover, I occupied my spare evenings in getting up the theatrical entertainments, concerts, &c., which every winter took place at the Assembly Rooms, not forgetting at odd times to make what extra cash I could by private pupils, to whom I gave lessons in painting.

Time's picture, a dissolving view, changes so often that

we, like bees, find ourselves flitting hither and thither, not knowing from which flower we may cull the most honey, often wanting in that discrimination which makes success.

I, all unconscious of it, had yet several flowers to fly to before I made my final choice.

Having, as I have before mentioned, lost, by his death, my father's valuable support and counsel, I had for some years, as has been seen, been at the front unaided, and between the acts sore pressed; indeed, often making tracks down by-streets rather than encounter friends who had known me in better days.

It was a great relief to me to know that my sorrows were all my own. I had succeeded in preventing my mother from sharing them, which greatly lightened my burden; and I meant, if possible, with the same constant supply of cheery letters, to keep her ignorant to the end, when I hoped, with continued perseverence and a fair amount of success, to make a comfortable home for us both; but that, as yet, was in the far future.

And this brings me to pondering for a moment on the advisability of shunning the services or testing the sincerity of one's friends at such times. There is a glorious feeling of independence about it, even when *in extremis;* but perhaps a little more confidence in the real kindliness of others, which does exist to a greater extent than some suppose, might be advisable too.

Thus time went on and years succeeded each other through which I had had the constant though distant sympathy of my mother, and then, in one short month, her sudden illness changed the whole tenor of my life. The Doctor advised immediate change, and I brought her to London where, shortly afterwards, in my little rooms in St. John's Wood, she breathed her last.

The reins of love were broken; the one being to whom I

clung, for whose appreciation I worked, for whom, in fact, I cared to live, was gone. That sable angel who had deprived me of a father's affectionate guidance, had now taken from me my only remaining tie.

I was alone—terribly alone—and utterly callous as to what the future might bring forth; so I let things drift, and told the Council at the Athenæum to get someone in my place, that I was going somewhere—anywhere; and so, in a few weeks, a substitute was obtained, and I left, again to float along somehow, anyhow, on the great tide of life. My luggage, nothing very considerable, I left behind me. I could send for that later on, when I knew what I was going to do.

I strolled down Wellington Road, and so on into Regent's Park, lit my pipe, and breathed the scent laden air of a soft spring morning, which seemed to be infused, for the first time since my mother's death, with hope.

While sitting there pondering over the past, so full of queer vicissitudes, and wondering what next might happen, I suddenly bethought me of a sculptor friend, one Scarlet Potter, who had a studio not far off. I would spend an hour at his Atelier.

It was the result of this call which brought about an arrangement for the joint proprietorship of a studio, one that was somewhat remote from public gaze, and which on entering had a weird, ghostly look that made one shudder and step back. From its grimness it derived its nickname of "The Catacombs," though certainly, if one may judge from some of our evenings there, the spirits let loose were rather mundane than otherwise.

The studio stew, too, which we discussed on these occasions has not, to my belief, been eclipsed by the choicest ragout I have ever tasted; and since I am anxious that thrifty housewives, should they honour these pages by

sparing time from their domestic duties to con them—since, I repeat, I am anxious they may not lose a recipe which Soyer and Mrs. Gask would enshrine in gastronomic mystery, I may say that studio stew is a *pot-au-feu* made of the unconsidered trifles cut off by the butcher when he trims up the joints for his more wealthy customers, and which with any vegetables that may be handy, with sauce, herbs, and seasoning, served up steaming hot from the fire, will be found to be a dainty dish that one might set before a king, and from which His Majesty would rise benign and smiling, more inclined to sign a treaty of peace than a death-warrant, *Chacun à son goût.*

Finding, however, that cash was getting conspicuous by its absence, and that there were breakers ahead, I thought seriously of leaving for America, a bright artistic future in the New World opening up to me; but about this time a competition took place at a large public school in the north (Rossall) for the professorship of painting, and at the pressing persuasion of my one remaining relation, an aunt of whom I was exceedingly fond, I agreed to throw this last card before making for the land of Columbus; consequently I drew from the pack of posterity and it turned up trumps. I won the trick—in other words, my application found favour, and shortly afterwards I left "The Catacombs" for this great scholastic centre to become one of the twenty-two "Professors" who ruled the roost over some 550 of our then coming men.

Since then, many a public school match has been lost and won, many a laurel gathered—aye, and many a grave opened too, on the arid plains of India and in the jungles of Zululand.

It is not this, however, that should make us sad; nor should we do more than wonder how it is that so many of our old schoolfellows and friends in after-life have gone

clean out of sight, as so many do; but it is for those whom we still know, removed from us by circumstances over which they *might* have exercised every possible control had they cared to do so, and who seem really more distant than the dead—these it is for whom we sigh very sadly as we recall old memories.

Not long ago I met a man who had been at school with me, as good a fellow, as well read, as worthy in every sense of the word as one could have wished in those days to be at the top of the upper sixth; but now, where are those good looks? where all that bright intelligence, those generous impulses? and echo answers—where? He haunts back slums, is satisfied with being a tap-room hero, living from hand to mouth, from hour to hour. And are there not many such? With misfortune we may weep, as the song says:

> Does Time with her cold wing wither
> Each feeling that once was dear?
> Then child of misfortune come hither:
> I'll weep with thee tear for tear.

This, however, does not apply to those who will go headlong to destruction. Why should all that was once so worthy cease to be? But to return; I might, I have no doubt, have still been comfortably located in my snug rooms at Rossall had not those wily damsels, "the Fates," deputed one of their fair sisters (Lachessus, I think it is, who carries the scissors) to snip the thread of my public-school life and direct my energies into a new channel.

It happened thus: It was Long Vacation. Some were fishing in the Highlands, others were at the lakes, while yet a few were abroad, amongst these latter myself, basking in the sunshine at Lausanne, taking occasional excursions on the Lake of Geneva to Chillon, Villeneuve or Montreux, and otherwise peacefully killing the old enemy, when sud-

denly a mine exploded—a huge shell seemed to burst—scattering its grim tidings and dangerous fragments all over Europe.

The world was for a moment convulsed—war was declared between France and Germany—even quiet, unsoldierly Switzerland shuddered, and sent its little army to guard its otherwise peaceful pastoral frontier. My time had come; in fancy unsheathing that wooden sword of my childhood, I started to find it steel. True I had no papers or credentials of any kind, but I would pull through somehow; and so, with a fair modicum of impudence and money at command, I shouldered my knapsack and found myself, "in my mind's eye" at least, a war-artist and correspondent on the best London and Continental papers, all of which I expected would rush after me.

That prolonged European peace, which had continued almost uninterruptedly since the old Crimean days, was now over; Bob Landells, the veteran, was, of course, again on the war-path; while rushing up a by-lane, with only the heterogeneous teachings of the past to guide me, was I, wondering whether this was to be a realisation of the old Spanish proverb, "Everything comes to those who wait," and if, silently threading my way and watching my opportunity, I should become—one of the rest.

# PART I.

## THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

## CHAPTER I.

Since the unnecessary use of the first-person-singular too often enshrouds individual experiences in egotism, and deprives "a plain, unvarnished tale" of much of its crispness, I prefer describing those passing events, which it is my province to chronicle, in homely phrase; and although the spirit of personal adventure will necessarily play its part, I wish to pose only as a becomingly modest representative of the Press, to avoid those comments on the situation, and military technicalities which have been so well and exhaustively treated by the war-correspondent pure and simple, and devote myself to a series of anecdotal sketches in pen and pencil taken on the war-path during a roving career, only touching lightly on matters historical, so as to link together a chain of events.

Having thus placed myself in accord with my readers, what remains to be done save to plunge *in medias res*, and tell them, as best I may, the simple story of the wanderings of a war-artist? not quixotically in quest of adventure, but rationally in search of material wherewith to add his mite, however small, to the pictorial history of our times.

It was the eventful year of 1870; the dogs of war were let loose; Paris and Berlin were in political ferment. The

*Constitutionnel* had published the words: "Prussia insults us—let us cross the Rhine—the soldiers of Jena are ready." While, on the one hand, crowded Boulevards and frantic cries of "A bas Bismarck! A Berlin!" and "Vive la Guerre!" everywhere resounded throughout the highways and byways of the City of Pleasure, the enthusiasm in Berlin knew no bounds: 100,000 people assembled at the Brandenburg Gate singing the national anthem and shouting lustily. Unter den Linden was brilliantly illuminated; and the old King repeatedly acknowledged the many expressions of his people's devotion by which on all hands he was met.

The French, at that time acknowledged to be amongst the finest and, it was supposed, most fit soldiers in Europe, were declared by the Minister of War, Marshal Lebœuf, to be ready for anything. Seven army corps, under generals of European fame, were already concentrating on the frontier to meet the invaders. McMahon, Ladmirault, Frossard, De Failly, Felix Douay, Bazaine, Canrobert, and Bourbaki were at the front with their army corps. True it was that the Prussians in actual numbers put their neighbours into the shade; but, nevertheless, from 300,000 to 400,000 men were now supposed to stand in battle array under the Imperial standard, and confidence in the troops who had taken the field was established in the Capital.

The Emperor's plan of action, not generally known, was, as far as I could gather, as follows:—In the first place, to concentrate large army corps at Metz, Strasburg, and Chalons, and then, taking the initiative, to march some 250,000 across the Rhine, so that the southern States would be forced to fall back, while he engaged the Prussians proper.

The good old copy-book maxim, about "procrastination," applied pointedly in this case. Carried out with prompti-

tude, this plan might have met with slight check, and the fortunes of war have been other than they were. Three weeks elapsed, however, and nothing definite was done, no positive step on a large scale taken in this strategic direction, or indeed in any other. The Prussians were thus gaining valuable time and making good use of it; from the most remote corners of the kingdom Teuton warriors were mustering on the frontier of the Fatherland. Then, too, came the news that paper soldiers padded the effective returns of the French, and that numerically the actual complement of fighting men was considerably less than was at first estimated; in place of 150,000 men at Metz, they mustered only 100,000; at Strasburg they had to put up with 40,000 instead of 100,000; and so on to the end of the chapter. It was found, too, impossible to leave Algeria ungarrisoned, or Paris and the other great centres of France completely without troops. These may have been amongst the reasons for the inaction which was so soon to prove fatal to French arms.

It was not till the 2nd of August that the Emperor and his little son arrived at Forbach, proceeding thence in all possible haste in the direction of Saarbrück, a German frontier town, occupied by an advance guard of Prussians. General Bataille it was who, on the heights of Spicheren, to the right of Saarbrück, commenced actual hostilities: these positions he carried with ease.

This little overture to future events, at which the Emperor personally assisted, and where the young prince received that "Baptism of Fire" which has since become historical, occupied only three hours from first to last. Strategically it has always appeared to me to have meant nothing—no point was gained in a military sense, except the Kudos of having drawn the enemies' fire, and occupied nominally the first position in the great contest. The moral effect on the

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French people and army, however, promised well; and had not some of their own newspaper correspondents, venturing into Saarbrück that same afternoon, been actually taken by the Prussians, who were again in possession, the story of victory might have been better told.

So much by way of digression, to show the condition of affairs on the frontier when, young and enthusiastic, after enjoying the *dolce far niente* of a long vacation ramble in Switzerland, I was making my way to Basle, all agog to be playing some small part, literary or artistic, in connection with those stirring events at which Europe was looking on in silent wonder.

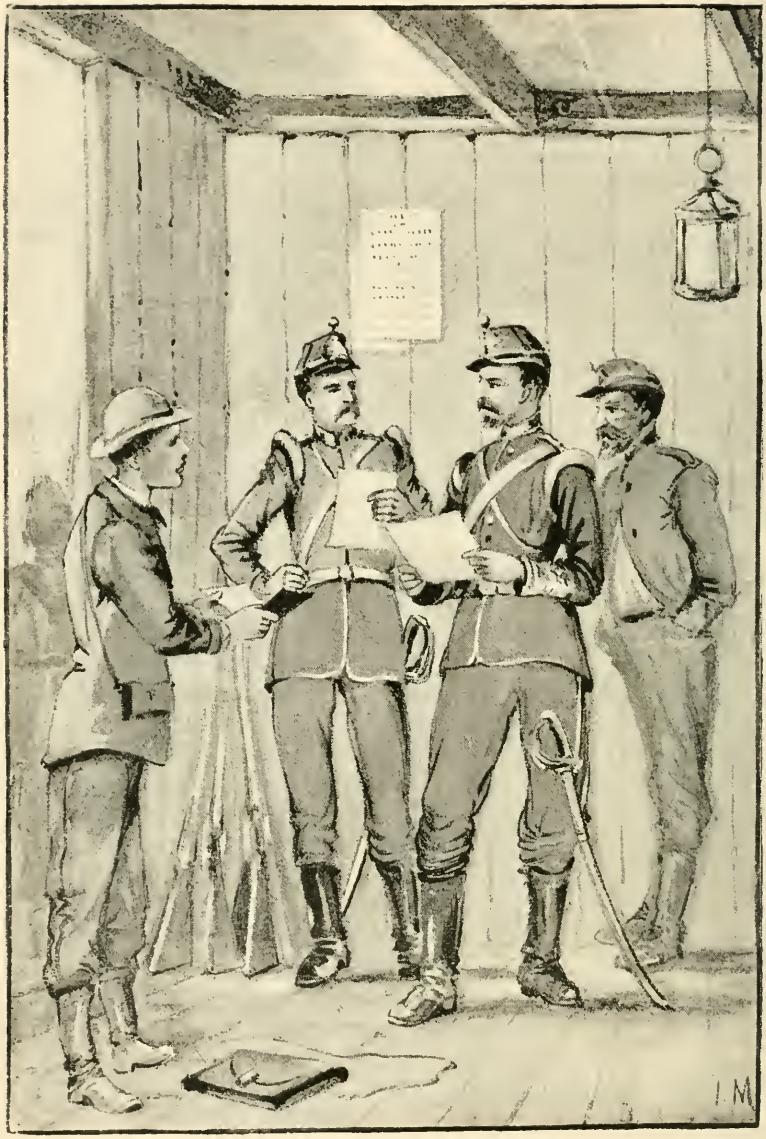
On arriving I found this pleasant little town to be up in arms: bugles were sounding, orderlies were galloping hither and thither; regiments were marching and countermarching; all the pomp and circumstance of actual war everywhere going on; and I in the midst of it, with eyes and ears alike on the alert.

The late Lord Beaconsfield once said that success in life might be summed up in the one word "Opportunity," availing oneself of that particular moment when the tide turns, be it for peace or war, which leads to fortune. And now surely my turn had come. The little army of observation with which I was, occupied the frontier only to preserve the neutrality of the soil; but the clatter and bustle were as real, and the patriotism of those Alpine legions as great as if they were about to fight for their own independence. The opportunity for incident too was immense. I wandered out of the town in the quiet twilight, sketch-book in hand, and soon found my first subject, "Guarding the Frontier," one which would make a telling page for the *Illustrated London News* or *Graphic*. I took up my position and commenced.

At first one or two soldiers only—off duty—looked list-

lessly on; presently, however, I was approached by a hirsute sergeant, who, in a patois I could not understand, was evidently questioning my right to sketch, and required me to desist: but since—smiling amiably—I still went on with my work, he shortly reappeared with a file of men, and ordered me to be arrested and taken to the guard-room, to which I was accordingly removed, and outside which a large crowd had assembled, to catch a glimpse of a *real* prisoner-of-war, probably the first taken for some considerable time by the Swiss Republic.

The situation was delightfully sensational, though not altogether pleasant. I was interrogated by two officers who, with the utmost gravity, informed me that though I might be a roving artist, on the other hand I might not, and that I must consider myself a prisoner till further notice. With this, one of them, a colonel, gave certain instructions in an undertone to the sergeant, whereupon I was marched off through the suburbs of Basle, followed by an excited throng of tag-rag and bob-tail, till I found myself opposite a quaint hostelry, "Les Trois Rois," into which I was marched by my military guardians, who, to my astonishment, made their way with me to a long empty *salle-à-manger*. The table was laid for at least twenty guests. Here I was silently watched for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, wondering what was going to happen next, and pondering on the strange reasons which had led to this choice of place for my detention; for now it began to dawn upon me that this must be the officers' mess-room, as one after another came in, took off shako, belt and sword, and sat down, each eyeing me with a curious wonderment, which was not relieved much by the curt replies of the sergeant, "he was under orders, and that was all he knew"; and really I began to feel very like "the Giant" or "Fat Woman" at a country fair, so painfully was I scrutinised by the in-comers.



"I WAS INTERROGATED BY TWO OFFICERS."

Presently, however, the officers who had given instructions for my removal, one of whom was President of the Mess, entered; he smiled amiably as he came up to the little group formed by myself and my guards, and addressing his assembled comrades, said:

"Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to our first prisoner, the contents of whose sketch-book are sufficient evidence of his innocence. I intend to make him my guest to-night; after which he will be free of the lines."

Thus ended my first experience of war, brought to an amusing termination by that genial President, and the next day I spent on the frontier with an official permit to sketch where I pleased. Towards evening, however, I began to sniff the distant din of battle, and to remain thus at the rear, while stirring events were in progress further afield, would have been to me impossible. I must be in the thick of it: and so, indeed, I was, in one sense, sooner than I expected.

It was a hot autumn evening, when, after presenting my permit wherever my progress was questioned, I made for the railway station, taking a ticket in the first place for Mulheim to ascertain the state of affairs at Kiel, where I hoped to join the Prussian forces, then concentrating on Strasburg. With the exception of a few market-women, I was almost the only person in that train; all sorts of surmises were evidently already afloat as to my reason for travelling in that direction. It was about 7 o'clock when I arrived at my temporary destination, at 7.30 there was yet another train for Kiel.

"Was that the last?" I inquired.

It was. "I'd take a ticket for that place."

"Return?"—"No; single."

"Odd—very odd," thought the station-master, as he handed me my little bit of paste-board and retired sulkily

into the booking-office with a very suspicious look on his sour visage.

Three minutes had scarcely passed, when, to my astonishment, he returned, accompanied this time by one whose military costume, Herculean stature, and cadaverous countenance were far from reassuring. Advancing with two or three gigantic strides he demanded my passport.

I had none. My card and address then?

I could give him my name and address, but I had no cards with me.

"So you have been in Switzerland? Prove it."

"Certainly; I had a circular ticket from Paris to Switzerland, and back to Paris."

"Indeed; just so. Having come as far as Switzerland, you, for some reason best known to yourself, appear in Germany; and that you return to Paris is self-evident."

This, of course, made my case considerably worse.

"But, my good Sir, you see I am an Englishman."

"Exactly so; do you suppose the French would employ only their own countrymen as spies?"

And so there was I thoroughly plucked, my examiner looking at least three shades more cadaverous than he had at first.

Now it happened that in my pocket I had a loaded six-chamber revolver, with which I had been amusing myself in the Swiss mountains; this fact did not add to my comfort of mind. However, very fortunately, I succeeded in unloading it unobserved; for it struck me that if I were searched, it would be better it should be found in this condition than fully primed. About this time, up came the long-expected train for Kiel: seizing the opportunity, I made a rush for it, but my captor was too quick for me; I was seized, and in less than no time dragged back on to the platform.

At this point my feelings got the better of me, I let fly at my antagonist, and did not leave him till I was quite sure he was substantially *impressed* with an Englishman's fistic powers; but in justice to him, I must admit that, once in his grip, he soon laid me low, for he was an accomplished wrestler.

Ye gentlemen of England,
Who live at home at ease,
Ye little know the sturdy grip
Of creatures such as these.

There was no help for it; there was I sprawling, at the mercy of a powerful Badener, armed *cap-a-pie*, and smarting *for* the fray, while I, even at this early stage, was rather smarting *from* it. Round me stood a little crowd of idlers, all cursing me with a vigour worthy of a better cause. All, do I say? no, not all: one, a peasant girl—a very prepossessing one too, I can assure you—looked on me from one of the carriage windows with eyes that spoke compassion, and, as the train in which she was left the station, waved me long adieux with her handkerchief till it was almost out of sight.

It was, I must own (though I would not have done so for worlds at the time) to no small degree soothing to find, at such a moment, that there was yet one—and a fair one too—who thought no evil of me. I had a sudden yearning towards this same sympathetic young creature—and perchance should have it to this moment, if I had not suddenly discovered that Karl, my captor, was evidently the coming man, and that her fond farewells were not intended for me at all.

I should here explain that my Kiel ticket had been taken from me and the money returned. The next train—and the last for anywhere that night—was for Freiburg; this I

also tried hard to get into, thinking that if I succeeded in getting to some larger place I might be better able to explain matters, as, not understanding a word of German, my conversation with the military had first of all to be translated by the station-master, who, happily, understood a little French ; but no, that burly trooper was again one too many for me, and so I was just leaving the station under an escort of local militia for the common cell at Mulheim,

"WAVED ME LONG ADIEUX."

when the officer of his company appeared on the scene ; a fine handsome fellow, one mass of blue and gold, who, after asking me a number of questions, looked over my sketch-book with as much gravity as if a ground-plan of the fortifications of Ehrenbreitstein were thereon delineated.

He commuted my sentence to a residence, for an unlimited period, in an old inn (now turned into a Guard-house) near the railway station, at which place, he assured me, with a sarcastic twitch of his light moustachios, " I

should be quite as safe as anywhere else on the frontier"; and so I had to take up my knapsack, bow politely to Mons. le Capitaine—who certainly was a polished gentleman—and retire gracefully to the "Kittler Inn." Gracefully, did I say? no, scarcely so, as, following in my footsteps was a howling mob, who, in a boisterous ecstasy, hurled mud, stones, and execrations on my unoffending head.

Now, "The Kittler" was a quaint, picturesque old place, but dirty to a degree; it was, like all such places at this time, infested by the military; there was a stale, guard-room air about its deserted salon, the very appearance of which gave me incipient shivers.

"The capture," as it was called, was known long before my arrival, and caused no little excitement; and I am sure if I had been the very embodiment of some prevailing epidemic, I could not have been more shunned by the unshaven hangers-on there assembled. The station-master, who had followed up in the rear (as informer), positively refused to speak to me at all, and strange surmises as to the extent of my guilt and my probable villainous intentions went from lip to lip; so, feeling somewhat under a cloud and my spirits considerably depressed, I inquired if by paying (of course, an exorbitant price) I might have some brandy and water and a cigar, and was not sorry when they conducted me to a seat on a terrace at the back of the inn, which, though the very perfection of gloominess, was pleasant compared to the hang-dog looks I had just been subjected to.

A tallow candle enabled me to light my cigar, and to see three feet around, where I sat with my worldly wealth, my knapsack and sketch-book, on a worm-eaten green table in front of me, growing momentarily more and more disgusted with my peculiar predicament. Brandy, however, at the worst of times is potent, if you take enough of it, and

"FOLLOWING IN MY FOOTSTEPS WERE A HOWLING MOB."

though much diluted as this had already been, it soothed the inner man immensely.

"So you're a spy, are you?"

It was a female voice which came from a dark corner of the terrace on which I was sitting, watching in no pleasant mood the moon rise on my captivity.

The cutting interrogative, spoken in English, was, however, an agreeable surprise; the speaker, I discovered, was a fair American, who with her husband, her brother, and half-a-dozen children, had since the declaration of war been detained here for want of sufficient money; and still, a seeming paradox, they had plenty, but unfortunately it was all paper, and perfectly useless on the war-path. My American friends were really most kind, rendering me great assistance in the manufacture of a small Union Jack, which, acting under their instructions, I fastened to a piece of flaring red ribbon and tied round my wide-awake. They started the Stars and Stripes, they told me, during the American War, wearing which they crossed the lines in safety, and they were then busy making a fresh supply.

"A national flag is known where individual nationality may be a matter of question, and the Union Jack may not be insulted with impunity."

"You see," said one of them, "you may be a chimney sweep, but you *might* be a prime minister, and so they'll think twice before they molest you."

"But you don't mean to say that I am *really a prisoner* in the proper sense of the word? in fact, I think of making a start, even if it be in the small hours, that I may at least get to some more civilised place."

"That's impossible, my dear sir," said the lady's brother. "There are two of the ugliest devils in the whole Baden army told off for your special attention."

I smiled incredulously, when with his strong American twang he replied—

"Wall! if yer think I'm hoaxing yer, turn round and tell me if yer think those parties behind yer are altogether prepossessing."

And there, sure enough, just behind me were two of the most cadaverous-looking Badeners I ever set eyes on; they were good men and true, no doubt, affectionate fathers, good husbands and patriots, for all I knew, but I certainly felt I could do better with their room than their company at that moment.

Shortly after this I rose from my seat. To take a stroll and look about the place was my intention; but I very soon found that my promenade was limited to the terrace on which I stood, and my kind Americans pictured in glowing colours the danger of venturing beyond it—which advice I began to see, under present circumstances, the wisdom of taking.

About half-past eleven I was taken under military escort to my bedroom; and when I had closed the door, going out on to the balcony, I looked into the gloomy night. I saw there were farm buildings attached to the hotel, and should have continued my scrutiny of the position, but, hearing the heavy tramp of my guards under the windows, I thought better of it, stepped noiselessly back, and abandoned for that night the idea of freedom.

To have attempted to hoodwink those guards would have meant at best a very narrow escape, always supposing the darkness had enabled me to effect my purpose; so I packed my knapsack, that at any moment I might be ready to take advantage of an opportunity, and retired to rest.

Before six the next morning I was up and on the look out, determined to make a desperate effort to get away, only half realising the possibility, if not very great proba-

bility, of my sentries, acting under the usual orders for treatment of spies, and bringing down their bird as he rose to the first hedge ; presently, however, I saw a chance, and with the greatest caution I managed to get downstairs and out into the farm buildings unobserved, where, hidden, I awaited in breathless expectation my opportunity for escape.

Fortunately for me the place was all astir. A motley crowd of excited peasants had assembled round about the "Kittler," all anxious for the latest war news, which enabled me to evade the vigilance of my guards, whose heavy tread still resounded on the flagstones outside my window—where they supposed me to be snugly tucked up in bed—while I was really stealthily making the best of my way to the railway station, about six hundred yards distant.

On arriving, I managed, with others already hastening to neutral ground, to get a ticket from a small office-boy, the station-master not having yet arrived. This important matter accomplished, I quietly walked into some fields just outside under the protecting cover of some haystacks, and there waited till the train came steaming up, when I succeeded so far as to get into a remote corner of a third-class carriage unobserved.

My anxiety for the train to depart was now beyond description ; for during this time, every two minutes, my captor of the night before passed to and fro in front of the carriage in which I was, and the next instant the station-master himself—the very Informer through whom I was taken—made his appearance at the door to examine the tickets. Imagine my horror !

Fortunately, however, I had heard him at a neighbouring carriage, so I passed mine down, hiding my diminished head behind an old newspaper, which I had managed to get out of my pocket before he could recognise me. After what

appeared to me to be an eternity, the train moved on; but only for a few hundred yards, when to my consternation, it put back.

Had they discovered my escape? No! It only shunted, and went in for all those eccentricities peculiar to trains when you want them to start. Suffice it to say, I at last found myself at Basle, where my appearance—still flying the British colours—excited no small amount of curiosity. Indeed, I heard one of a small group of idlers informing the rest that I was the English Ambassador from the Court of Berlin.

I had only been a week on the war-path, and had twice been made prisoner; my experiences having, at least, taught me that credentials were necessary to those who would become soldiers of fortune at the front; and that knapsacks, sketch-books, collapsible stools and slouched hats appeared, in the eyes of military authorities, to be as likely to screen the purposes of a spy as to serve those of an artist.

The permit for the Swiss lines, which my genial friend, the Colonel, gave me, it will be remembered, on the occasion of my temporary detention at Basle, again stood me in good stead, and I spent another day in all the pomp, circumstance, and excitement of war without any of its inconveniences.

It was not, however, in my "Plan of Campaign" to spend more time on the frontier than I could help, so I started the following morning, utilising the return half of my circular ticket for Paris, *viâ* Pontarlier and Dijon, at which latter curious, moss-grown, historical old town I arrived towards evening.

It was in the wildest state of excitement. Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant had the nerves of those homely Burgundians been in so terrible a state of tension as

now, that, occupied from its Grande Rue to the extreme limits of its utmost suburb, it bristled with bayonets, as regiment after regiment poured in from all directions to secure quarters.

To me the novelty of the situation was delightful; for though yet in my earliest infancy as a war-artist, I had had, nevertheless, just sufficient seasoning in my capture and escape from Mulheim to make me feel the reality of the undertaking, and to glory in the fact that I was one with the rest. Now, owing to the military occupation of which I have just spoken, every available corner had been bespoken long before my arrival, and I thought myself fortunate, after many disappointments, to find at an old inn just outside the town an attic which, being occupied by a Tambour-major and a Corporal, I was permitted to share. It was yet light when I arrived, and so while such frugal food as the modest hostelry afforded was being prepared, I strolled into the inn-yard, where two disused diligences disputed with cocks, hens, and pigs the right of occupation.

It was not these, however, which attracted my attention, as the yard was only a type of many a picturesque old entry in provincial France. No; it was a decrepit octogenarian, seated in a remote corner of the inn-yard, grinning his hardest, polishing up the while the lock of a quaint old musket, mumbling as he did so between his toothless gums in a marked provincial patios—

"I shall find him yet. I shall find him yet. My aim's as good as ever."

Then he would level his gun as if to fire, and again would burnish the heavy flint lock till it glittered in the evening light, and then he would laugh a wild diabolic laugh, and again mutter the old refrain, "I shall find him yet. My aim's as good as ever."

"Mad, Sir; quite mad," said mine host, who had by this

time come to inform me that dinner was ready. "That's poor old François, that is; and I've heard say that no handsomer fellow or braver soldier ever carried a knapsack, or won promotion quicker during the First Empire than

"I SHALL FIND HIM YET– MY AIM'S AS GOOD AS EVER."

that miserable, toothless old maniac you see before you. He has been fifteen years here alone, and prior to that was for many years in the Côtes du Nord. The romantic story of his early life is so well known that he seems somehow to

have always commanded a certain sympathy, and there have never been found wanting those who were willing to give him a shelter night or day. He never parts with that old musket, which he is always furbishing up, as you see him now, muttering vengeance the while on the head of one who, in all human probability, has been fifty years dead. But come, Sir; the soup will be cold. Shall I join you over a bottle of Burgundy at dessert, and tell you the story of old François's blighted hopes?"

"Of course, with pleasure."

And thus it was that, dinner over, my garrulous host came in and, after his second glass, delivered himself somewhat as follows:

"Well, you must know that this same François in whom you seem to take some interest, was once as comely a youth as you could find in the whole department in which he lived —aye! and as honest and truehearted a lad too as ever donned a cavalry uniform.

"It was in the days of the First Empire that the catastrophe took place which led to his imbecility.

"Lisette Dupont, the only daughter of old Dupont, the silversmith at Amiens was, at the time I allude to, one of the most charming grisettes in the establishment of Madame St. Valerie, who had then the largest collection of *modes Parisiennes* and pretty milliners to be found in the department.

"Now Lisette and François had known each other since childhood, and, as years ripened their affections, they discovered that a good deal more than friendship existed between them, and so old Dupont and François the elder, seeing how things stood, talked the matter over, and finally all was settled in favour of the young couple, who awaited in a state of nervous anxiety the verdict of their elders in an adjoining room; and now, when they went out together

for a stroll in the long summer evenings, it was no longer anyone's business to turn and stare curiously at Lisette, or raise a single 'who'd have thought it' about François. It was an understood thing; in fact, the day for their marriage was actually fixed, when one fine morning the poor fellow woke up to find himself a soldier.

"Yes, the conscription list was out, and he was down.

"He broke the news gently to Lisette, telling her he should at least, after his first campaign, have a commission, when he promised to come back and claim her as his own.

"Poor Lisette! the dark cloud which had thus suddenly obscured the light from her young life had, she still fondly hoped, though in the obscure future, a silver lining.

"Shortly afterwards, François, brave and confident, left Amiens, for it was there the affair happened, Monsieur. Full of hope and ambition, he entered on the duties of a soldier.

"Time went by, and no one was more beloved for his social good qualities, or admired for his valour. Ever foremost in the fight, his reputation reached the Great Commander; and after some years' campaigning, the dream of his life was realised, promotion followed promotion, and decoration after decoration, till he received the commission he had promised Lisette he would win; about which time he, it was feared, was maimed for life by a sabre cut, hence his discharge followed, and he returned in all haste to claim his bride.

* * * * *

"Now when the account of the harassing retreat from Moscow came, all France naturally mourned her brave sons, who fell by thousands before that biting northern frost, not even a soldier's death accorded those who daily sank starving and frost-bitten by the way. News travelled slowly in

those days, and the sight of a uniform would bring crowds into the streets, with anxious faces, to ask if anything had been heard of Jacques, Antoine, or Pierre, as the case might be, and it was of these 'ghosts from the battle-field' who told how one, François Dumolin—yes, he was sure that was the name, a splendid young fellow, who, having already gained considerable distinction and deserved well of his country, had at last succumbed to the intensity of cold and hunger and dropped dead on the march.

"This horrible news was not long in reaching Lisette; the effect it had upon her was terribly touching; she was apparently as calm and gentle as it was her wont to be, and bore the blow absolutely without a murmur. Silently she returned to her little room, secured the doors and windows, stopped up every available aperture, lit a small charcoal fire, asked her poor father's forgiveness on a slip of paper (afterwards found by her side), and laid down on her bed to sleep perchance to dream of François lying rapt in his last long rest beneath the northern star, frozen to death on Russian soil.

"Be this as it may, the fumes soon did their work.

"Lisette slept that night to wake no more. The door was eventually broken open; but, alas, too late.

"Three weeks after this François returned, covered with honours, and full of brilliant hopes for the future. Who shall describe his agony when he heard what had happened —when told that Lisette's life had been sacrificed to a false report? Already weakened by exposure and privations of all kinds, fever set in, from which recovery left him a harmless maniac, the unhappy victim of a mistaken tale-bearer; and—with some strange idea of retribution ever present in his mind—always to be found polishing an old musket; and if spoken to, his one answer was, 'I'm waiting for him still.'

"Poor old François, he has a place at every table, a bed in every home."

Thus ended the story of François Dumolin, and with it our bottle of Burgundy. No further incident of noteworthy importance happened that night, unless I mention that it was a sleepless one to me owing to the Tambour-major, whose snoring, both loud and shrill, shook the rafters of our sky-parlour till long after daybreak.

How strange it is to hark back through the years of excitement which followed my *début* as a war-artist, and trace the rise and progress of the spy mania, which during the Franco-Prussian War appeared first to proclaim itself at Strasburg, Metz, Dijon, Sedan. Everywhere was that gaunt stalking-horse "Espion" to the fore, and perhaps no one was so open to suspicion as the war-artist or correspondent, who, sketch or note-book in hand, was at once relegated to the position of a spy.

I remember how several *confrères* at Metz were most roughly handled by officious soldiery, an excited rabble, and the commanding officer before whom they were brought, who assured them that if they appeared before him again they would most certainly be shot. Nor did the French themselves escape. One of many instances may be quoted, that of a representative of the *Monde Illustré*, whose pathetic concern for a favourite little dog he possessed was ludicrous. This votary of Apelles was very roughly handled. His sketch-book condemned him to endless misadventures, all of which he bore with the most praiseworthy fortitude, till the rabble went to the greater length of *arresting*, *detaining*, and, I think, *appropriating*, his pet poodle. Equal to all save this, he rent the air with—

"*Oh, mon petit chien—mon petit chien!*"

"Down with him—down with him!" shouted the mob at the top of their voices. "Let us lynch him in the market-

place; he's a spy, a traitor!" and so on. But his little dog was his one concern, and his cries of "*Oh, mon chien!*" drowned their wildest ravings.

I myself was witness that the Germans were not one jot less suspicious than the French; indeed, I think there were few correspondents, no matter of what nationality, who were not for some considerable time at least under the ban of both armies. Saarbrück, like a prelude on the flute to an overture in which the big drum has it all its own way, was soon forgotten in the French defeat at Weissenburg, where General Douay endeavoured to defend the range of the Vosges against the invader.

It was the late Emperor—then Crown Prince—who with 120,000 gave him battle. He appeared unexpectedly on the heights of Schweigen—dropped in to breakfast, as it were, for the army of Douay were unsuspiciously engaged at their matutinal meal when the enemy's shell-fire cut short their repast. The French, surprised as they were, fought with their old ardour, the Turcos especially holding their own with the tenacity of lions; but the stolid German was soon master of the situation.

About mid-day General Douay was himself killed by a Prussian shell, when, leaving Weissenburg partially in flames, the remnant of his army retreated in the best order they could, preceded by hundreds of scared peasantry, who made in hot haste for the mountains and more remote villages, thus ending the first serious engagement of the war.

"Ah, Monsieur!" said a half-frantic patriot to me when the news of this crushing disaster to French arms was spreading throughout the length and breadth of France, "Weissenburg is only the shadow of coming events, it's the forecast of the end. Our men are brave to a fault, but they are over-matched, and out-weighted by the enemy. I tell you I know of instances innumerable in which to keep

up appearances the effective of a regiment has been counted at its original muster of say ten companies a hundred strong, while hardly one company musters really more than thirty men all told. A paper army, Monsieur, counted by the boots in our stores rather than the men in our barracks; this, I say, is the key-note to disaster." Then in his excitement he shook his fist in my face, and declared that nevertheless France, *la belle France*, would yet have her turn; and, with that inconsistency peculiarly French, taking the defeat of Weissenburg as his text, assured me, with the earnest exhortation of a true prophet, that in less than three months the French army would be encamping in Unter den Linden. There was, nevertheless, much method in his madness, much truth in his assertion, that the numerical strength of France was in that great contest far over-estimated.

## CHAPTER II.

Kismet ! ! Isn't it curious to note how the most trivial circumstances bring about the greater events of life ! Truly Destiny hides in queer corners and springs up in unexpected places. She was the plaything of Napoleon through a long series of successes till she turned on him at Moscow, and annihilated him at Waterloo. Wasn't it she who taught Newton the force of gravitation through the falling of an apple to the ground, and Stephenson that of steam through the kettle on the hob? She is a whimsical, capricious jade, "fickle, coy, and hard to please," and still more difficult to understand ; so at least I thought, when, having started with the best possible intention of joining the armies of the Crown Prince, I found myself with the French at Dijon, where—to continue uninterrupted our chain of events—it will be remembered we discussed together a bottle of mine host's best, while we listened to the sad story of old François the lunatic.

Now it required no small finesse so to lay out my remaining funds as to admit of my contributing in some sense to the London Press—to which I was not yet actually accredited—and at the same time get to Paris before my last sou was expended.

Deviating, then, from our intended route, let us find ourselves at Wörth, where McMahon, with some 80,000 men

all told, is occupying the heights. The story is so well known that I need do no more than touch lightly, in passing, on that memorable 6th of August, when the Crown Prince, having arrived the previous evening with 180,000 men flushed by their victory at Weissenburg, gave battle to the flower of the French army. For three hours the fight seemed to depend rather on individual valour than strategy, the struggle being of that tooth and nail type which sprang from the splendid soldierly instincts of both armies.

The losses were in each case immense.

The Prussians by numbers counterbalanced the advantages which McMahon had in his admirable position secured to himself on the heights; and now it was that the half-successful endeavour on the part of the enemy to cut off his retreat led to his staking the fortunes of the day on a brilliant charge of the brigade of Cuirassiers.

The Prussians responded with a heavy cannonade from their field batteries, which, breaking the French cavalry to pieces, decided McMahon's fate—between 7,000 and 8,000 prisoners, a large number of guns, and several Imperial Eagles being taken by the Crown Prince, a success which, capping as it did by just two days that of Weissenburg, had a crushing effect, which all the reckless bravery of the French, aided by one of her best leaders, was unable to check. The *morale* of the army had gone.

The field after the fight told how much their victory had cost the Germans, where red-trousered Zouaves, black Turcos, and Cuirassiers had disputed inch by inch the ground they held till "death had broached them to."

Half-hidden by underwood and forest trees (for the neighbourhood afforded abundant cover), one here and there came across little groups who, at a first glance, might have seemed peaceably resting (as indeed they were) after a hard day at the front—some sitting binding a wound; others

lying about in easy, picturesque attitudes in the long grass; here one was to be seen half-reclining against a tree, there another firmly gripping his *chassepôt*, as if some unaccustomed sound disturbed him—yet all were dead, dead as the proverbial door-nail.

Still, it has never been the battle, nor battle-field even, which has presented itself to me as the most terrible picture

OVER-WEIGHTED, FOOT-SORE, AND WEARY.

of war: it is the train of attendant miseries one finds in its wake—the shattered, silent homes and ruined lives of those still left behind, made terribly apparent in contrast with the glamour and din of the actual fighting. The hopeless want of order, too, and utter inefficiency of officials high in office at headquarters, led to such lamentable shortcomings as

far as rations, ordinary equipment, &c., were concerned ; mobiles and others on the march being so overweighted with impedimenta of all kinds, one often carrying the burden of three, and so on, that there is little wonder if, footsore and weary, they required more than mere bravery to make them equal to the occasion when it came. Many were absolutely without boots, in the proper sense of the word, that is, having what remained of the shoe-leather which forced marches had left them bound to their bleeding feet with such old rags, string, and hay-bands as might be found most conveniently at hand.

I speak naturally somewhat in advance of these earlier battles, the sketch in illustration of what I say having been taken later on, in the autumn of 1870.

Camp-kettles, tents, tent-pegs, knapsacks, cartridge-boxes, pannikins, tin plates, and water-bottles went to swell the miscellaneous baggage which, pipe in one hand and musket in the other, I have often seen these poor fellows, docile and plucky to a fault, carrying.

Then, again, the way in which, on the Paris Boulevards, a successful skirmish was elaborated into a great victory, and even sometimes a defeat was misrepresented, spoilt the confidence of the people in news from the front. I remember hearing that at the time of the catastrophe to the French arms at Wörth, it was given out in the capital as a victorious engagement, in which a whole Prussian army corps, including the Crown Prince and many of his best generals, had fallen into the hands of McMahon.

We must hurry on, however, with the rest, for the iron girdle is drawing closer, and I must not forget that Paris is my goal, even if circumstances were not all too rapidly pointing in that direction.

On the evening of this memorable fight, and for many days after, did stragglers from all quarters—cavalry, artillery,

and infantry, some wounded, some only half-equipped, hurry into the towns and villages round about, telling a sad tale of disaster to the anxious, terror-stricken inhabitants. A sea of weary, upturned faces met him as the tired, maimed refugee brought in the sad news from the front. Strasburg was over-run with them, dismay spreading like a fever wherever they went.

Edmond About describes how he met them at Saverne —"a long procession of laggards—cuirassiers without cuirasses, fusiliers without guns, horsemen on foot, and infantry on horseback. A real charge of cuirassiers galloping like mad upset my horse in the ditch, and broke the springs of the carriage to pieces." Demoralisation, in short, now began to spread like wildfire. The several army corps of the French concentrated on Metz, while what was claimed to be a drawn fight took place at Courcelles, night closing in on the conflict, and bringing the Germans still more within touch of the enemy.

Since this, however, is rather the wanderings of a war-artist than a chronological story of the war, I am more disposed to view things from a general than a historical point of view, and am reminded of the many curious apects which war assumes to uninitiated non-combatants.

In five campaigns I have noted with interest how some, led away by true patriotism, and others, without a spark of any more worthy feeling than love of excitement and natural curiosity, seem to welcome coming strife as an outlet for their pent-up feelings; while others become so pitiably helpless as to see in it nothing but utter and irremediable ruin, becoming completely paralysed by fear.

Then, again, one comes across the true philosopher, be his garb that of the savant or the blue-bloused, sabot-shod peasant. I remember one of the latter, late one evening, not far from Wörth, accosting me by the way. We soon

BAD NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

fell into an interesting discussion on the events of the moment.

"Well, Monsieur," said he, in reply to a query of mine, "I suppose I ought to hate the very name of war, my life having been spent in those vineyards which I now see red with blood; but it's hot blood after all, and we are perhaps as well without it. I envy none of these great officers the glory they buy at such a price. I really think I'm one of the happiest men in the department. Yes, I'm a bachelor, Monsieur; and have thus the pleasure of loving other people's children without the anxiety of looking after any of my own. I certainly have often thought I might have been happier had I had a wife; but then, what's enough for one would have barely sufficed for two. You see that *château* yonder on the hill; it was until recently occupied by a retired banker, whose riches were fabulous, and who is said to have seldom slept soundly lest robbers should become possessed of his treasure. I, having nothing to lose, sleep like a top after my day's work in the fields. Again, he has had, at an advanced age, to take his worldly wealth with him and hurry off to Paris for protection. Having no worldly wealth to worry me, I remain quietly where I am. To the left, imbedded in the trees over there, you will see yet another *château*; two well-to-do old maids live there. The younger was crossed in love when in her teens, her lover marrying a cousin, whom she hated, and her mind has been slightly deranged ever since. I was never crossed in love, and I hate no one. Then her elder sister, whose fondness for the good things of this world could be ministered to to any extent, as far as money is concerned, is obliged to live on mutton broth and calves-foot jelly, because of the dyspepsia to which she is a martyr; while I have the appetite of a whale, and the digestion of a crocodile. Surely I am richer, far richer than any of these, or

thousands of others who are possessed of money and position." And so with a genial good-night we separated, did that rustic philosopher and I. Since then many contented hours have I enjoyed in memory of his odd similes, a man who, reading nature as the immortal William had done before him, found "sermons in stones and good in everything."

Do you dread a difficulty, or, fearing you will be unsupported in some scheme, abandon it? Look at that blade of grass growing, aye and thriving too, amongst the plaster and broken bottles on the top of yonder wall; it has but a sorry supply of mould for its hungry roots to cling to, but little dew to moisten that thirsty blade, yet there it is, verdant and smiling, teaching us from the great book of nature how philosophically to face the difficulties we have in this life to encounter.

Little more than a month elapsed before I was reminded of my friend the blue-blouse by a parallel case at Strasburg, and of which I think the papers of the time made note.

The philosopher in this case was the occupier of a house near the Porte des Pierres. His pride was that nothing disconcerted him. Being as deaf as a post, one had to talk to him through an ear-trumpet. He found this to be an inconvenience to the speaker rather than to himself; while deafness to the everlasting din of the siege, which so scared his neighbours, was a positive blessing. True, his house had become a wreck; shells having intersected it at every angle imaginable; crockery, china, glass, mixed with broken furniture of all kinds, lay in confused heaps in all the rooms; while a French clock (a corner of which had been shattered), the hands of which stood at 8.45, with the assistance of a newspaper hastily left behind, bearing the date of September the 8th, told how, in all probability, the trouble began about that time on that day; though, of

course, if in the morning or evening does not appear. The occupier was quite cheery over the disaster; he would receive ample compensation in due course, from whichever side got the better of the contest, and had already begun to speculate as to the new furniture he would then purchase, In the meantime he posed as an injured citizen, and gained more sympathy from his neighbours than he had thought them capable of.

From what a different point of view must the lodger on the flat above him have looked at the matter.

Before the first shell fell, that poor old man had gathered together a few necessaries and fled, no one knew or cared whither, leaving his collection (for he was a naturalist of no small research) behind him. His feathered friends occupied almost every available wall of his suite of rooms, arranged in the most perfect order for the inspection of the curious; but they were not property easily moved, and the changed aspect of the work of a quarter of a century was a terrible sight to contemplate now. Beaks, wings, and legs, mutilated limbs of every shape and colour were bestrewn upon the floor; while in a corner still intact were perched on wooden stands several fine old owls in solemn conclave, their eyes dilated as if in wonder that human beings—calling themselves Christians too—could be capable of so much ruthless slaughter. Then there was a jackdaw on a table who took a side glance and looked down with his glassy eye, as who should say, "Oh, what glorious chance for loot is here."

The philosopher below stairs having nothing to lose which he could not easily replace was happy; while the enthusiast above, having lost at one crushing blow the result of his life's devotion, was poor indeed.

I must not forget, however, while thus generalising, that I have more than one campaign to chronicle, and what is

perhaps of even greater importance, to remember that I have barely the means to get back to Paris, where, whatever the Prussian or French armies intend to do in that direction, *I* must at least hasten with all possible speed, lest I find myself besieged by that greatest and cruellest of enemies to human kind, *impecuniosity*. And so, to avoid this, to secure the wherewithal which I felt sure would by this time be awaiting me at the *Poste Restante*, and to feel my footing generally as a Press representative, I hurried off, while I had yet my railway fare at command, to the capital.

Poor Paris! One might, indeed, say with Hamlet: "Where be your jibes now?" The City of Pleasure had lost her smiles; the grim reality of the situation was reflecting in every face those coming events which were already casting such black shadows before, and which fell so heavily on every heart. Everyone you passed on the Boulevards was a peculiar study, the same subject occupying every mind, and reflected according to their individuality in the features of each.

As far as I was concerned, having received the remittances and credentials I expected, and having made, moreover, certain satisfactory arrangements with the *Monde Illustré*, &c., &c., which, being then an artistic and literary freelance, I was able to do, I was, as you may imagine, on the best of terms with the world in general and myself in particular. I put up, as I always had done, at Hoffman's a comfortable hotel in the Place du Havre (of which more anon), and set to work making plans for the future, devoting a few days to Paris itself in its then highly delirious state of war-fever.

By the way, were you ever possessed of two shadows? If the shadowless man felt the inconvenience to no small extent of being deprived of his, I verily believe that having

two such appendages is equally trying. You have failed naturally to see the point of my inquiries, always supposing Nature gave you your proper allowance of one.

I refer to the Parisian shadow, which, for the smallest reason, was told off to dog the footsteps of anyone whom for any purpose it might be thought advisable to follow; and if in peace times these shadows, or police agents, found this line of procedure profitable, how many must have been the attractions held out to the mouchard in time of war.

These creatures were in the last days of the Empire attached to one like an official stamp, or the registration mark on one's baggage; and if on one's arrival in the metropolis there was the most remote excuse for it, the shadow hooked himself on to you, attaching himself in a most unpleasantly adhesive way, and, failing to find any case against you, watched you till you finally left for England or elsewhere, with the sad expression on his face of one who feels that in life's lottery he has drawn yet another blank.

It was such a shadow that at once was attached to me on my arrival in Paris. I met him at the station; he at first winked and blinked at me like a falcon from whose head the hood had just been taken, and then his eagle eye became riveted, and he stuck to me with admirable pertinacity through thick and thin; he followed me to my hotel, and later on he was awaiting my departure from it for an evening stroll. I entered a bar famed for its American drinks; it had two doors. I went in at one and out at the other, my shadow—waiting till I had finished my cocktail—following.

From that moment he seemed to look upon me as *his, body and soul;* indeed, he seemed a very devil in peg-tops—ever in my wake.

The following day I took him round the fortifications. I went by train to St. Cloud; Monsieur was at the end of

my compartment, smoking moodily. I returned by another route, and went in the evening to the Jardin Boullier in the Latin Quarter, there to drink refreshing draughts of bock to an accompanying whirligig of mazy waltz and delirious can-can. He *bocked* at a neighbouring table, moody as ever, sick at heart that he could find no guile in me, and I heard the heavy thud of his high-heeled boots behind me as I walked back towards my hotel.

On the Pont Neuf I rested, looking over for a moment into the Seine in passing; *he*, that constant, never-failing *he*, was also looking over at no great distance. I should have quite missed him had he, in sheer despair of finding me guilty of anything, committed suicide at that moment; and I think I should have taken a camp-stool and sat by my dear departed shadow in the Morgue, till Mother Earth reclaimed him. But he had no such intentions, he was *far* too much attached to me, the rock to which with all tenacity he clung, for that; he followed me everywhere; he was to the fore at the *Poste Restante* when I went there for letters, and if I dined at Duval's he took in his modest supplies within a glance of me.

At last, one day, I gave him much material on which to speculate. I wrote several articles for London papers in the first *café* I came to, he exhausting the pages of the *Figaro* the while. I (I should say *we*) next strolled down the Boulevard des Capucins.

The departure of troops for the front, passing through Paris from the north, was an admirable subject for my pencil. Again I plunged into the nearest *café* in order to commit my notes to paper and despatch them at once; he was at my side, but what—what in the name of fortune could it all mean?—his moody air had deserted him, he was beaming as brilliantly as it was possible for such a face as his to beam. What could have happened? Oh! of

course he was weaving a web, making up some sweet little plot of his own in which *I* played chief *rôle* ; my recent conduct had been suspicious to a degree. I was a mystery worth solving. He rearranged his frayed shirt-cuffs, repointed his waxen-ended imperial, and smiled visibly ; moreover, a friend now joined him. *Two* extra shadows on a hot autumn day were oppressive to a degree.

Things, however, were coming to a climax. That evening I went to the Café des Ambassadeurs in the Place de la Concorde. They converged in a serpentine sort of way upon me from opposite points, exulting over their *legitimate* prey, each at last presenting me, simultaneously, with his police authorisation, each at the same moment clapping a hand melodramatically on my shoulder.

I would not have escaped them for anything ; I was too much interested.

What next? "Espion! Espion!" was on every lip? Oh no, nothing of the kind, I had another part to play.

I was hooted out of the place in less than no time—a shadow on either side. A few minutes later and I was in a gendarmerie ; and was requested to give up everything ; I, of course, refused, and a struggle took place, resulting as usual in victory to numbers. I was overpowered and searched—searched did I say?—aye, and almost stripped into the bargain, my boots being torn off my feet, and then, bruised and dishevelled, I sat for quite an hour on a wooden bench wondering what next would turn up.

At last a sort of inspector strolled in, followed by another with all my belongings. The first had a photograph in his hand ; like a lay figure I was turned and twisted about in every imaginable direction to see how far I resembled the portrait. A magnifier was next produced, and a very close inspection of my left cheek followed ; my shirt collar was then turned down in search of a mole or mouse, or some

animal or vegetable link between myself and somebody. A look of blank disappointment overspread the faces of all present; they consulted in an undertone; my two shadows looking specially crestfallen. Then a police-officer, more urbane than the rest, begged I would see that everything had been returned to me; nothing was missing. Monsieur was the wrong man; he was very sorry indeed to say so, but Monsieur was not the American swindler who was "wanted." Monsieur answered admirably to the description—really admirably; those occasional cocktails had probably emphasised the impression.

"And yet," he went on, "Monsieur was evidently not the man—so sorry. Look at this photograph, a scar on the left cheek brought out in bold relief by the magnifier, the missing mole or the absent mouse all proved it to be a case of mistaken identity. Monsieur had no such marks. The authorities apologised most humbly, and Monsieur was free to leave whenever he pleased"—and Monsieur by this time was not sorry to do so.

Thus ended my first acquaintance with a Paris shadow, as far as the American swindler is concerned. I only hope years have altered the resemblance, and that I may not again be held responsible for his shortcomings. My ardour, however, was undamped by my experiences, and as I was a little anxious to get all I could artistically out of Paris before leaving, I directed my steps the night after the foregoing misadventure to Belleville.

It was Albert Smith who said:

> A sort of vulgar Venice reminds me that I am
> Not in dirty London, but still dirtier Rotterdam.

One might thus have paraphrased it in 1870:

> A sort of Seven Dials with a dash of Saffron Hill,
> Mixed with rookeries at Rotherhythe reminds me of Belleville

At the best of times that inappropriately christened suburb of Paris is not a neighbourhood to linger in after nightfall; but during the war, when the best and worst impulses were alike fermented, when the patriot thought only of his country, and the scum of the city dwelt vulture-like on plunder—Belleville was grim to a degree. There it was—in that nest of infamy—that cradle of crime—that I noted with curious interest the process of incubation going on, which before long was to develop the Commune.

Indeed, I looked on this quarter of the capital as a special study, as a resource from which I might draw untold treasure in the shape of subject for the illustrated papers later on—not, of course, that I was prophetic enough to foresee the coming struggle with the Versailles troops, but felt—as everyone must who found himself in their midst—that mischief was brewing, and that when the brewery was Belleville it was likely to be no small beer in the end.

I remember being introduced, by one who had the *entrée* to a little coterie of cut-throats in a small back street in this neighbourhood. The assemblage forming one of the illustrations, which I took when in their midst on the eve of the two sieges, is a typical group, which at that time might have been multiplied *ad infinitum*. There, of course, was the wild enthusiast, the leader of the little party, gifted with that small modicum of knowledge which is a dangerous thing when possessed by one so unscrupulous, addressing the rest on the gravity of the situation, the utter incompetency of the army, and equally utter impossibility of anything coming right unless Paris—as represented by himself—came to the fore.

Then there was also the leader's particular friend, who swore by him through thick and thin, whose narrow mind, so far as it was able to penetrate through the opalesque

A NEST OF INFAMY.

atmosphere of absinthe in which it was steeped, saw in him the regenerator of the land. There were too, of course, several women of the party. The women of Paris are too historical not to play their part at all such gatherings; a political meeting without a *pétroleuse* in Belleville would be like a ball in Belgravia without a scandal; the background is filled up with the great unwashed; the charcoal-burners and vendors of the neighbourhood; the man from the small charcuterie stores round the corner; the greasy-looking individual who supplies *petits verres* from many coloured bottles at the leaden counter over the way, and the little barber, all soft soap and suavity, who occupies his days with sou shaves, and his nights with eau-de-vie and anarchy.

Each and all play their respective parts at the meetings of those small centres, which are really the hot-beds of the innumerable horrors which may be summed up by the one word—Communism.

One burly fellow was waving a red flag in the faces of his excited hearers when I entered, as though he were at a Spanish bull-fight, talking loudly the while of blood and barricades, just as an oily, unhealthy-looking *misérable* near him was assuring a fat friend how such and such things *must* happen, and there was positively no alternative. A rag-picker, having put down his basket and put out his lantern, had, attracted by the babel of voices, just entered. Indeed this rag-picker, with whom for artistic purposes I hob-nobbed, led to an intimacy with many of the same picturesque crew. Introduced by him I made strange acquaintanceships, which in one or two cases were curiously renewed later on.

The *chiffonnier* is a many-sided character well worth studying; one who is not only a picker-up of unconsidered trifles in the ordinary sense of the word, but has, when

trade is not brisk in Paris, his seasons elsewhere. Having divided, sub-divided, and sold his last basketful of rubbish, he becomes, when warmer weather invites him countrywards—a tramp; he has saved up five or six francs, and with these he purchases a miscellaneous collection of very cheap jewellery, common coloured chromos (chiefly scriptural subjects), a crucifix or two, laces of various patterns and lengths, pins, needles, thimbles, pens, pencils, and packs of cards. He economises shoe-leather by the way by carrying his boots on his back, and thus goes from village to village, disposing as best he can of his wares; or, where legitimate business is slack, doing conjuring tricks, or telling fortunes, or robbing a hen-roost, or otherwise gaining a living, honest or dishonest, as circumstances may suggest.

They are very sharply looked after by the authorities are these waifs, and obliged to show when required their *Carnet*, a memorandum book in which all particulars as to name, age, place of birth, &c., are entered with as much care as if their memoirs were some day to occupy a place in the libraries of their country. They are of two distinct classes, the *Placiers* and the *Coureurs*, the former having their regular rounds and special places at which to collect rags, bones, and other *débris*; while the latter wander at will here, there, and everywhere, in quest of the wherewithal to fill the *mannequin*, or huge basket, which they carry strapped to their backs.

It goes for said that, at the best of times, the life of the chiffonnier is but a very sorry state of existence. I remember one who said that its inconveniences were twofold, since the rag-picker didn't make enough to live on and still made just enough to prevent his dying.

Of course, like the French soldier who carries the baton of the field-marshal in his knapsack, he also has a remote

hope that he may some day find a diamond necklet in a dust-heap, unexpected treasure having been before now found there.

Indeed, the story of one of the few chiffonniers on whom

A SORT OF DRAIN DEMON.

I have heard fortune has since smiled, may not be uninteresting, especially since he was in 1870 one of the little coterie to whom I was introduced.

*A sort of drain demon*, he had gone from sewer to sewer,

and dust-heap to dust-heap, for many years in quest of supplies without earning more than the bare pittance which, as a rule, rewards the efforts of scavengers of his class; when one night, groping with the aid of his long-hooked stick and his grimy hand in a pile of rubbish, he suddenly uttered a sharp *sacré*, and, regardless of its condition, began to vigorously suck his finger.

Had he been stung by some gutter reptile, or what could it be that had drawn blood so freely?

He now carefully turned over the dirty conglomerate bit by bit; and there, sunk deep in its muddy setting, lay an exquisite brooch, the pin of which had pricked him, and in which emeralds and brilliants played a conspicuous part. It was evidently of no small value.

If this brooch was or was not advertised for I never heard; but this I did hear, that the chiffonnier disposed of it forthwith for a sum which was, at least to him, considerable, and that having an eye to the future, he so manipulated the amount that before long he was able to crawl out of his hitherto muddy path, and bring to bear those talents which rags had so long hidden; for it turned out that prior to this more recent state of his existence he had held the position of an officer and gentleman, from which high estate he had been cast down by circumstances over which he at the time had, perhaps, a little *too* much control.

Be this as it may, he and his misdeeds were long since forgotten; and thus at a critical moment emerging to the light and grappling the then position of affairs, he had joined one of those societies in the fever-haunted slums of Belleville, which I have endeavoured to depict; becoming, during the second siege, an officer of distinction, who fought not wisely but too well in the cause of misrule; and I can picture him in all the bravery of those fine feathers which have something to do with making fine birds, as he strolls down

the Boulevards in the small hours, and, with that fellow-feeling which makes us wondrous kind, "throws a handful of coppers to the first chiffonnier he passes on his way back to his club."

What a marvellous sight, too, were those same Boulevards at that time—as telegram after telegram sped into the capital with fresh news from the front—crowds elbowing their way to get within closer touch of the fortunate possessor of *the latest edition,* who read aloud from the vantage point of a *café* chair for the benefit of the rest.

German successes were veiled in the editorial office by wonderful out-flanking movements which, in the immediate future, were to turn the tables in favour of those who were bravely, though vainly, struggling against the on-coming tide of victory which was already half admitted to threaten the capital itself. I was staying then, as I have said, at a comfortable hotel in the Place du Havre, kept, it will be remembered, by one Hoffman (who, though a naturalised Frenchman, was by birth a Bavarian) and his two sisters, and shall not easily forget the abject fear of this unwarlike Teuton, as hour after hour brought accounts of the nearer approach of his countrymen; nothing short of death from his point of view menaced him on either hand. He looked each morning with a scared expression at the fresh posters affixed to the kiosques, and the slightest suggestion of a Prussian advance, reminding him of his own nationality, made him shiver in his shoes—at the thought of his neighbours, all of whom he considered combined to wreak their vengeance against him. He was of a type, happily not often to be met with in the Fatherland or elsewhere, whose sole idol was self. Indeed, it was quite refreshing, on the other hand, to find that, much within the proverbial stone's-throw, one could hit upon any number of instances of patriotic devotion; families whose last sou had long since gone to

replenish the military coffers, and who, having left only the young, aged, and infirm in the rear, had gone to fill the broad gaps which Prussian shot and shell laid bare. One pathetic story *apropos* of this is worth telling. A few doors from Hoffman's just where the Place du Havre approaches the Madeleine is, or was, a fruit and flower shop, lovely to look upon all the year round, its loveliness, however, being quite eclipsed by its presiding goddess, a perfect Juno in her fair proportions, who seemed, through sitting there, to have imbibed the essences, as it were, of her fruity and floral surroundings, her rosy cheeks, her cherry lips, &c., &c., seeming to reflect her stores. But it is not of Madame Veloncourt—no, it is not of the widow, but of her daughter Marie I would speak. Just as the Ribston pippin is to the Blenheim orange, or the Fairy rose to the Maréchal Niel, so was Marie to her mother; the same yet not the same; just, in short, what one might suppose the widow Marie to have been when in her eighteenth year she won the heart of Veloncourt. During my brief stay in Paris it had been my custom to purchase fruit every morning at this establishment, and thus it was that I ascertained the reason of Marie's sadness, and the look of anxious concern which seemed ever present with her. She was engaged to the son of the proprietor of a flourishing *café* in the Boulevard de l'Opéra, who on the declaration of war had at once enlisted, and been drafted off with others to Strasburg. His had been a short-lived glory, a shell having laid him low during the retreat from Wörth. He was taken to a hospital at Metz, when it was discovered that the amputation of an arm and foot would be necessary, if even by these means his life could be saved; besides which the handsome face she had been so proud to look upon was distorted by the explosion almost beyond recognition. "Yes, Monsieur," said Madame Veloncourt, her practical mind taking in both sides of the

question, "she loves him for his patriotism, she pities him for his sufferings, and declares that if he lives no such unworthy reason as loss of limbs or good looks shall sever them. All very romantic and pretty, no doubt, Monsieur, but without an arm or a foot, and probably wearing a crape mask for the rest of his days, what can he do, what possible future can he have before him? How, in short, can they hope to live? We've no savings, Marie and I; they've all been swallowed in the war fund, and how can this heroic but dismembered and disfigured patriot be expected to make headway in the world? It will be a living death; and my beautiful Marie has at least half a dozen rich admirers dying to marry her; but she says, and somehow I seem to sympathise with her too, what matters the loss of an arm or foot if she marries the man she loves? *Mais nous verrons—nous verrons, Monsieur,*" and so we did, for just as Henri Delorme had stood to his colours at Wörth so had Marie stood to her guns in the Place du Havre. They married, and the fates being propitious, they prospered. Thus ends a simple story, the sole recommendation of which is that, like the adventures of the *chiffonnier*, it is one of many instances. For this reason it will be as well not to leave it untold, especially when it serves as a high light to make doubly telling the gloomy forebodings of their neighbour Hoffman, the hotel keeper, the tale of whose abject terror was, when a year since I was in Paris, still on the lips of some. "What am I to do!—what *am* I to do!" he was continually exclaiming, as day after day his dread of the coming siege increased. "I shall be murdered in cold blood; I know I shall, either by the Prussians or the French. Old friends mistrust me, and strangers think me a spy. If I leave Paris while there is yet time, I leave all I depend on to the tender mercy of the soldiery of one or both armies. If I remain, I shall probably be buried in

the ruins of my own house. Can no one—no one suggest an alternative?" Thus between greed (for he was a born miser) and the most abject fear did the contemptible Hoffman oscillate till the life he clung to seemed hardly worth the living. Never a thought during all this time had he for his two brave sisters (the younger I remember to have been a particularly bright, intelligent-looking girl), who uncomplainingly and fearlessly kept the hotel going as best they could without the aid of their half-demented brother. But of this same Hoffman and his sisters I shall have much more to say in a coming chapter, which, being in legal phrase "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," may be interesting to those who continue to be my travelling companions.

## CHAPTER III.

Having left Paris and the shadows of the Empire to prepare for coming events, let us again follow the fortunes of the army.

It was, I think, on the 14th of August that the Emperor issued his farewell address to the troops at Metz, and the following day that Bazaine, appointed Commander-in-Chief, retreated on Verdun. During this, at Mars-la-tour, it will be remembered, a sanguinary engagement took place between Prince Frederick Charles's army and that of the retreating French forces, while it was followed up on the 18th by the battle of Gravelotte, resulting in Bazaine's falling back on Metz.

Then came the memorable 1st and 2nd of September before Sedan. It was General von der Tann who began it, at the first streak of dawn, by opening fire, when the early mists had cleared off sufficiently to reveal the enemy's position. The meshes of the net which was so soon to entrap the army of McMahon were already spreading. At Bazeilles the French were fighting like tigers. The day grew hotter as those mists cleared off from the Meuse, and were replaced by the smoke-clouds which the sultry air seemed scarcely to agitate. Big guns were now brought into position here, there, and everywhere. Great round puffs like magic snowballs appeared and disappeared in every direction, while the thunder of those guns became

more deafening. As midday approached, the fighting became furious; distinction would be invidious, Teuton and Gaul deserving equally well of their countries.

The splendid charges over and over again of the French cavalry, almost invariably repulsed by the enemy's artillery, were particularly noticeable; with magnificent dash did they gallop to the attack till, forced by a heavy cannonade and rattling fusillade from the Prussian infantry, they retreated, leaving horses and men dead and dying round about them. Villages and positions were now one by one taken. The investment, a cordon of rapidly contracting white smoke fringed with bayonets, came closer and closer still to strangulation point; then, in several parts of the town, explosions took place, while others before long were in flames. Confusion—that confusion in which no one sound is distinguishable, an indescribable medley of horrors—reigned supreme.

At this point, too, McMahon being seriously wounded, gave up his command to General Wimpffen, who, capitulating, placed at the disposal of the Prussian commanders 80,000 prisoners, besides an enormous amount of war material of every possible description, another crushing disaster being thus scored to the French arms; then, as if to give one finishing touch to that terrible picture, to add the crowning humiliation to a series of defeats, the Emperor himself had no alternative save to surrender his sword.

Those who were in the villages round about where the fighting was fiercest at that time will indeed carry to their graves grim memories of the glories of war. "After the battle" is a picture which neither pen nor pencil can ever portray so as to convey any adequate idea of the terrible reality; although, at the same time, the curiously contradictory fraternal feeling with which the wounded French and Prussians, after the fight, exchanged civilities, came like a

passing glimpse of sunshine on the prevailing desolation as they lay there side by side in half-dismantled farm buildings and cottages. Yes, it was curious to note that there was no animus, no feud, which a pipe of "caporal" or a swig of cognac—were such a luxury obtainable—would not heal.

Thanks to the unwearied efforts of the Red Cross surgeons, nurses, and bearers, the most seriously wounded were as quickly as possible carried well to the rear, either to field hospital tents, half demolished *châteaux*, or elsewhere in the neighbourhood, or were even taken as tenderly as bad roads and springless requisitioned carts would admit of to still more remote shelter. I have generally, whenever it has been possible, attached myself to the ambulance. From a correspondent's point of view it has many advantages, much information being thus obtainable; while for the artist's pencil subjects innumerable abound, besides which one may sometimes be of some small use to those professionally engaged, though I am painfully aware that on more than one occasion, had it not been for very prompt surgical aid, I should have been responsible in my zeal for terrible, if not fatal, results; nevertheless, in time, I made progress, and was ultimately looked on as rather an acquisition than otherwise.

Of those doctors and nurses who volunteer their services in war time one cannot speak too highly. Men, who, in many cases, have left comfortable practices to give their invaluable services to the good cause, and women who have sacrificed all the comforts of home-life to minister to the wants of the suffering soldiery of both sides. "There's a lot of humanity about, isn't there?" said an American to me one day after a hot engagement; while round about us the doctors were hard at work with splint and bandage. "A lot of humanity, regardless of sex, position, or nationality."

Aye, and he was right, too; so there was and is, and never is it more noticeable than at the front; although, strange to say, the ambulance does not escape abuse.

A brassard of white linen with a Red Cross on it is easily secured or made, and under cover of this, spurious Rosicrucians go about in the towns and villages getting the *entrée* everywhere and pillaging right and left.

Compared with one of these, what a charming companion, what a perfect hero would be the professional burglar who terrifies suburban London with his nightly visits, and, with the aid of a jemmy, dark lantern, and revolver, persuades peaceable inhabitants to surrender their loose cash and jewellery; what a reliable addition to one's bosom friends would such a man be compared with the oily sneak, who, under the guise of humane intentions, under cover of the ambulance flag, wanders about seeking whom he may "finish," or what crib, already battered by shells, he can still further "crack" for such remaining plunder as there be. He is naturally conspicuous by his absence where any real danger exists, is this counterfeit ambulance doctor or helper. He creeps out from queer crannies and odd corners when the sun goes down, coming vampire-like to gloat and batten on the horrors round about him.

Now since, prior to a prolonged stay in France, I found it absolutely necessary to return for a few days to make certain arrangements in England, I took what promised to be a short respite, while the victorious Kaiser marched on Paris, and, as an exceptional chance at the same time offered itself of getting through, I made the best of my way to Havre, there to cross over and so arrange matters as to admit of my speedy return in the capacity of a war-artist and correspondent. Having arrived at that port, I felt something perhaps might yet be done in the eight or nine hours which intervened before the departure of the mail

boat; and indeed, something more was done than I at the time bargained for.

Ever ready to believe myself quite impervious to anything, one of the most delightful of the many weaknesses of youth, I that day visited one of the military hospitals to which the sick and wounded had been removed for sea air. Pestilence, however, which ever follows in the wake of war, was doing its worst, committing, indeed, greater ravages than bullets.

The many touching incidents of devotion on the part of tender-hearted sisters and indefatigable doctors serving as good subject for my pencil, I spent some hours in their midst, and after making many sketches, strolled down to the beach, where my attention was attracted by a number of soldiers busily, and, to me, somewhat mysteriously engaged with a large quantity of blankets and counterpanes, which they were immersing in the sea. I at once became nterested in these domesticated warriors; they were a merry squad, and I was soon in their midst as concerned about their doings as they were about mine. Each man posed grotesquely when I produced my sketch-book in the fond hope that he might be immortalised in the London papers, and it was well for them that they had a spark of pleasantry left in them, for their office was a sorry one. They were, indeed, nothing more or less than a gang of disinfectors disinfecting the bedding on which patients had died in the small-pox hospitals.

That I personally should have run any risk did not, however, strike me at the time. One gets inured to the terrible, and danger is, happily perhaps, slow to suggest itself. I, at least, on arriving the following morning in Southampton, save for a sort of mental fatigue, attributable to the strain I had recently had on my nerves, felt fairly fit, and proceeded when in London to "bide a wee" with some old friends,

TENDER-HEARTED SISTERS AND INDEFATIGABLE DOCTORS.

where, however, mind as well as body became rapidly affected, so much so that I had to at once take to my bed, when a doctor having been called in, it was discovered that I was suffering from a virulent attack of small-pox, caught, beyond doubt, in those hospital wards or on the seashore amongst those contaminated bed-clothes at Havre.

If you can imagine the feelings of one who doats upon dancing, suffering from a sick-headache, while her more fortunate sisters are happily tripping it on the light fantastic at a *small and early:* if you can remember how you pictured those other fellows in the cricket-field on that half holiday when *you*, kept in, were with a carefully arranged three-nibbed pen, scribbling those 500 lines in the class-room; if you can remember this, then you can form some idea of my sensations when "cribbed, cabined, and confined," I found myself down with the small-pox, while the ball, which but now had been rolling at my feet, lay motionless.

My opinion of the Fates at that time was anything but flattering, I can assure you, and as the complaint developed and delirium set in, I have been told my descriptions of the horrors I had so recently seen, took such vivid form as to quite scare the three generous daughters of my kindly host, who insisted, by turns, on nursing me. I was naturally in my more lucid moments much concerned about them, and was horrified when I heard that two out of the three were laid up with the same fearful complaint. In each case, happily, the attacks were as short as they were sharp, leaving no trace behind them save the indelible impression that if "a man's a man for a' that" then surely a woman is equally heroic, be it on the field of battle or in the Fulham Road; the ambulance cross being only "the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace" which makes the sweet ministrations of the opposite sex acceptable when every other consolation fails.

However, it was some time before I was sufficiently myself to be equal to campaigning. When I was, I started once more for Havre (fighting shy a little of the hospital wards at the outset), and, seeing that Paris, invested by the Prussians while I was fretting and fuming on my sick-bed at Fulham, was now unapproachable from without, and moreover that my credentials were all French, I joined the army of the north. I made the Café de la Reine my headquarters when in Havre, partly because it was the rendezvous of the officers and my fellow war-correspondents, and I think partly also because of a certain fair Hebe who presided over the many coloured bottles by which she was surrounded at the extreme end of the long room, and who had made a rather deep impression on me.

Here, night after night (Havre being in a state of siege) did we congregate long after, according to siege laws, all lights should have been out. True it is that at 9 o'clock the patrol came round to enforce compliance with the law, and all lights for the nonce went out accordingly, to be relighted, however, when the shutters were closed later on.

The siege laws were not very strictly enforced, and I think the Commandant must have known this to be a hotbed of officers, or he would have insisted on more rigid obedience to them.

The story of that fair Hebe to whom I have just made reference is worth the telling.

Her father, Mons. Beauregard, was a wealthy retired merchant, living in a charming *château* not far from Havre. He had, for some fifteen years, been a widower; his sole and all-sufficing happiness being his four children, three strapping young fellows aged respectively twenty-three, twenty-two, and twenty, and a daughter, fresh, intelligent, and beautiful, who had not yet numbered nineteen summers. Her untiring delight was to minister, as she alone

could, to the whims, fancies, and requirements of her affectionate old father's declining years, for she had grown from infancy to early womanhood like the mistletoe on the oak, part, as it were, of the very being of the one she loved so well.

When, however, the war broke out, old Beauregard saw before him, as many others did at that time, a very definite course of patriotic duty to pursue, and determined to follow it without flinching. He, by degrees, sacrificed all his property in every form to the service of his country by sinking it in the war fund, and became himself a *franc-tireur*. As one can easily imagine, he was not long in being joined by his three sons, each of whom had, within a fortnight, taken up arms, while provision was made for his daughter, who was permanently to reside with an old maiden sister of his, who had a house at Honfleur.

Thus, shouldering their muskets, had the father and his three sons gone to the front, some time prior to my arrival in Havre.

The first to fall were Beauregard and his second son, the father being shot dead, while the other lingered for some time in hospital. The next victim, a few days afterwards only, was the eldest son, who, being taken prisoner, and never heard of afterwards, was doubtless done to death as all *franc-tireurs* were supposed to be when caught by the Prussians. And now, curiously enough, small-pox, which, as you have heard, was raging considerably in this part of the world just then, attacked the old patriot's sister, with whom the daughter, Elise (for this was her name), was staying, and whom she carefully nursed without herself catching the disease, till the enfeebled old soul at last succumbed to it, leaving the poor girl, and her one remaining relative, her brother (still, of course, at the front), not only penniless, but almost friendless.

In this condition, what could she do but jump at the first offer of employment by means of which at that exciting moment she could hope from day to day to live? She accepted the appointment of waitress at the Café de la Reine in Havre, and it was there that I heard from the officers her romantic story.

She was always dressed in the very deepest mourning, with jet bracelets, and a collarette of the same material, which gave peculiar brilliancy to her classic, refined features. Then, again, those sombre garments were frequently relieved by a tri-coloured sash, which no less at the request of the management than from personal inclination she wore across her shoulders. The effect was wonderfully striking: she seemed in that sable garb (as, indeed, she was) as much in mourning for her country as for her relations; still did she do her best to appear more cheery than she felt, for she had a part to play on the little platform where she stood, or, when not serving customers, where she sat knitting listlessly to kill the intervening time; and probably those brave fellows, here to-day and gone to-morrow, might indirectly owe to a remembrance of her—who knows?—the gallantry they from time to time displayed elsewhere.

"There's no knowing how far a woman's smile may penetrate," an old Georgian courtier once said, and I, for one, most cordially agree with him; and so it was that day after day and evening after evening Elise Beauregard, though weeping inwardly, uncomplainingly bore up, dispensing smiles and café noir, liqueurs, small cognacs, and sympathy to the many customers who frequented the Café de la Reine, certainly not the least susceptible being a certain young war-artist with whom you are already acquainted.

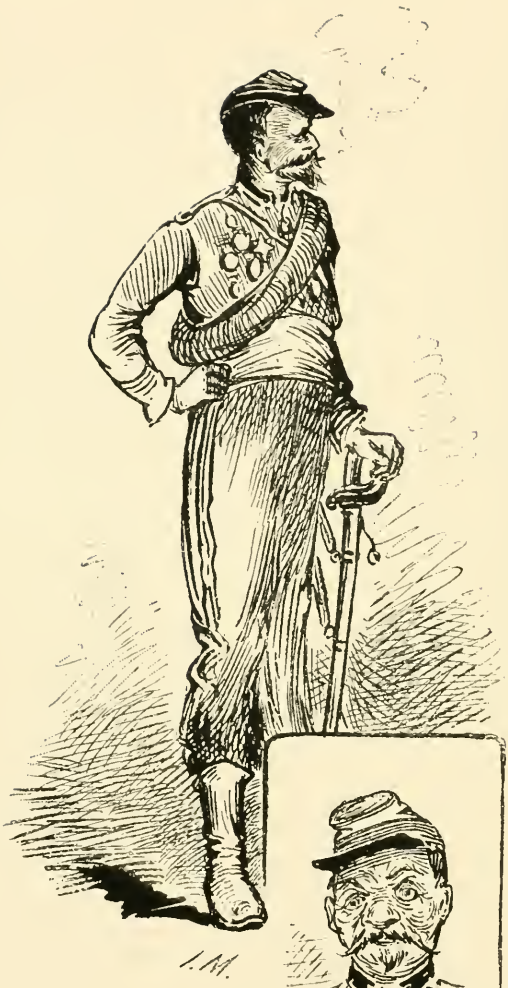
Those who went through the campaign will never forget the memorable winter of 1870-71. The intensity of the

cold was supplemented by the general depression which told the sad fate of defeat on every face.

Near the docks one morning, however, I was witness to the wildest enthusiasm—a certain General arrived by sea, and from the deck of the steamer made a most florid speech, in which he assured his hearers that the time had at last come when France would be avenged, when the tide of war would turn and the Prussians be driven with ignominy across the Rhine. He repeated his brilliant augury from the balcony of his hotel later on, but the wound was too deep, and he aroused but little real feeling, save, perhaps, amongst those, who emulating him, thought it about time that they also indulged in verbosity, for as the day wore on everyone who could get a hearing was posing as a patriot; amongst whom none were more enthusiastic than one Captain Corot.

Corot was the keeper of a little double-fronted shop in a small street off the market-place, one window of which was devoted to pipes, cigars, and tobaccos, while in the other depended pigtails of hair, frisettes, and the other attributes of a hairdresser's shop. Corot, however, had a soul above frisettes; just as his rubicund nose was the outward and visible sign of alcohol, so through his keen grey eye did the soul of patriotism peep out. He had been the first to raise his curling-tongs against the invader, figuratively at least, and now that the perfidious German was the man in possession, there was nothing he was not patriotic enough to achieve, if he could. Hence it was that, having gathered his customers round him he was able before long, what with them, and those of their friends who were willing to enlist under the Corot colours, to get together a well-shaven, if not over well-disciplined, troop.

There, outside his shop door, which was a sort of improvised headquarters, with his insignia, that brazen bowl,



GENERAL MOQUARD. CAPTAIN COROT.

dangling like Mambrino's helmet overhead, might our hero be seen any morning addressing a little knot of patriots on the one all-absorbing topic; inviting them, when early shaves were over, to come to the market-place and hear a bit of his mind, where he would further go into detail with reference to certain military tactics, which would mean nothing short of annihilation to Prussian arms.

Though certainly born rather to be a barber than a brigadier, poor Corot meant well, and so far carried others with him as to be able to raise a company—a very nondescript one—to which he was appointed Captain, and of which he was immensely proud—although he was only one of many such men who at that time obtained nominal commissions. He has yet to play a part in our story, and as he will be again referred to later on it is as well that my readers and he should be acquainted.

By the way, an odd incident happened about this time in a neighbouring town, of which I heard and which was sufficiently amusing to be taken note of.

It appears that French shells had so battered the place as to make it almost untenantable by the Germans, many of whom were known to be buried in its ruins. In one quarter the work of excavation was going on, owing to voices having been heard below the *débris;* succour or death seemed a matter of moments, so with most earnest, dogged determination did their comrades go to work, the terrible picture of stifling compatriots presenting itself more vividly each moment. At last, with a crash, a large portion of the ruined house on which they were at work fell in, when it was discovered that five burly troopers were below; not, however, by any means in the terrible predicament they were supposed to be, for they were discovered in the cellar of what had been an hotel, to which they had found some side entrance, and, broaching the choicest wines,

quite oblivious to the horrors of war and the good intentions of their generous rescuers, they were drinking to their heart's content to the girls they had left behind them in the Fatherland.

This brings me to an experience which came under my personal notice at that time of a somewhat similar kind.

A miser had for many years lived in a gaunt, ghostly-looking house inhabited solely by himself and the rats, mice, blackbeetles, and spiders which made it their home. No one, save the miser, Dubosque, was ever seen to enter this mysterious mansion. When the war broke out, however, and misrule held high revel everywhere, it is natural to suppose that a place with so tempting a reputation would be the first to be invaded. Indeed, this was done by the Mobiles quartered in the neighbourhood, who are said to have discovered Dubosque dead from sheer fright in one of the passages of the house. Suspicion pointed to the probability of his having met with foul play; search was at all events made forthwith for the old fellow's hoard, when to the astonishment of everyone, as he was known not to have banked his money, not a sou was anywhere to be found. Even to the very cellars, the place was empty save for the truckle bedstead in which the old skin-flint slept. It was without even the commonest necessaries.

One day, however, one of the soldiers, for some purpose, was hammering a huge staple into the wall of one of the vaults, when to his surprise a quantity of liquid spurted out upon and startled him not a little. He was still more horrified on emerging to the light to see its sanguinary hue. Had a man then not quite dead, though embedded behind those bricks, received his *coup-de-grace* from the Mobile's hammer? Suffice it to say, it turned out to be nothing more nor less than a bricked up wine-cellar of enormous

extent. It was in this form that Dubosque had hoarded his wealth, feeling, with much wisdom, that every year added enormously to its value, though it was not long, as you can imagine at such a crisis, before the fine old fruity savings of a lifetime were scattered, and inebriated soldiers were drinking deep draughts of the rosy to the repose of the soul of Dubosque the miser.

But to return to the thread of my story; I really do not think I ever shall forget the day I started, having secured my *sauf conduit* from the commandant, to join the Moquards. It was one of the bleakest it is possible to imagine. The snow was above the ankles of one's top-boots, even in the market-place; and wherever it had drifted it was, of course, considerably deeper. The prospect I had before me outside the town was not promising. A good horse, a good constitution, and no end of good intentions were, however, not a bad stock-in-trade to start with, so I left Havre for Montvilliers, full of cheery anticipations, though the sleet was so blinding and the snow so deep.

The first post, at Harfleur, strongly barricaded with baskets, barrels, boxes, and every imaginable kind of *débris*, and mounted with big guns, was a subject too picturesque to pass unnoticed; so regardless of consequences I made a special note of it in my sketch-book—which led naturally to my arrest. I was marched off to an improvised guard-room, where, however, my *sauf conduit* stood me in good stead, for it was not long before I was allowed to go my way, arriving as night closed in at the village of Montvilliers without further experiences, although to me it will always be a memorable ride, the cold being so intense, that my huge cloak with its capuchin, or monk's hood, was absolutely frozen into something like an iron garment.

On my arrival at the quaint little Hôtel de Normandie

at which I intended to alight and remain the night—I say *intended to alight* advisedly, for I could no more dismount than fly—that great military cloak was like a plaster cast. I was literally frozen to the saddle, and it was only with the united efforts of several of the *éclaireurs* of the Seine, who were standing about at the entry, that it was chipped, as it were, into something like pliability, and I was able to dismount, having even then to stand some time before the blazing fire within before it was sufficiently flexible to pull off.

Although I could get "entertainment for man and beast" at the Hôtel de Normandie, there was no corner wherein to sleep, and had it not been for some of the Irish Ambulance, whom I met in the village, I might in this respect have fared badly. As it was we found capital, in fact unusually good, quarters at a young ladies' boarding-school.

Start not, reader, at a confession so sudden and so utterly unprefaced by explanation or apology—Madame and her fair flock had bolted for some retreat where shells were less likely to penetrate, and had left the Irish Ambulance and myself in sole possession.

It seemed a little odd, I must own, for the first time in one's life to find oneself thus invading the sanctity of that long dormitory, where in every direction evidences of the previous occupiers, who had so hastily flown, were not wanting. Indeed, I distinctly remember being irritated frightfully before I had long been in bed, by several stray hair-pins which had probably escaped from their hiding-place under the pillow, while letters from home—frisettes—mysterious bits of wearing apparel—pieces of ribbon—fancy combs—and stray buttons were scattered over the little tables, where those fair maidens had so lately made their toilettes; and when *we* essayed to emulate them,

arranging imaginary back-hair, adjusting supposed stays, &c., &c., we should, I think, have horrified the shepherdess and her flock had they suddenly come down on the wolves in possession of their fold.

We were up betimes in the morning long before it was light, having been startled out of our senses by an explosion of a shell in the yard below. Not one which had come from a Prussian gun, but from our own ammunition stores, which by some accident had exploded (wounding several soldiers very severely) while supplies were being conveyed from Montvilliers to the heights above Havre, where a perfect cordon of artillery awaited the oncoming German forces.

It is impossible to imagine anything more calculated to thoroughly arouse the sleepiest of travellers than a shell in the small hours. There is somehow no after-inclination to take just another forty winks, or to be called again in half an hour, when one has been suddenly brought back to consciousness by some such detonation under one's bedroom window. Hence it was that we had an earlier breakfast that morning than usual, and it was not yet daylight when I left Montvilliers for St. Romain, a picturesque nest of cottages situated, if I remember rightly, about three or four miles from that place. It was here that the "Moquards," whose fame went before them everywhere, were encamped. Their gallant commander, General Moquard, had won golden opinions for the exceptional dash with which, over and over again, he scoured the country round, taking small bodies of Prussians by surprise, harassing and dispersing them. His cavalry were, in the most positive sense of the word, self-made, it being a *sine quâ non* that everyone must be mounted on a Prussian horse, each trooper having killed his man, and so literally won his spurs at the same time.

As I passed through the crowd of Moquards, who were bivouacked inside, and round about outside the farms and cottages which gave the place its name, they struck me as partaking in appearance quite as much of the bandit as of the soldier; wild-looking, dirty, but dashing freelances, belonging to every nationality under the sun, whose misdeeds were looked on rather in the light of credentials than otherwise, with whom lynch-law was the understood order of the day, and Prussian blood the one *desideratum*. It was a queer sight to see this otherwise domesticated little village thus possessed; every doorway shadowed by a soldier, where but now the busy housewife had peeled potatoes, or the maiden plied her needle.

Passing these I rode on till, through a long avenue of poplars, I came upon a *château*, to which I had been directed as the headquarters of the General.

It must have been the dining-room of the *château* in which I found him, surrounded by a brilliant staff, discussing cigarettes and *café noir* at a long table. To me, as a representative of the London Press, he was most charmingly affable, a courtesy extended to me by all his officers; but there was "a devil in his 'ee'" all the same, and I should have been sorry to have been the luckless Prussian scout who might have been brought before him. As it was, I joined my new-found friends over their matutinal cigarettes, and before I had been many minutes in their midst, had taken a rough sketch of their worthy chief with all his honours thick upon him. Nor was the General at all inclined to hide his light under a bushel, for he took care, drawing his sword and throwing open wide the cloak he wore, to display his many decorations to the utmost advantage.

He was a man with a history was General Moquard; a nobleman by birth, he had already led, when I first met him,

a most adventurous life, and now, still a young man, was up to the hilt in fresh experiences. No one could help liking him. He had a frank, generous manner which alike won over officers and men, though he was perhaps a little too unscrupulous in his punishments, which were not always tempered with mercy.

I remember one very sad instance in which this martinet did *not* shine as he might have done. It was the execution of one of his men—a splendid fellow—whose pluck was everywhere lauded, and who was shot on the crushing charge of having *deserted his post in the face of the enemy*.

Now the true story is soon told, and was at the time thoroughly known, I believe, to the General. The unhappy man was, when the call to arms came, drunk and incapable in a little village cabaret, and hence he was of course, in an engagement which followed, conspicuous by his absence. With such a community of terribly irregular Irregulars, examples were very necessary sometimes, but we all felt that in this case justice was at least painfully strained.

When the firing party were in position (it was in Havre that the execution took place) the prisoner walked firmly up to the post to which he was to be tied, and taking off his great red sash, he wound it round himself and the post, leaving his arms free; then, a privilege extended to a dying man under these circumstances, he called to his Colonel, who, taking off his *kepi*, immediately advanced towards him.

He then said: "Colonel, I'm no coward; I fear only disgrace, not death. Comply with my last request. Let *me* command the firing party, and let my poor old mother in Brittany be told that her son died fighting for his country with his face to the enemy."

The Colonel extended permission to the poor heart-broken fellow, and promised him his old mother should

never hear what his fate had really been; and then, with a gleam of satisfaction on his brave though haggard face, the man finished the sad story by giving in a firm, clear voice, "*Un, deux, trois—tirez!*" and dropped dead, pierced through and through by the bullets of his comrades and regretted by everyone.

It was, at the time of which I speak, amongst one's most curious experiences to find oneself almost every night in fresh quarters. Yesterday, for instance, one slept soundly in a (deserted) ladies' school, to-night it will be on a *café* billiard-table, and to-morrow in a barn, and so on, alternating between *château* and shed with an adaptability which was as philosophic as it was peculiar.

Talking of the *château* reminds me of one, the furniture of which I remember to have been particularly elaborate. It had evidently been the abode of a person possessed of as much good taste as money to gratify it, and since the stables were already occupied when we arrived with quite four times their complement of horses, to say nothing of men, some of us had to fall back on the dining-room of this charming villa, which opened conveniently on to the lawn for the accommodation of our horses, which we also quartered there, lest the exceptional cold should be fatal to them if exposed in the open. And certain it is, those tired steeds seldom slept in such luxurious stables, though this is in war time by no means an uncommon occurrence, one's horse's billet being one's first consideration.

Then the novelty of the situation, when we became monarchs of all we surveyed, aroused a feeling not to be easily forgotten. One would appear with a coffee-pot and other cooking utensils from odd corners; another would return radiant at having discovered a well-stocked wine-cellar; while a third would come in well supplied with creature comforts from the larder, always supposing they

A LUXURIOUS BIVOUAC.

had not been cleared out before the arrival of those fortunate enough to get so luxurious a bivouac; for one might have found less comfortable quarters than such places as the one I have endeavoured to describe. Such experiences fitted in every now and then as a compensating balance to those other nights spent, if not absolutely in the fields, in such scant shelter as farm out-houses and similar places afforded us by the way.

I have spent many pleasant nights with the Moquards and look back with considerable pleasure to the friendships then formed. True, the overwhelming desire of each to appear always on the *front page* of one of the leading London illustrated papers was a form of vanity which, when persisted in, as it often was, was not a little trying, and occasioned, when I was engaged with my pencil, attitudes far more stilted and grotesque than natural. Still I was always treated by the officers of the Moquards with a kindness I shall remember. I particularly recall one, a doctor, who, not contented with playing his part in that capacity, carried not only an admirable brace of revolvers, but a carbine slung across his shoulders, with which he had already done signal execution.

My friend the doctor was, in his way, quite a fatalist, and was convinced that though a soldier by profession, he was not to die a violent death—a belief to which two narrow escapes gave colour.

It so happened that he was not by any means a bad draughtsman, always carrying with him in a leathern pocket on his waist-belt a small sketch-book, in which he had a considerable number of really very exquisite little sketches.

"But you must see my other sketch-book," he said to me one night, as we were chatting and smoking together; "I owe *that* little book a special debt of gratitude." And

with this he produced from his *breast* pocket a dilapidated book, somewhat thicker then those usually used, and which had, three-parts through it, two distinct holes. About fifteen or twenty sketches had thus been sacrificed; for on two occasions had bullets penetrated thus far and the doctor's life been saved.

I remember, too, a case of this kind which happened to Sir Randal Roberts, when war correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, his note-book having been similarly instrumental in saving his life; indeed, this seemed to me equally remarkable, since the bullet which had struck it had revolved curiously when doing so, taking with it in circular form the notes—*circular notes these, surely*—which were therein contained.

Bullets, by the way, bring me to an almost inexhaustible topic—that is to say, should one be inclined to discuss their eccentricities. I have known bullets before now to flatten round a bone, as if the bone, having been broken, had been thus joined together with the pliant lead. In another curious case a bullet went exactly six times *in* and *out* of a skirmisher's body without doing him any serious harm. Kneeling when firing, the ball had passed first *in* and *out* of one arm, had traversed the ribs, entering one side and making its exit at the other, and finished its erratic course by entering and finally taking its departure from the other arm of that curiously perforated soldier.

I have myself fired a bullet which, passing through thick plate glass and smashing against a wall, flew into particles, bespattering a man's face without seriously injuring him: while the instance of a little child who, endeavouring to stop, in her childish playfulness, what turned out to be a spent cannon-ball, which danced like a plaything towards her, and who was crushed to death by its falling on her as she ran forward to catch it, is still fresh in my memory.

But one may not occupy too much space with such instances, for we are at the front with the Army of the North, which is vainly striving to penetrate the on-coming Prussian legions, and by cutting its way through the investing forces to join company with besieged Paris.

It was a sorry sight, was provincial France about this time; war, pestilence, and famine sweeping like sister fates across the land, leaving behind them a long array of attendant horrors wherever they went. *Châteaux* and cottages, were entered and re-entered by retreating French and advancing Prussians, whole families flying before the on-coming troops.

Where peace and goodwill had hitherto held their own, war was now holding her cruel councils and making her murderous plans. The village forge was occupied by troops who for griminess would bear fair comparison with the ejected blacksmiths; the village school-room was in possession of the military; and the village stores confiscated.

Here and there, it is true, one came across passing incidents which told how the better feelings of humanity were not altogether dead, as a sketch which I reproduce from notes made on the spot, one in which love and war combine, will show.

"A Military Engagement in the Interior," as I dubbed a large picture which I painted from this, and which won, when exhibited, some popularity, represented the interior of a home laid bare by shot and shell, yet affording comfortable shelter for two lovers; he of the musket whispering soft nothings to the belle of the village, who had remained behind when her neighbours fled, to assist with the ambulance corps, whose badge she wore. Taken at the time, it was but an impression in passing, though I afterwards had ten minutes' sitting from each respectively, so as to hand

A MILITARY ENGAGEMENT IN THE INTERIOR.

down to posterity the veritable actors in that little play of Venus and Mars in French garb.

The very title of this record is its best excuse for being somewhat erratic; the "Wanderings of a War-Artist" naturally not being confined within any compass, or attaching him to any particular regiment or division; thus it is that in subsequent pages we shall find ourselves separated (for the nonce) from our friends the Moquards, making pen and pencil notes elsewhere.

## CHAPTER IV.

The soldiers of the Republic were certainly superior to those of the Empire. Taught by the sad experience of defeat, they held their own, only giving way inch by inch, clinging with desperate tenacity, even when all hope of ultimate success was gone, to the colours, now little more than shreds, by which they stood. Indeed, had not ammunition and commissariat supplies been too often conspicuous by their absence, the movements of Faidherbe would more often have been crowned with success. His artillery was certainly considered excellent even by the enemy, and, though chiefly composed of recruits, the Army of the North held its own with a courage and gallantry which won admiration. This I afterwards heard from many of the most critical officers in the Prussian service.

A desperate attack was made on the 25th and 26th of November on General Manteuffel, which being eventually repulsed, the Germans marched on Rouen, where little or no resistance was offered: nothing, indeed, of any importance happening save a sharp engagement near Forges, where about 300 of our side were taken.

I think it was during this engagement that the pot-valiant Captain Corot won a doubtful reputation, and was noticed to have returned with the remnant of his scattered corps to Havre, covered with—well, snow and perspiration where, Falstaff-like, he gave his own version of events to those of

his old customers who, not actually fighting under his flag, were constrained to listen and accept it—*cum grano salis*.

As for the main body of the Army of the North, it had not been so shattered by defeat as to sink by any means into oblivion; for, rising phœnix-like from its ashes, came a second army, which concentrated at Arras and Lille, and with well-equipped battalions, and guns well served by naval gunners, promised to form, after all, a formidable barrier to the still further advance of the Prussians; though at that late date no victories, however decisive, could have possibly influenced events to any material degree.

A junction between the armies of the North and the besieged troops in Paris having now become impossible, Faidherbe's next manœuvre was to occupy a very strong position on the ridge of a hill extending towards Querrieux, where seventy guns were brought into position. The fighting, which was very severe, occupied the whole day, Querrieux and Pont Noyelles being eventually taken by the Prussians, who, till darkness set in, seemed to have the best of it. Then it was that our side, with wild hurrahs, and shouting "Vive la Republique!" rushed madly at the enemy, who, their ammunition failing, replied only in a desultory sort of way, and as the French were not slow to realise this, they rushed down from the heights they had occupied, making a most brilliant attack on Querrieux.

So harassed, indeed, by French shells which kept continually bursting in their midst, were some of the German regiments, that a retreat was ordered, and the French were, for the moment, masters of the situation. A Prussian fusilier battalion, however, coming to the rescue, night closed in on a hand-to-hand fight, in which the French twice failed in their most gallant efforts to retake and hold the village, fighting bayonet to bayonet to the bitter end, when Colonel

Baron Von Dornberg eventually claimed the victory and occupied the village, which, being now in flames, lit up with its lurid light that scene of horror.

To those who have never seen a burning town or village in war-time it is not given to know, though they may imagine, what the effects on its surroundings are. Thus it is not easy to conceive how, in the fitful light—especially if a breeze be stirring—the faces of those striving for dear life on either side become at one moment lit up like fiends incarnate, while the next they are lost in utter darkness. There will unexpectedly be seen a fringe of glittering bayonets, which, owing to the uncertain flicker, will presently seem to spring up elsewhere, while in such fighting as that which took place, a comparative silence, a tension far more terrible than the wildest war-cries, often takes place, in which you seem to feel with those who fight that the issues are personal, that man to man is contending, bayonet to bayonet, in a great death-struggle, far too terrible for the voice of despair or the *vivats* of victory; then, as if by common consent, the fighting flags and both sides sink down exhausted—

> The weary to sleep,
> And the wounded to die;

and one seems to get more time to appreciate the grim reality. The fires die down and smoulder; the stillness is almost appalling; the moon peeps out and flecks with silver those who but yesterday were eager for the fight, and who now, dead and frozen, lie there in the darkness as they fell, forming yet another terrible tableau of "Glorious War."

The villages of Querrieux, Pont Noyelles, and their vicinity were remarkable on this particular evening. Barns and out-houses filled with dead and dying; unburied bodies

GLORIOUS WAR.

lying here, there, and everywhere in the cemeteries, some with their hands clasped as if in prayer, while others still firmly grasped their rifles with the final impulse to do or die written on their hard-set waxen features. Such sights are, indeed, as dear old Dr. Arnold said, "something rather to think about than talk about"; and surely we would, if we could, have forgotten them, for it was approaching Yule tide, when "peace and goodwill" are proclaimed to all mankind.

What a sad mockery to those countless thousands must have been that Christmastide of 1870.

I have come to the conclusion that in war men are collectively fiends, individually heroes. There were cases in which at five yards' distance in ambush, the Prussians opened fire from their needle-guns with the deadliest effect, literally *mowing down* the enemy, a splendid regiment of patriots at one moment being a pile of dead and dying the next. Then, again, the French showed no more quarter when the fortunes of war favoured them; while individual cases of pluck on both sides would, were they committed to paper, occupy many volumes.

For instance, a Prussian officer being thrown from his horse and his thigh-bone being fractured, begged that he might not be carried away, but in the arms of his men still retain his command, and it was while in this position that he was shot in the arm.

"It's getting hot," he said, "but I can still hold on: carry me farther to the rear."

Whilst doing so a second bullet entered his chest, and he expired. Again, another, wounded in the left arm and back, came to the ambulance to enquire if it would be possible for him to keep up till the end of the engagement, and on being told he might, he rushed off again into the thick of the fight.

It was in the fighting about this time that nearly all my old friends, the officers of the Moquards, were killed. I think their chief escaped unscathed, but the doctor, who it will be remembered relied so fully for protection on his sketch-book, was one of the first victims.

It is to me marvellous how, with such raw material, such ill-clad, and in many cases ill-fed troops, so much was done by the Army of the North. The childish way in which they displayed their uniforms, and wanted everyone to see their revolvers; the complete absence of all order; and utter incompetency in many cases of their officers, made one wonder more and more how they resisted as they did.

I remember hearing of an American officer in one of the *cafés*, who, noting the pride they displayed concerning those revolvers, said in a loud voice, that, "Babies in America were taught to play with revolvers before they took to rattles."

Their drill in some cases was absurd: a battalion would be formed, which, after two or three evolutions, would become so hopelessly mixed that captains had quite lost sight of their companies, for which they were vaguely hunting; and then there would be a pause, and when things righted themselves company drill would be attempted with equal want of success; then with the assistance of a few sergeants they would struggle on, and the command—*Avancez en Tirailleur! Feu à volonté! Visez bas!* would be given and they would blaze away *high* in air, as if the Prussians were perched up aloft like sweet little cherubs, whom they were as intent on bringing down as if they had been so many skylarks; but then the people would say—who stood good-naturedly watching their eccentric evolutions—"What can one expect? they are patriots, poor things, to the backbone; though after all they are only Mobiles, you know."

Let us not forget, however, Havre—our old hunting-ground—where towards the end of December I again found myself frequently as of yore at the Café de la Reine, which was still the headquarters of officers and representatives of the Press.

One night, when the assemblage here was unusually numerous, and most of the regiments then fighting in the North had their representatives at the little round tables playing dominoes or cards (if not excitedly talking politics), an event happened which was a turning point in the career of poor Elise Beauregard.

A horseman was heard galloping in hot haste over the frozen snow, coming nearer and nearer still, till he halted and dismounted, knocking loudly at the door of the closed *café* for admittance. Siege laws were, as I have said, in force, and no answer was at first given. Stillness reigned within. This late visitor, however, would take no denial, and when he said he must see Mdlle. Beauregard at once, he was of course admitted. There seemed a sort of spell cast over the *habitués* of the *café* as the sturdy cavalry soldier who had thus intruded upon them shook the snow from his forage cap, produced a note from his pouch and handed it with a profound salute to Elise, who, wrapped about in her tricoloured sash, looked statuesquely beautiful, as she mechanically opened and proceeded to read it.

There was a moment of painful silence which no one dared to break, and then, with a shriek those present will never forget, Elise crumpled up the note and fell senseless on the platform where she, the admired of all admirers, had so recently presided.

It was a message from the officer of his company to say that the last of her patriotic brothers had the previous night fallen when on outpost duty, and that his frozen remains had that morning been recognised.

Restoratives, as can well be imagined, were quickly supplied, and all that could be was done to alleviate the poor girl's sufferings; her family ties one by one broken, as they had been, her youngest and favourite brother had alone been left to her; and now, relationless and utterly alone, her fate seemed too hard to bear. Little by little, however, she regained consciousness, and was at last led away by the manager, who, with his wife, tried in vain to console her for her latest loss. She never again, however, appeared at her accustomed post; and though circumstances did not admit of my ascertaining at the time what became of her, I found out, after the war, that she had joined a religious sisterhood, to find that consolation which the world could not afford.

In those thrilling old days of the past in Havre—those earliest days of my wanderings—I made many friendships amongst journalists and others which have lasted through life. Amongst these were several of the officers of the American, Swedish, and British war-ships, which in the interests of their several countries were in harbour.

I remember being on the American vessel just after the suppression of a mutiny on board, and as a number of the ringleaders had been put in irons, I was able to scrutinise them in their barred-off compartments between decks with impunity. They struck me as looking far more dangerous than any tigers I had seen, even at feeding-time at the Zoo. One of my friends, a broad-shouldered, good-natured fellow, exhibited these scowling Brother Jonathans with as much pride as if they had made a haul of mermaids, or found several pearls beyond price, saying to me as we walked away:

"Batch o' beauties those, eh? Western boys; ready for anything except honesty and hard work. Iron bars and revolvers are the only arguments they appreciate." And

then we adjourned to the Swedish man-o'-war lying alongside and drank confusion to those mutineers in some of the most delicious milk-punch I have ever tasted.

One night towards the small hours we left the Café de la Reine by a side door—the siege laws having become terribly strict. The party consisted of several officers of different nationalities, two or three correspondents, and myself. On our way to our quarters we found ourselves passing the small tobacconist's shop presided over by the vain-glorious Captain Corot, whose magnificent retreat from Rouen was still the theme of those of his customers who did not witness his flight, panic-stricken, from the on-coming Germans. So good an opportunity for a practical joke was not to be lost; the wild spirits of eighteen years ago were untempered by the eighteen years' greater experience of to-day, so we woke the echoes of the night by thundering away with fists and revolvers on the closed shutters of the captain's little shop. My American friend, who spoke a delightfully Bret-Hartish German interlarded with Americanised English and a dash of bad French, addressed that worthy, whose benightcapped, affrighted head appeared at an upper window, in somewhat the following terms:

"Du bist unser gefangner, die Preussen sind da. Come down will you, you miserable old scaramouch. Vous êtes prisonnier de guerre—descendez, descendez, or dans un moment vous êtes tué. By Jove, you are——"

Poor old Corot, you would never have forgotten him could you have seen him as he appeared at the chained-up side door of his shop, all save his nose an ashen grey. A flat candlestick in one hand, his sword nervously clutched in the other; he seemed to have some vague idea of selling his life dearly, or a hope that when his mangled remains were found he should be sword in hand. He even made several feeble prods into the night air with his trusty blade,

which unfortunately for him was, with the assistance of a cloak, which was quickly thrown about it, seized and secured; then it was that holding his head—which in his excitement he had unintentionally put out too far—we obliged him to undo the chain and surrender.

The hero of Rouen was in our hands, and I do not know what the next development would have been had not we in turn been seized by a patrol of gendarmes, who very naturally demanded our authoriry—in a besieged town too—for thus disturbing that warrior's rest. Suffice it to say, we were taken to the gendarmerie, where, having proved our identity, we were—having been only guilty of frightening the Captain, whose reputation had gone before him everywhere—discharged with a caution.

Talking of one's identity brings me to the difficulty one sometimes had at that time to establish it, owing to the utter ignorance of the patrols, in many cases recruits fresh from the vineyards and ploughtail, who, after "lights out," arrested us.

One night I remember escaping durance vile through the ready wit of a fellow correspondent, who, pointing to "I, Lord Granville," &c., &c., &c., printed in large letters on his passport, assured the guard that he was himself that nobleman, and I his secretary, and that we had come over for the express purpose of avenging the insult which had been given to the British flag by the sinking of a number of British barges at Duclair, an event at that time leading almost to hopes of an Anglo-French Alliance. The otherwise irate Gaul was all suavity in a moment, and, with many apologies, withdrew.

Again, another correspondent, when required to show his papers, having no passport to produce, handed up his tailor's bill which he happened to have in his pocket, an awe-inspiring document upon which the medallioned heads

of the several potentates whom that tailor numbered amongst his patrons were printed. This so overcame his interlocutor, leading, as it did, to the supposition that one possessing each credentials could be nothing short of an ambassador, that, with the most profound obeisance, he allowed him to go his way.

Adhering to my original purpose, I will not tell the oft-told tale of the two sieges, the capitulation of Paris, or its ultimate occupation by the Commune, any more than I will venture to describe in detail how, leaving Havre, I found myself towards the end of that second siege again in the city of—shall I say?—sorrow.

I am anxious in these pages to picture in succession events which came under my own observation, as they took place, leaving more weighty matters to abler pens; so I ask you to avail yourself of the author's privilege of skipping, like the devil on two sticks, over intervening space, and to find yourself with me, in spirit at least, in the Latin quarter of Paris, where I am intent on introducing you to an individual whom it may be interesting to know.

He was sitting at one of the little round tables at a *café* on the Boulevard St. Michel. He had on a shady, not to say greasy, suit of what having once been black was, after experiencing the sunshine and showers of many seasons, now doing its best to blossom into a colour which might have made one feel he was with verdure clad, had it not been more suggestive of mildew—that greyish-green peculiar to clothing which has seen "better days." His boots, which, when seated, he dexterously kept covered one with another, putting naturally his best foot forward, were in perfect accord with that coat, and in those places where holes had not been cut to give ease to his several bunions, were carefully patched. His hat, too, a sad satire on his reduced condition—an opera hat—had evidently had

various experiences since it graced the stalls. How daintily at one time had it been closed and opened; how jauntily had it been balanced on the probably empty head of the dandy to whom it originally belonged—while now, well pressed down behind his ears, it covered the cranium of a wit, whose misdirected energies had evidently brought him to what he was—while his gloves, which were of the same sable hue as the rest of his attire, seemed to convey the idea that, in his eagerness to grasp the situation, his very finger-tips had escaped their bondage.

It was such a man as this who, turning his cunning, pinched face towards me, his iron-grey eyes twinkling with a kind of electric light the while, said:

"English I presume? Ah, just so. So am I. Sad, isn't it?—she died last September, and left me, her nephew, and, as I supposed, sole heir—penniless—penniless, Sir. Yes,—twenty-five thousand pounds and the old place in Berkshire, all made over to the Society for the Assistance of Indigent Foreigners, just because she discovered I had lost my heart to a pretty milliner in the Burlington Arcade, and might thus blight the family tree which, having flourished for centuries—and so on, *you* understand—sad, very sad, isn't it?—haven't a franc in the world I assure you, and yet, as you see, I'm as happy as a linnet, and as merry as a grig."

He was a queer character, was this gentleman of whom I speak—for gentleman he was in spite of himself—whose name I ascertained was Somerville; and as during my wanderings I shall again refer to him, it may not be uninteresting if I quote yet a little longer from notes made at the time, for, I assure you, this shabby-genteel individual, with his Robert-Macaire-like, Dick-Swivellerish *sang-froid*, began very much to interest me, so I had our glasses replenished that we might become more intimate; for it was

my province, as an observer of men and women, to "inquire within," and in this case I could do so at small cost, so turning to him I replied :

A QUEER CHARACTER.

"Yes, certainly—you do seem as happy as the proverbial linnet. Clear conscience, probably?"

"Ah, just so, that's it ; as clear as a bell, my dear Sir—

as clear as a bell. My own enemy, *too* modest. A friend to all humanity, save myself—am, I assure you. Then I'm a fatalist—great thing to be a fatalist if you wish to emulate the happiness of the linnet or the merriment of the grig."

"Ah, just so," I replied.

"But why not call 'a spade a spade,' an eel an eel, and not a 'grig,'" he went on. "Besides—what proof have you of its merriment? No naturalist has yet, I believe, discovered in it any special capacity for enjoyment; it has never yet been seen to laugh, has it? Deep and all-absorbing question that; strikes me the name was introduced into the English language specially for the use of poets, in connection with fig, swig, rig, and so on. How odd is the association of ideas, the refreshing word swig suggesting as it does our almost exhausted libations; while rig makes me look down and blush and apologise for my present somewhat shady aspect. Fact is, friend of mine promised me a suit last Tuesday; taken seriously ill last night—complaint catching—can't be seen—*ergo*, no clothes. Sad, isn't it?—very sad. Moment I saw you" (and here he scrutinised my nether garments suggestively), "I said with Desdemona: 'Would that heaven had made me such a man.' Crunch—poor old Crunch—did he want a biscuit?" This he addressed to a dog, which I remember to have been as like its master as one pea to another. Its ears were large, its eyes had the same roguish twinkle, and a few lank locks on its upper lip did duty for its master's ragged moustache. He was a little better kept perhaps, for Crunch picked up unconsidered trifles at the *cafés* its master frequented to such an extent as to become rotund of body and dropsical of limb.

"Crunch, poor Crunch, beg. Wonderful dog that, Sir; look at him, almost human, I assure you. Think the missing-link more likely to be a dog than a monkey.

Perfect philosopher too, equally content with the succulent mutton bone or humble crust; professionally a thief, he will never rob 'another poor dog of his bone,' as the saying is, rather purloining the dainties of the rich, when he gets a chance, than venturing on canine combat for a vulgar meal. Always bides his time does Crunch; waits, like Mr. Micawber, for something to turn up. Wouldn't part with him for millions; don't look like it, do I? Fact, I assure you; we are Bohemians in adversity, 'a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind'; and we love, we do really, as—well—as he and I alone can. Crunch, poor Crunch, beg Sir; there now!"

One had little to do save to listen, the volubility of this eccentric character being almost inexhaustible, a distant detonation now and again starting him at a tangent.

"Ah!" he went on, "hear that? shell from Versailles. Yes, there's another; sad, very sad, isn't it? Have been all through first siege, now well into second; wonder how many more they are likely to have. Personally, like Christy Minstrels, I never perform out of London; otherwise, fired with martial ardour, should have taken up one side or the other long ago."

When we separated I pressed him (his scruples were charmingly assumed) to accept a few francs, and I thus lost sight, *pro tem.* at least, of Somerville the adventurer and his faithful ally, Crunch.

It was a veritable reign of terror; mob law was proclaimed, and Paris, humiliated but uninjured by Prussian occupation, had now been laid low by the cruel hand of Communism. I remember how, later on, I shuddered every time I passed the smouldering remains of the Tuileries, when I thought of what that palace had been but a few months before: that palace where, during the Empire, the most brilliant gatherings in Europe had taken place, where the wit and wisdom

of the Imperial reign had commingled, reduced to a heap of blackened stones, and as I peered through the broken apertures where windows once had been towards the Louvre and its surrounding buildings, I felt I was separated only by the few walls still intact from the tottering shell of the Hôtel de Ville beyond; while all round about me—a painful picture—lay the heaped-up *débris* of what had been but a short time since the most boasted promenade of fashionable Paris—the Rue de Rivoli, the shattered colonnade of which was piled up so high in the roadway that I had considerable difficulty in scaling it, and I then realised how terrible the blow had been.

There, just round the corner, in the Place Vendôme, lay, in many fragments, the historic column which looked for all the world, with its metallic casing peeling off, like a half-skinned, disjointed python which, having spread desolation around, had been struck down in the moment of its exultation by an avenging angel—but I must not anticipate.

In the Rue de Bac and the Rue de Lille there was scarcely a stone standing; indeed, though agile enough at that time, I found it no easy matter to clear the great piles of bricks and stones which completely choked the thoroughfare, resembling more than anything else monster ant heaps, over which the equally industrious animal, man, was climbing.

After nightfall a great portion of Paris was utterly impassable. I myself often completely lost my way in localities I could have before visited blindfold.

Then, of course, came hand-in-hand with civil war all the horrors of disease and famine, which had indeed established themselves in the capital during the first siege so firmly, that nothing short of surrender and the consequent opening up of the great arteries of the city could mitigate them.

By the way, it is utterly impossible to say what one did,

or did not, eat at this time in Paris: personally I took everything without inquiry.

One correspondent, failing to take with him to the restaurant where he dined that greatest of luxuries, *bread*, tells how, having purchased a piece at an exorbitant price, which was *so* hard that he could not get through it, he was implor ingly importuned, by a *demi-mondaine* on one side and an officer of the National Guard on the other, to make it over to them, as they had not enjoyed such a treat with their scant repasts for a very long time, which, on condition that the fair one should have the greater half, he did.

Among the odd dishes on which Paris fed, dog was said to be the most nutritious. They called it saddle of mutton, and sold it at from three to five francs a pound. As I have said, what you really did eat was open to grave doubts and much speculation. You found an expensive dish of, say, *Ris-de-Veau aux Epinards* to be all you could wish, and were under the impression you were dining *à la carte*—not at all, it was cat disguised by the subtle skill of a clever cook, but unmistakable cat nevertheless to those who by this time had become connoisseurs. *Quartier d'Agneau à la Brochette* you next fed on, and fondly fancied it was lamb—in life it had been known, aye, and beloved too, probably, as a black retriever; and so on through the *menu*, till you found yourself well into the meagre dessert, or in the realms of *fromage et salade*, where you breathed again, relieved to know that things, were once more what they seemed to be. One thing I felt quite sure about was horse, specially war-horse; the toughest beef was quite tender compared with this.

While on the subject of meals, an anecdote of an unfinished breakfast in a Paris suburb may be interesting. Happily, even in these terrible times, it was an exceptional *déjeûner*. Nine sat down to it, including in their number a

regimental doctor, several officers and ladies. Just as they were comfortably sipping their first cups, a shell from Versailles came through the roof; six out of the nine were killed and two dangerously wounded. The doctor, who was untouched, seems providentially to have been saved to bind the wounds of these two. History does not relate if he took a second cup that morning.

Again, the utter absence of news from without during a siege is always one of its most trying characteristics. When you come to think of it, to be months without any news whatever of the great world in which you live, is to be curiously situated to say the least of it. True, Prussian prisoners were sometimes taken during the first investment who had newspapers in their possession, these being passports to special consideration at the hands of their captors, by whom news from the world beyond was ravenously devoured. In the second siege, however, the absence of real news gave rise to the liveliest imagination. I found it the safest way to believe only that which I personally experienced, or which I heard from the very few sources which I knew to be reliable.

I think perhaps the complete unrest on every face was what struck me as most remarkable; continuous noise seemed to have unhinged them, they had an odd scared look. A group of men are smoking and drinking behind a barricade. Yonder a girl from a neighbouring *café* is supplying them with creature comforts. The same look is on every face; the query, "What will the next moment bring forth?" seeming to be stamped alike on the features of all. The men are as ready to be ordered off anywhere, or to have to stand to their guns at any moment, as the girl is to seek the safety of the adjacent cellar. Devastation reigns supreme. Barricades taken and retaken had to be finally taken again; more blood spilt, more lives sacrificed,

before poor wounded Paris could be pronounced out of danger.

The Government troops, having fought half-heartedly, had lost ground which would cost much to recover. The National Guards for a time had it all their own way. General Vinoy retreated to the quarter of Les Ternes, where he ascertained that elsewhere in Paris things had been equally adverse.

The troops of the Republic, whose *morale* was gone, might have been seen fraternising everywhere, especially in Belleville, with the National Guards, who, by complicity or fighting, were not only everywhere holding what they were pleased to call their own, but were now getting possession of war material of every kind which had been brought into operation against them.

It was on the 18th or 19th of March that the decisive blow was struck, and the battalions of the Commune (their ranks largely swollen by insurgent troops) triumphantly took possession of the *Place Vendôme*, the *Imprimerie Nationale* the *Napoleon barracks*, and the *Hôtel de Ville*, the successes of the day being capped by the arrest of General Chanzy.

Then it was that Paris seemed to become an Inferno. Flushed by victory, deafened to every feeling by the din of battle round them, with their appetites just sufficiently whetted to make them thirst for more blood, the Communists now began to do their worst in terrible earnest, the severe street and barricade fighting serving as a sort of first course to the murder, outrage, and misery of every kind which followed, coming under the all too high-flown name of civil war.

Amongst the more humane commanders of the Commune (and they formed a very small coterie, I assure you) it was arranged that *avant-coureurs* should rush hither and thither, warning the inhabitants that within an hour their immediate

neighbourhoods would be in flames, and that if they valued their lives they must escape at once. The majority, however, did not observe even this precautionary measure: indeed, reports were circulated that as all Paris was to be burnt and they would be put to the sword if they ventured beyond the walls, they might just as well die where they were.

With a fiendishness which none save those who were there can realise, did these so-called *soldiers* fire on men, women, and children, in wanton devilry as they rushed shrieking and panic-stricken from the homes they left blazing behind them.

The incendiaries are said to have been paid as much as ten francs for each house gutted. I have this on the best authority. The systems naturally varied; a favourite plan being that of taking bottles of petroleum, nitro-glycerine, &c., and attaching to them lighted fuses, to throw them into the lower rooms or down the cellar-flaps of the houses. This plan very seldom failed: as a rule it produced within a few minutes the desired result—a red glow, as of sunset, first suffused the windows, a chipping, crackling noise followed, the glass fell with a crash to the ground, and flames reigned supreme.

Then again, Belleville and the formidable batteries of Père la Chaise did their work well in this direction by sending petroleum shells indiscriminately in every possible direction, so as to add, without the smallest show of reason, to the general desolation. No consideration for human life or property was shown. For instance, here is a proclamation by only *one* of the many newly-created generals of the Commune:

"Fire on the Bourse, the Bank, the Post Office, Place des Victoires, Place Vendôme, and the Gardens of the Tuileries; leave the Hôtel de Ville to Commandant Pindy.

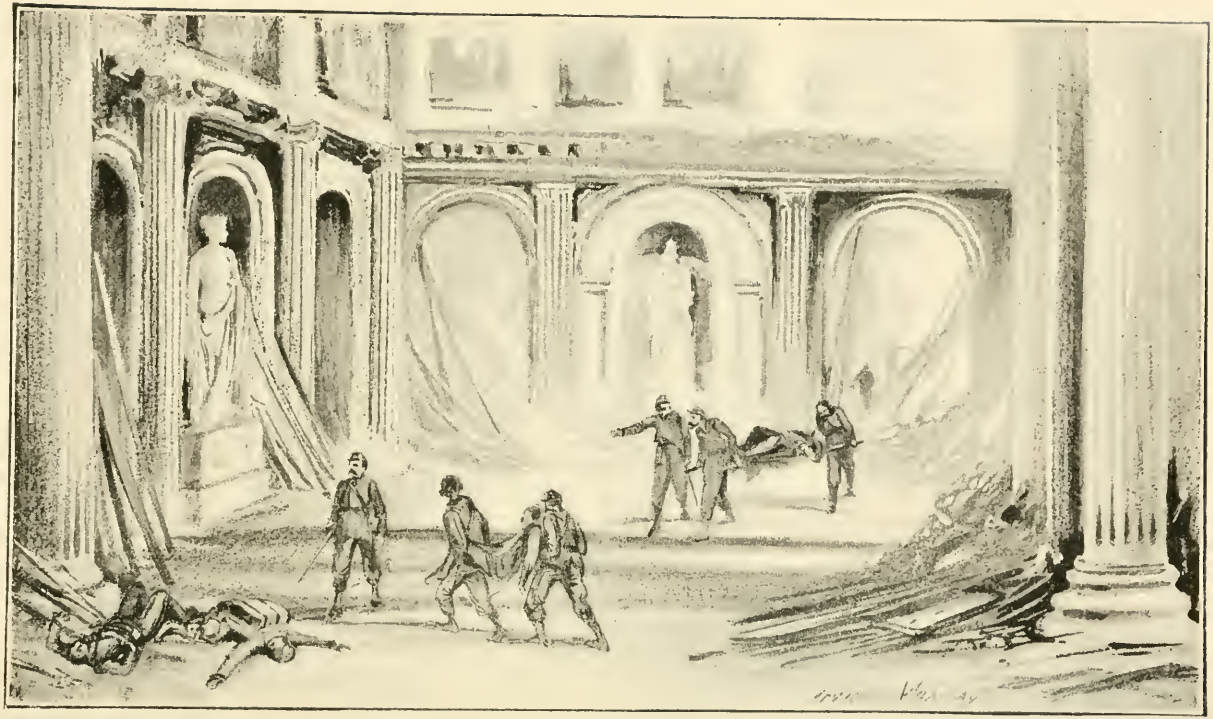
We will send you cannon and ammunition from the Parc Basfroi. We will hold out to the last, happen what may.

(Signed) "E. Eudes."

At night the aspect of affairs was naturally ten times as terrible as in the day. Barricades were now one after the other taken, which, by the way, were not only constructed of paving-stones and huge masses of demolished houses, but in some cases of household furniture of every imaginable kind and description. Elegant sideboards, broken, though still beautiful; antique tables minus their legs, and chairs minus their arms, intermingling with the bodies of men equally maimed. The houses along the line of battle, if one may call it so, were now occupied, and from their upper windows the Communists blazed away, making night still more hideous with their fiendish yells and shouts, to say nothing of the eternal fusillade, while from the roofs of the houses petroleum was poured on the surging masses below, and over and above all hung a heavy funereal pall of thick black smoke, as if to hide from outside observation the hell upon earth it shrouded, and to which every day fresh horrors were added.

Paris was now literally ablaze. The prefecture of police looked like the rotten tooth of some giant, in which a volcano had sprung up, while the Hôtel de Ville, Théâtre Lyrique, Palais Royal, Palais de Justice, besides all the chief streets in the capital might, wrapped as they were in flames, have been in the hands of destroying angels. Does not "devils incarnate" seem more appropriate?

The Place de la Concorde, with its lovely statuary by Pradier, its long lines of graceful trees, and its fountains, was now a confused heap of ruins, the theatrical properties of the Café Chantant and the choicest examples of the sculptor's art lying side by side. It took three whole days to completely gut the Tuileries, and it was not the fault of



A PALACE INTERIOR.

one Napias Piquet that the Louvre, the greatest art-treasure house in the world, did not follow in the wake of the Imperial Palace. He was caught, like Guy Fawkes, red handed, with a number of men, who had slow matches ready for the purpose. When taken, he was at once shot, and thus this historic building was one of the few which Communism, through no virtue of her own, spared to posterity; though had it not been for the exceedingly thick masonry of which it was composed, it must, I think, have met with the fate of the Tuileries, so enveloped was it in flames. Water now ran short, so that when, in the general confusion, any attempt was made to save life or property, it almost invariably failed.

The value in houses alone destroyed during this second siege is said to have been twenty millions sterling, while furniture and works of art of all kinds represented no less than twelve millions, the value of window-glass even being estimated at a million sterling.

The incidents which came under one's notice were of course innumerable, some as pathetic as others were amusing. I remember a war-correspondent telling me how an American lady, who had been carefully hidden away during the two sieges, complained to him that although she painfully realised the horrors of war, she had not, having thus remained *perdue* during the uproar, seen a single dead soldier, and that to return eventually to America and describe to the awe-struck family circle her experiences without this most necessary colouring to the picture, would be to deprive it of more than half its effect. Hence it was that he so far accommodated her as to call on her one morning and tell her that only just round the corner was a barricade, to which he would guide her, where a Communist officer lay dead.

His American friend, thanking him warmly, made her

first venture out of doors for a considerable time under his guidance, and they soon reached the barricade in question. But "Oh! what a change was there." in an incredibly short space of time, too.

'Toinette, or Gabrielle, or whatever her name may have been, had turned up in the interim. The women of Paris

'TOINETTE.

had no scruples where uniforms or watches were concerned, and the few opportunities when no one was looking were taken immediate advantage of; in other words, the officer had been stripped of every article of clothing while our American cousin was putting on her bonnet, and the tableau

which presented itself—that of a nude corpse—I need hardly say, shocked her sense of delicacy extremely, and she turned as furiously on her guide as if he had been the author of some grim practical joke, to which he could only reply: "You expressed a wish, my dear madam, to see a dead soldier; you made no stipulation that he must be in full uniform, though, when I passed him, half an hour ago, he was as perfectly equipped, and as picturesque as, with all your scruples on the subject, you could possibly have wished him to be."

The pulses of a great city, like those of the human frame, seldom all cease to beat, however terrible the local disease may be. Hence, some efforts at the ordinary business of life were made by those who were too poor to stop their labours for one day, even when in the very jaws of death.

Cupid, too, amidst the thunders of Mars dared sometimes to assert himself. I heard of a wedding party, people in comparatively humble circumstances, who had yet enough money to hire a couple of conveyances to drive off with their friends to the Mairie to be married. The place, however, had, since they last saw it, been transmogrified into a Communist guard-house, so the dejected couple had to return *single* to their respective homes, although the soldiery were profuse in their offers to perform the all-important office themselves; nor were the young couple reassured with reference to their future state, when an old woman shouted after them as they disconsolately left the place:

"What a wonderful escape for both of you! You will now be spared the suicide you contemplated, for a day or two at least."

Evidently this woman had in her youth—now many years ago—been crossed in love.

Much was done during the second siege to foster the bad

blood of the Commune by the Press, which circulated the most baseless reports with reference to Versailles. The assassinations of Generals Duval and Flourens; the barbarous maltreatment of imprisoned *vivandières*; exaggerated descriptions, in short, of cruelties of all kinds fed the flame of hatred which was already, goodness knows, burning all too fiercely.

Were they individuals or institutions, the Commune made no distinction. They respected absolutely no person nor thing. Even priests were shot down during that reign of terror, indiscriminately; Père la Chaise being a favourite spot for this kind of rifle-practice, perhaps because there was a demoniacal touch of sentiment—if I may use the expression—about priests biting the dust in God's Acre, a strained sense of humour peculiar to those unholy times. It is impossible to say how many fell during the siege. There were, I know, sixteen shot in this cemetery on the 26th of May alone, and this was by no means a day of exceptional bloodshed.

Bad as he was, however, the Communard would yet compare favourably with some who lived through those terrible times, were records of their doings placed side by side. There, while just outside the circumventing belt their fellow-men were fighting to the bitter end—indeed, in some cases, still closer home, for the cordon had now been forced in several places, and the Versaillais and Communists were in deadly conflict within the walls;—there, I say, in a security which only wealth could, at such a time, purchase, in underground pandemoniums they had had specially constructed, regardless of their country's need—of all, indeed, save themselves—were to be found men, not only in hiding, but making merry withal, giving themselves up, with the aid of the dice-box and the *demi-monde*, to every imaginable form of debauchery. The rattling of those dice seemed

like a minute mimicry of the fusillades without; the uncorking of champagne being equally suggestive of shells in miniature.

There were little apertures here and there through which one might peep into these well-arranged cellars; and to get a glimpse of the inner lives of such people at such a time, was like looking through the reverse end of a telescope and discovering how very small indeed it is possible for some people to become.

It is difficult to say which of the two is the more terrible spectacle, that of a crowd of fiendish *pétroleurs* wrecking the mansions of the great, or a group of drunken fashionable *roués* who, with a number of painted Circes, are making night hideous by the clatter of dice-boxes and ribald songs in some corner far removed from danger to life and limb, while war to the knife is going on round about them, they continuing their lascivious orgies at their own sweet will. One may well say, "Look on this picture and on that," and find it difficult to choose between them.

By the way, talking of the opposite sex brings one to the *cantinières*, many of whom did prodigies of valour during the Commune. One, having seized the rifle of a wounded man, became almost furious in her enthusiasm, and it was not till she had been several times severely wounded that she fell back exhausted, having, with a well-directed aim, scattered the contents of her now dying comrade's cartridge-box into the ranks of the enemy.

Again, another who had fought for days with an ardent spirit, which was much stronger than that which she carried with her, met her death at last through part of a shell striking the little barrel she wore, the shattered portions of which entered her chest. Nor did men and women hold the monopoly as far as this wild enthusiasm went. Even small children caught, in many cases, the war fever: these

very *light infantry*, having secured what knives and sticks they could, met in serious conflict—for serious they were, to the smallest details of military discipline. They had their officers and *cantinières*—little girls of seven and eight years of age—and marched in sections, and half-sections, deploying to the right and left, &c., &c., in the most approved order. Indeed they played out there little drama all too tragically, for on one occasion at least there were many dead and wounded left on the field—amongst others a juvenile captain being mortally stabbed in the stomach.

This digression, touching the women and children of Paris during the Commune, serves, if it does no hing else, to show the low ebb to which the stricken city had come, and brings back memories also of the hotel I used then to stay at in the Place du Havre, where (though to all intents and purposes closed) I found such shelter as it afforded me very acceptable. It will be remembered as having been kept by one Hoffman—that cowardly old Bavarian skinflint who, when the Prussians appeared before the gates of Paris, escaped to England, leaving his two sisters to do as best they could in that besieged city by themselves.

These two energetic girls ran the hotel during the two sieges, and, with shutters closed, managed yet to supply the wants of many old customers who might otherwise have starved, for by some subtle magic of their own, they were never without the best part of a dead horse in their cellar.

"Yes, Monsieur," said Gretchen, the younger of the two, to me, one evening, "now that we are at peace with the Prussians, Carl will think it safe to return, but he little knows what he will come back to."

Nor did Gretchen know either how prophetic her words were, or what a terrible catastrophe was casting its shadow before.

## CHAPTER V.

Gretchen was right. Her brother succeeded by some means in getting into Paris; his anxiety about his worldly possessions (certainly not about his sisters' safety) was so great that he at last overcame, as far as possible, his many scruples about number one, and ventured to leave London, where, during what he erroneously supposed to have been the real danger, he had remained *perdu*.

He was of course prepared for some difficulty as far as entering Paris was concerned, but would never have left the security of Soho had he even dreamt of the *denouement* which was about to take place. How he effected that entry I never heard. I only know that he was arrested somewhere, not far from the St. Lazare terminus, indeed very near the Hôtel du Nord itself. Whilst he was speculating as to whether he would find it in ruins or not, and—as a secondary consideration—wondering if he would find his sisters still in the flesh, he was suddenly clapped on the shoulder by a tall, meagre-looking man, who said:

"Monsieur's name is Jaquelard."

Quite ready to be terror-stricken at the smallest provocation, as can easily be imagined, this very palpable hit made him wince to such a degree, that in the eyes of his captor he was Jaquelard confessed, and there was an end of it. Indeed, before he had realised what had happened, he was bundled into a *fiacre*, and all his solemn assurances—as

they rattled over the stones—to the effect that he had never heard of such an individual as Jaquelard in his life, were fruitless. Unnerved as he was, imagine the horror of Hoffman when he found himself driven through the great gates, and across the courtyard of "La Roquette," and handed over to a gaoler, by whom he was promptly incarcerated in a small stone cell!

I heard he was thus confined for eight or ten days, only to be put through a hasty—indeed one might almost call it *mock*—trial, before a Communist tribunal, the result of which was that he was condemned as Jaquelard, an informer (who was supposed, I think, to have been in communication with Versailles), to be shot with nine others at eight o'clock the following morning.

It is impossible to realise entirely what a night of horrors that must have been to Hoffman; but one can picture at least how, through that long-drawn-out agony, he listened to the measured tread of the sentry, till dawn brought other sounds without, which increased his terror tenfold, by reminding him, all too vividly, of the world he was about to leave; thus did the minutes seem like hours, the hour like years, in which Hoffman reviewed his past life, and the mean ends to which he had lived, and then, in that curiously contradictory way in which he of the scythe seems on such occasions to disport himself, did this wretched man wake from his strange lethargic reverie to find that he had but an hour to live, and to feel how rapidly the time had really flown in which his busy brain had done so much. It was seven o'clock: one short hour more, and he would be lying, with nine others, dead in the courtyard.

What would he not give of his life's hoard now to be free. How differently would he live, were a fresh lease granted him. But listen! The half-hour has struck; he feels a choking sensation, as if it would take little now to cheat the

bullets of their billet. Hark! the assistant gaoler is coming to attend as valet at his last toilet. Oh! the terrible irony of it all! Dazed, bewildered, quite unaware that he is putting one foot before the other, he is led from his cell into the courtyard where those other nine who have been prepared for the same dread journey into that *terra incognita* have already assembled.

They were ranged in close order, their backs to the high walls of the prison. The firing-party had halted *vis-à-vis*: the word of command was alone wanting which should send them into eternity, when—just at that moment of terrible tension, an officer—hastening on some military errand across the quad—stopped suddenly short, and stared thunderstruck, at the last of the line of condemned men; then, hurriedly making some momentary sign to those in charge of them, he hastened off to the officer in command of the firing-party, presently returning with two other officers. Imagine the agony of those awaiting their quietus!

A hasty consultation was held, when the first-named officer strode out a step or so from the rest, and called out in a loud voice the name "Hoffman." That one word acted like electricity on the poor wretch; although already more than half-dead, he essayed to spring forward, but fell the next instant in the effort to do so, and it was some time before he regained consciousness sufficiently to understand that he was once more a free man.

Suffice it to say, it was a case of mistaken identity, and had it not been for that officer who in passing recognised him as "Hoffman," the proprietor of the Hôtel du Nord, where, in peace times, he was himself a regular customer, he would have met his fate with the rest, who, three minutes later, had ceased to be. Hoffman was immediately conducted to his hotel, where on his arrival he knew no one, but gazed on all with a blank, vacant air, terrible to witness:

the shock had been too much for him. True, he recovered his reason to a certain extent after some months, but ever afterwards was utterly unreliable, and at any moment would rave in an idiotic way about Jaquelard—his friend Jaquelard, and laugh hysterically, till, the fit wearing off, he would become himself again.

Three years since I was at the Hôtel du Nord; the business had been sold; there was a new proprietor; Hoffman having been taken by his sister to a small villa near St. Cloud, where she has become his nurse, for Hoffman is now a harmless imbecile. There is yet one ray of light to throw on this sad story. Gretchen, the younger sister, is married, and, curiously enough, to the officer who saved her brother's life, and who has, since those stirring times, become a prosperous and peace-loving citizen.

But to return to our subject; the beginning of the end has arrived. Hard fighting is telling upon the comparatively irregular forces of the Commune, and all the best efforts of their leaders are failing to rally the wavering spirit of Red Republicanism. In the churches stump orators are doing their utmost to goad on their hearers to renewed efforts, but their best leaders are either shot or made prisoners, and the life-blood of anarchy is ebbing fast away.

In the preceding chapter I have touched on the final stand of the so-called defenders of Paris, who were now being, slowly perhaps, but surely crushed by the on-coming army of Versailles. Probably about this time one of the most picturesque of groups might have been found any evening at St. Eustache, which was, for the time being, turned into a Communist club.

There, where litanies had erst been chanted, where Te Deums had echoed through the vaulted roof, and maidens and children in spotless white had raised high their voices in processional anthems and hymns of praise—there, on that

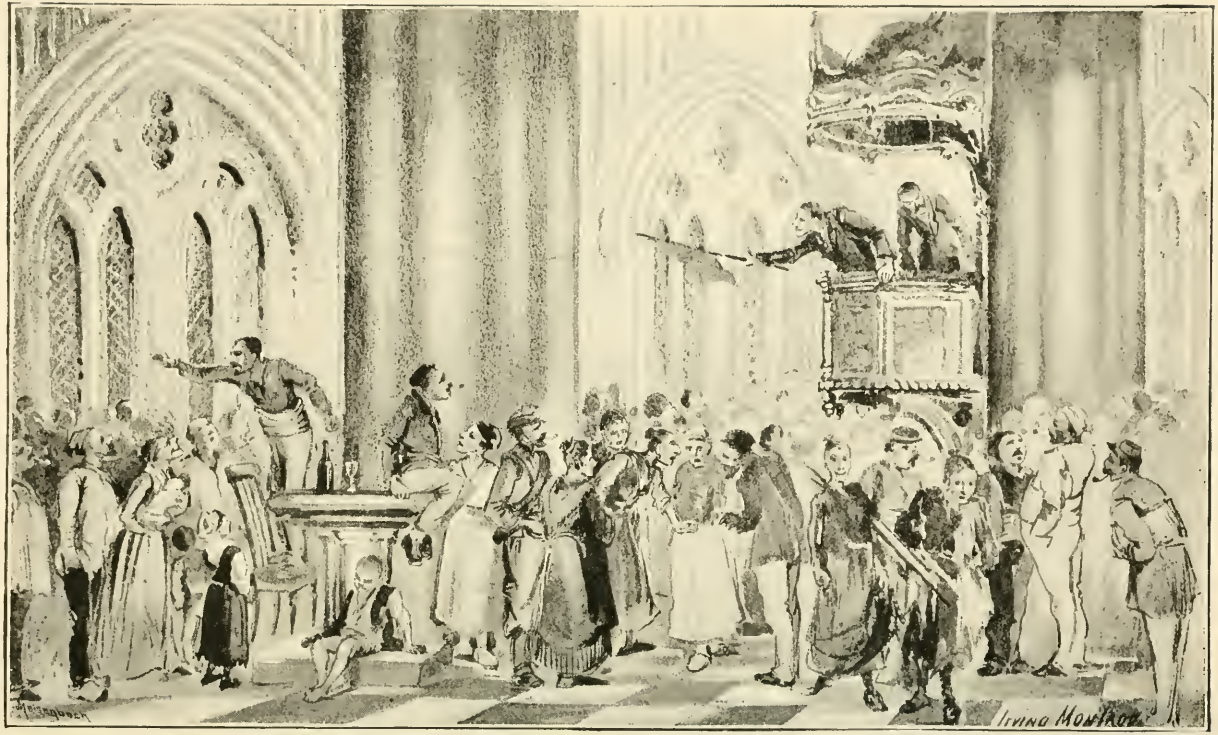
same spot, might now be heard the loud guffaws of oily Communards, the shrill, hysterical laughter of lawless, abandoned women; and above all the surrounding din, the harsh voice of the stump orator, desecrating the pulpit from which he addressed the crowd, with his coarse wit and impudent blasphemy.

The chairs, having long since lost their wonted order, were occupied in all sorts of positions, by all sorts and conditions of men, women, and even children. The baptismal font was filled with tobacco, for the benefit of the community at large; while those who were sufficiently well off had secured bottles of stimulants, and were offering up their tribute to Bacchus in odd corners, the incense of other days being replaced by the thick fumes of many pipes, which hung like a grey pall over the assemblage.

One after another would agitators take their places in the pulpit, and in loud voices preach destruction to everybody and everything, while an accompaniment of shell-fire at no very great distance seemed to tell, all too plainly, how futile their best and worst efforts were likely to be. The addresses, all of which were short, took various forms, some being political, some social.

"Citoyennes! Citoyennes!!" shouted one burly *pétroleuse* who mounted the rostrum. "Listen to me. Do you, I say, all elect to be slaves? Do you subscribe to the heathenish customs of our ancestors? If not, why submit to be tyrannised over by the animal 'man'? Why submit to *marriage?* It must be suppressed, I tell you, as a crime of the deepest dye; down with it, and every other institution which limits the liberties of the people."

Yells and shouts filled the air every time the speaker paused to take breath; what he or she said appearing to be a matter of small moment, the rafters were sure to ring again with wild applause.




A COMMUNIST CLUB.

Next, an unshaven greasy-looking man would ascend to the vantage-point which his predecessor had just left, and amidst thunders of applause, would preach blood, barricades, arson, and murder to his heart's content. Then pipes would be refilled at the common tobacco bowl, healths drunk from the exceedingly common bottle, and the orgy would go on even till the drunken crowd sallied forth, crossing themselves in mock reverence ere they rolled off to their cells and dens to sleep, perhaps to dream of a coming Millennium, when everything that was not burnt or otherwise destroyed would be equally divided amongst the community, and France, from the humblest to the most exalted, would be struggling through life at the rate of about three francs fifty per week, all told.

Talking of Communistic gatherings reminds me of one, out of many, which took place at the Tuileries just prior to its being burnt down. There was a grim attempt at gaiety at these meetings which were supposed to apply to "all classes of men"—and women. If you were modest in your requirements and confined yourself more or less to the gardens, an outlay of ten sous would be all that was necessary, while a visit to the Salle des Maréchaux represented as much as five francs. Dim Venetian lamps lit up the grounds, and damp fireworks struggled in vain to look festive.

Oh, what a motley crew; what a crowd of ne'er-do-weels were there! It was a strange sight. Chiffonniers, blue blouses, and pickpockets hob-nobbing with officers of the National Guard, and women with loose *négligé* apparel, and still loser morals. It was a curious picture, that palace possessed by the mob.

Pindy, military governor of the Hôtel de Ville (really a carpenter), was there with Brilier the couch-maker, and Dereure the cobbler. They were all great men *now*, who,

preach equality as they might, thought no small beer of *themselves* as "citizens" of the very first water, and whose feelings were far from being as fraternal as they professed for those rag-pickers and others with whom (having paid their ten sous at the gate) they had to rub shoulders. Those women too, how utterly out of their element did they seem as they marched about the Salle des Maréchaux, sniggering and sneering at the draggle-tailed appearance of their poorer sisters, who had tried in vain to look worthy of the great occasion, sweeping past them in their gowns of better material and later style, as if to say: "Avaunt, miserable intruders, get out of the shadow of our silken dresses." None of that much-talked-of "equality" was here at all events. Envy, hatred, and malice were already asserting themselves at every turn, quite as much as they could ever have done in the old days of despotism. Painted harlots and would-be politicians ogled each other on the grand staircase, the first wearing a mask of enamel, rouge, and violet powder, while the others wore one of cunning, which was less diplomatic than it was brutal.

And so the night wore on; and, in spite of the band, the Venetian lamps, and the concert in the Grande Salle des Maréchaux, a very dull night it was—brought to a close by a downpour of rain, which cleared the gardens, and so disagreeably crowded the Palace that everyone escaped, as soon as he or she could, into the Rue de Rivoli.

Thus ended one of the many failures during the Commune to please the people, by an attempt at an exhibition of that great *Equality* and *Fraternity* which its leaders were so far from feeling, and expressed so clumsily, not only at St. Eustache and the Tuileries, but at innumerable other churches and centres, of one of which I have made a pictorial note.

But if these sorry attempts at gaiety were a failure,

how far more depressing was the aspect of the Boulevards. The trees were, in many cases, broken, the drains choked; and, save where an excited mob rushed hither and thither, bent on murder and arson, there was a strange emptiness about those broad highways which, under happier circumstances, had been so instinct with life and cheerfulness.

Places seemed so far apart, too. You wanted to go from the Place de la Concorde to the Madeleine, for instance: it seemed quite a journey, just as distance in a desert seems double what the same distance would be in a lively thoroughfare. It was only the decrepit and mere children and women who could show up with safety out of uniform. Of course, troops were marching here, there, and everywhere, and the desultory booming of the distant guns came like a message from Versailles that the end was at hand, and that all this evidence of activity was as the final struggle before death. On turning round you seemed to see that sable one, on his grim stalking horse, in entire command, and felt that you must tread lightly, and with care, lest he should take umbrage, and suppose you had treated his all-powerful majesty with levity.

It is beyond my pen or pencil to convey even an idea of the sensations with which one, at that time, just on the eve of the final concentration, went from place to place. Whilst clambering through those shattered heaped-up streets, you could almost fancy that you had travelled altogether into some other world—a world of destruction—of chaotic confusion. The very houses which remained standing had an unwonted and uncanny aspect, as though some demon had claimed them as his own. In some of the older by-streets the gabled roofs seemed drawn closer over their heads, like the hoods of Capuchin monks anxious to hide their virtues under their cowls; while in other places there were houses dismantled and tottering, standing side by side with others

by which they were supported, looking like slatternly old beldames, whose fair daughters, erect, tall, and statuesque, disdained to look down upon them.

Again, there were two other examples of domestic architecture which time's effacing finger seemed curiously to have metamorphosed into a sort of resemblance to poor humanity: the half-blown-up house, which, bulging outward, looked for all the world like a corpulent drunkard tottering to his fall. The other example was equally half-demolished, having, from some explosion *without*, bent forward and curved inwards; its upper story on the eve of collapse, its back broken, seeming to resemble closely a wizened, bewrinkled hag, tired and bent double with old age, toil, and trouble, whose next step must inevitably be to the grave.

My impressions at the time were so vivid in this particular, that, as old scenes re-present themselves, I feel I must, even at the hazard of being thought too descriptive, make passing reference to them. I have not, however, forgotten that the fighting had become more earnest every day.

It was strange, too, in the perpetual din of civil strife, with the excitement of which, in one sense, nothing could compare, that there should still be a curious, inexpressible feeling of loneliness. You realised so thoroughly that everyone was for himself, ready to fly from you at the shortest notice. The comparative lull before the coming storm made the anticipation of it all the more terrible. Everyone was anxiously waiting for something dreadful to happen. To be by oneself was to be solitary in an awful sense of the word. The people, when they ventured out at all, flocked together like sheep, merely for the sake of being near each other; there was somehow a feeling of safety in numbers. The effort to appear at ease, too, was painful.

A BARRICADE.

Most of the shutters were shut; few of the lamps lit. The actors, in the very few theatres that were open, performed to almost empty benches. Just when the Paris of old times began to live (about 10 o'clock), it now went, if possible, to sleep, and the shattered streets were as silent as those of Herculaneum after the eruption.

Paris could suffer to a degree and yet smile. She bore up bravely against the first siege. She starved complacently. The Prussians entered and left, but she still held on till this final humiliation came. Then she seemed to collapse as completely as the Tuileries, the Vendôme Column, the Rue de Rivoli, and the thousand other landmarks by which the beautiful City of Lutetia had so long been known, seeming as if she had but one hope, that an earthquake or deluge would sweep her numberless ruined homes from the face of the earth, so that when coming generations approached the site, Paris might be found to have risen, Phœnix-like, from its ashes.

And now came the final struggle. The roar of cannon as the city was shelled from without, the sharp rattle of musketry as barricades were lost and won, to which explosions now and again gave marked and terrible emphasis. The shops, chiefly closed, admitted residents only, who, from necessity or curiosity, had ventured out by side doors: these, when they were seen hurrying homewards, were thrown open specially for them and immediately closed. How unlike the always half-open hall-door of the piping times of peace.

In the making of barricades, which was now done generally in all the principal streets, passers-by were enlisted indiscriminately into the service; and when paving-stones and *débris* were exhausted, those who constructed them were not atall particular as to whose property they appropriated for the purpose in the name of the Commune.

Pianos, sideboards, tables, and sofas, amongst other things, played their part in those great heaps.

Even the *cafés* were now closed. What waiter could carry a tray full of liqueurs and cognacs at such a moment? There was still, however, an effort to supply the wants of the barricade-makers, a few, chiefly waitresses, by the way, mustering sufficient courage to rush out now and again to those conveniently at hand; who, thus refreshed, renewed their efforts. Thus barricade after barricade rose higher and higher still, and the deafening din of battle sounded louder and louder, till all became a surging mass of confusion and noisy bewilderment.

Here and there might be seen a *petroleuse* rushing recklessly down a by-street, screaming and scrambling over the broken masonry of the half-demolished houses, brandishing her trusty bottle of petroleum in one hand, and probably a torn red rag of a flag tied to a broom-handle in the other; while in the capacious pockets of her draggle-tailed skirt she had, no doubt, several bottles of the same deadly fluid in reserve. On she went till some inviting cellar-flap or room in the basement of a house presented itself, when she would stop to hurl her death-dealing messenger into the cavernous depths below, and await calmly the beginning of the end. See! it has caught: the fluid fire is spreading, the flames find vent, hissing and crackling as they struggle to the surface. *Then* our *pétroleuse* smiles blandly. *She deserves well of the Commune*, and thus encouraged she hastens on with a newly-primed bottle to create more havoc.

This was not, however, the only work of the "women of Paris," as they were called at that time; they were active in a hundred other ways. Harnessed to *mitrailleuses* they played the part of the horses they had long since eaten. They carried supplies of food and ammunition to the

DOWN WITH EVERTHING.

barricades and bivouacs, and were otherwise maids-of-all work during this reign of terror.

Shells now began to fall fast and furious in the very heart of Paris from the forts without. The Versaillais had, after several hour's hard fighting, taken the Champ de Mars (appropriate name that), while from round about the Tuileries a heavy cannonade was directed against the Arc de Triomphe. The *Vengeurs* were fighting like fiends, and falling like flies. The Champs Elysées (curiously inappropriate name now) was a blaze of bayonets, and the Ministry of War surrounded.

For a whole day and night did the fighting go on without noticeable intermission, when, at early dawn, the Arc de Triomphe was surmounted by the tricolour, and several of the outer defences of the Communists, in the shape of barricades, taken.

But the pulses of a great city must, however terrible the fever be which is raging within, respond even at such a time, in some sense, to the domestic requirements of struggling humanity.

Rats, cats, and dogs were being bought and sold to those who had the money to buy and appetites to eat them. One rat-catcher, having won a reputation through the medium of his dog, for the rats he supplied during the two sieges, seeing that the end had come, that rats would be at a discount, and that his dog had played its part, sacrificed this faithful ally at the last moment to stock the larder of a restaurant where customers were prepared to pay well, at such a crisis, *for the luxuries of the season.*

It seemed now as if the actual people of work-a day Paris were no more; they were lost to sight in cellars, sheds, and back kitchens. Here and there one was brought back suddenly to oneself, as it were, by children whose parents were either dead, or had hastened elsewhere, leaving them to

cater for themselves, and who, too young to realise the danger, were sometimes to be found playing at childish

THE DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

games almost within gunshot. I have several toys before me now which had been hastily left behind by little ones,

oblivious to the last moment of their peril, and which I found, and have preserved with much care.

There seemed but two courses left to the Commune: unconditional surrender, or one final rally, which should decide their fortunes, one way or the other, for good and for aye. Citizen Delescluze took the initiative with the following proclamation:—

"Citizens! we have had enough of militaryism; let us have no more stuffs embroidered with gilt at every seam. Make room for the people, the real combatants, the bare arms. The hour of the revolutionary war has struck. The people know nothing of scientific manœuvres: but with rifle in hand, and the pavement beneath their feet, they fear not all the strategists of the monarchical school.

"To arms, citizens, to arms! You must conquer, or, as you well know, fall again into the pitiless hands of the reactionaries and clericals of Versailles: to those wretches who, with intention, delivered France up to Prussians, and now make us pay the ransom of their treason!

"If you desire the generous blood which you have shed like water during the last six weeks not to have been shed in vain, if you would see liberty and equality established in France, you will rise as one man, and before your formidable bands the enemy, who indulges the idea of bringing you again under his yoke, will reap nothing but the harvest of the useless crimes with which he has disgraced himself during the past two months.

"Citizens! your representatives will fight and die with you, if fall we must; but, in the name of our glorious France, mother of all the popular revolutions, the permanent source of ideas of justice and unity, which should be, and which will be the laws of the world, march to encounter the enemy, and let your revolutionary energy prove to him that Paris may be sold, but can never be delivered

up or conquered. The Commune confides in you, and you must trust the Commune.

"The Civil Delegate at the Ministry of War.

"(Signed) CH. DELESCLUZE."

But the Versaillais were slowly and surely encroaching. Step by step they came like so many waves advancing and receding, yet ever encroaching in the main; and as they did so, first in one quarter, then in another, did the retreating Reds spread fire and consternation as they went.

Indoors or out, at any time of the day, one seemed in momentary peril. At night the state of tension one was worked up to was something beyond description; it was frightful. Apart from revolt—from war to the knife—cruel and cold-blooded murder was at work; crime was to the fore at every street corner, the most *dastardly* crime it was possible for demoralised human nature to dream of. A child, for instance, selling a suppressed newspaper, was taken up a quiet street and shot without any other appeal than her own mute agony. Again, another, for no other purpose, it seemed, than that she was in the way, was grimly told to come and be shot, and not to mind, as her father should follow her to-morrow. The next moment she was pierced through and through with several balls—rare sport this!

I heard of the funeral of a little one who had died of fever whose remains were being followed by sorrowing parents and friends, in a remote suburb, when a shell falling in their midst killed several of the mourners, the coffin being smashed to fragments, and the dismembered remains exposed to the gaze of the horror-stricken parents.

Children, too, were everywhere being drafted into the service of the *pétroleuse* to bring up relays of petroleum, or into that of the male incendiaries, to whom over the *débris* they handed up nitro-glycerine and other combustibles,

which these fiends in human form poured down the chimneys of the unoffending.

In several cases numbers of criminals were released on condition that they would take up arms, *and do their best* for the cause, whereupon they proceeded, without the slightest hesitation or discrimination, to massacre right and left, even their fellow-prisoners not escaping. These volunteers were, in many cases, commanded by women, who seemed thoroughly initiated to their business, flying at their victims like cats, and literally tearing them to pieces, shouting and screaming the while to their followers to hurry up and join them in their mad triumph, glorying in the massacre of their fellow-citizens and the demolition of the capital of which they professed to be so proud.

A curious incident happened at the Panthéon where a large quantity of gunpowder had been placed with a long time-fuse attached. This news getting wind, an exploring party volunteered to enter the building and search, at the imminent risk of their lives, for that burning fuse which might at any moment have blown the place to pieces. Indeed, when their courageous leader did discover it, it was so close to the gunpowder that it must in a few minutes have ignited; it required more than ordinary nerve to sever the connection and avoid that single spark escaping which would have sent *them* to eternity, and made yet another public building a heap of ruins.

Nor was it always the actual street fighting, in which naturally wild excitement and bad blood played a conspicuous part, that was most terrible. There was yet another phase, which was, if possible, more grim, and less susceptible of description: I refer to those deserted streets where, human passions having done their worst, death and silence reigned supreme. One after the other behold long straggling rows of shattered houses, looking the more

desolate, perhaps, because of the advertisements still clinging here and there to their tottering walls, the specialities they had sold still set forth in pictorial gaudiness in their windows and at their dismantled entries.

We all know how the Parisian in peace times tries to convey to the passer-by an idea of the temptations within by those long slip pictures, which are, as it were, a catalogue of his supplies.

What a mockery it all seemed now!

On one board were all the delicacies the gourmand most loves to discuss, for the house had been a restaurant. Next door was a wine-shop, on the outward and visible sign of which was depicted everything that could possibly tempt the bibulous, from the small cognac to the brimming beaker of sparkling hock—and so on from one wrecked shop to another, while above were old theatrical advertisements and such other commercial ones as "Au Bon Diable," &c., which made one speculate on devils generally, and wonder which the good ones were. Sad satires these on the wrack and ruin round them.

Then, here and there one came upon a pile of rubbish, which, coming as if from a hollow tooth, represented by the few walls of a house still standing, spread its broken fragments across the street, making it impossible—were there any so inclined—to clamber over it. Death and desolation were, indeed, in possession.

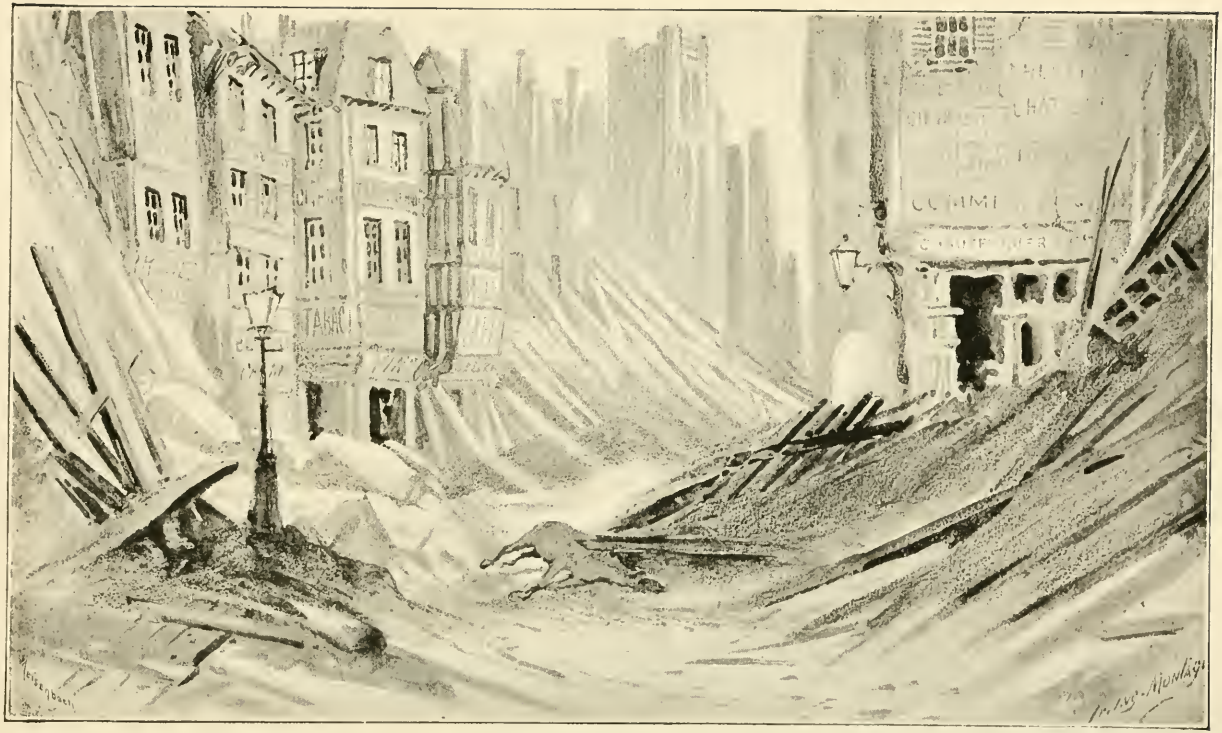
There is a dead horse, which, when found, was under the *débris*, and so "high" as to be actually uneatable, which had been left where it fell in consequence. Yonder are several soldiers and civilians sleeping their last sleep in the ruins. The silence is positively awful. Could anything be more horrible? Flames; the wild cry of the excited mob; anything would have been welcome—anything but this perfectly undisturbed silence in the dull, gloomy twilight of the coming night.

It was unbearable. "Oh! that the proverbial pin wou'd drop."

Stay! Isn't that *something* moving after all? Something noiselessly approaching that unsavoury carcase? What is it? Its eyes are phosphorescent—it is a famished dog, which, having escaped the butcher, has been starving in a cellar hard by, till, released by the falling in of some timbers, weak as he is, and shaky as he seems to be on his hind-quarters, he has crawled out to take what will probably be his last meal; the lean beast may be poisoned by putrefaction, and if he doesn't die a natural death, will be killed and eaten only to spread more fever and misery elsewhere.

Ah! and what's that again, which, like a vampire, flits from one charred rafter to another, tripping lightly over each huge pile of bricks and mortar? It's yet another *pétroleuse*, bent on destruction, taking a short cut to the next condemned place which she is commissioned to set in flames. See! she has disappeared, and silence, that terrible, unbearable silence, again holds its own. What a ghastly monument this to Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity!

I have touched previously, only in a few words in passing, on the burning of the Tuileries, the fall of the Vendôme Column, &c., since in their proper order (if indeed order there be) I must again refer to them. The Tuileries burnt for three whole days vigorously; at least a week elapsed before the fire was put out. The retreating Reds now spread devastation wherever they went; indeed, from the moment the National Guards murdered Generals Lecomte and Clément Thomas in the "Rue des Rosiers," from, in fact, the declaration of the Commune till its fall, lawless brutality in every possible form was on the increase, till it culminated in a general conflagration and butchery.



"UTTER WRECK AND RUIN.

Running at right angles with the smouldering shell of the Tuileries was the Rue de Rivoli, that paradise of Paris fashion, where I had so often wandered in previous years "well pleased" from shop to shop. Where were those shops now?

The row of stone buildings by which they were backed having fallen in, they, and in many cases their contents, were piled in a heap of ruins, which, tumbling through the colonnade that runs along its entire length, blocked up completely those shorter by-streets that led into the Rue St. Honoré, or in the direction of the Palais Royal, with huge fragments of stone, masses of masonry, iron girders, and wooden beams, which made clambering over them seem like miniature mountaineering, and so, hour after hour, and day after day, did the shifting scenes of this terrible drama change from one horror to another.

News now came in from all quarters of how soldiers of the Commune, not knowing the movements of their fellows, or how far Paris was yet occupied by the Versaillais, fell into unsuspected traps. How, amongst others, Assy was caught near the New Opera House.

It was midnight; he was going his accustomed rounds alone; a sentinel challenged him: "Who goes there?" Making the wrong response he was at once made prisoner. I can hardly credit his having gone so wide of the mark in ignorance of the movements of his own side, though it is quite possible that, wrongly informed, he may have done to.

What now had become of the much-vaunted citizen-generals of the Commune? Few indeed were in evidence. No one seemed to know what had become of Delescluze; he must have been under the ruins somewhere, or have fled, as is equally probable, in a blue blouse and sabots.

Dombrowski was killed—shot when crossing the Rue

Myrrha. The ball had entered the lower part of his chest; he was at once taken to a chemist—in the Rue des Poissonniers, I think it was—when, the wound having been dressed, he was removed to a neighbouring hospital, where he died, his last words being the same precisely as those when he was struck: "I'm no traitor!" It has been said of him most aptly that he was "a most brilliant soldier in a most unworthy cause." Indeed there were many such. One, still a particular friend of mine, who, with a charming wife, seems likely to end his days in peace on the northern heights of London, tells a thrilling story of how, a young and enthusiastic artist, he with other brothers of the brush rushed off on the first intimation of the Prussian approach to offer his services, which were at once accepted, and how, having fought (and he fought, I have heard, with signal bravery) through the first siege, he had listened to the overtures of Red Republicanism and became a Communard, finding out too late the real nature of the cause he had espoused, and from which he severed himself on the first opportunity, only to discover that a reward had been offered for his apprehension, and that he was now between two fires (the Versaillais and Communists equally regarding him as their legitimate prey). Under these circumstances he thought the best possible thing he could do would be to disguise himself as a workman and take his chance, which he did, with the happy result that while rewards were offered for his apprehension, and while witnessing the doing to death of others for similar offences all round him, he at last escaped to England, where he has been ever since a great favourite with a large circle of friends, and one of the most prolific artists connected with the London Press—but I digress.

We were talking of those officers of the Commune who, one by one, now became conspicuous by their absence.

"Where is so and so?" "Where was he last heard of?" "In what part of Paris was he last seen?"

These were the queries made, from time to time, with reference to men whose names had, till recently, been all powerful, and who, like stage demons divested of their spangles, now dropped one by one into utter insignificance, save where in some cases, with the bravery of desperation, they fell fighting, rallying their discouraged battalions for the last time.

Amongst the worst and first to fall was Citizen Ferrargu. He was caught and shot near the Hôtel de Ville by the Versaillais; a petroleum bottle was found in his pocket; he moreover admitted that he had played his part, "not wisely, but too well." A permanent court-martial was established in the Théâtre du Châtelet—truly a theatre of war this. The Communards were being brought here all day long in batches, tried, sentenced, and in almost all cases taken at once into the open and shot, a *mitrailleuse* being found the most expeditious means of mowing down the rich harvest of souls which the silent reaper was gathering. The bodies of *pétroleuses* and *pétroleurs* were lying about here and there, specially in the neighbourhood of the Porte St. Martin, where the executions seemed to have been numerous; while in *some* places, stables, forecourts of hotels and restaurants were blocked with the piled-up bodies of those who had either fallen in fair fight or been shot as enemies to the Republic.

On May the 23rd, one of the correspondents to the *Siècle*, Mons. Chaudey, was made prisoner at the office of his paper, and ultimately taken by order of Raoul Regault to Sainte Pélagie.

"You are condemned," he was told; "you have exactly one hour to live."

"If, as you say, I am to be murdered, I can merely await developments," was his reply.

The first firing-party refused to do their unthankful office, a second, less considerate, was obtained, and a volley fired at the unfortunate correspondent. He was wounded only, a "soldier" giving him his quietus in the shape of a revolver bullet in the head.

Raoul Regault was one of the most unscrupulous leaders of the Commune, which is saying quite enough, I can assure you. Those who would not fight tooth and nail were shot like dogs. His, however, was to be a short-lived glory, for on the same day on which he had Chaudey executed he fell himself. He was caught, and was on the point of being taken off for trial (such as it was) by his captors, when his shouting "*Vive la Commune!*" at the top of his voice so exasperated them, that they came to the conclusion that a court-martial would be an unnecessary formula, so they shot him against the first wall they came to.

Then came the execution of the hostages, who, when the Versailles troops advanced, were removed from Mazas prison to that of La Roquette. I gather the following from an account of an eye-witness to the last moments of Monseigneur Darboy and his fellow victims:

"It was about half-past seven o'clock on the evening of the 24th of May, when a man who had been for some years a prisoner at the hulks—a man named Lefrançais—leading a party of Federals, ranged them in such a way as to form a double line down the staircase which led to the courtyard below. Then the head gaoler summoned the unfortunate archbishop, who calmly rose and prepared to follow his brutal guide. He then proceeded to the cell of M. le Président Bonjean, thence to that of the Abbé Allard (a leading member of the Society for the Aid of the Sick and Wounded in War), and so on to Père du Coudray, Père Clève, and finally to the Abbé Deguerry, curé of the

Madeleine. Each in turn was taken out into that yard below, taunted and reviled as he went by the scoundrel Lefrançais and his subordinates. Amidst the yells of the infuriated soldiery who awaited them, and all the blasphemies that were hurled at them by that godless crowd, were they led to the place of execution in the Infirmary yard, where the so-called *officer* of the firing-party had ranged his men at a significantly convenient distance."

But were those Communists, even for one short second, masters of the situation? Oh no! there was one alone in supreme command at that eventful moment, and, humanly speaking, it was the Archbishop of Paris himself—who was the embodiment of that divinity he so nobly represented. Had it been necessary to teach his fellow-prisoners how to die, he surely did it then. He briefly pardoned his murderers, two of whom fell on their knees before him, imploring him to forgive them; these, however, were roughly handled, and quickly thrust on one side with the vilest oaths, when the shouting and execrations were renewed. These, however, the officer of the detachment immediately stopped, saying in a loud voice:

"You come here to shoot, not to insult these men."

The first to fall was Père Allard, Monseigneur Darboy followed, and thus in a few short moments the six corpses lay as they fell in that Infirmary yard in silent rebuke of those inhuman wretches who had constituted themselves their murderers.

Amongst the prisoners of the Commune, there were many who were to all appearance magnanimously liberated, but were only handed over to the savage mob outside, who soon made short work of them, since, quite regardless of the supposed offences for which they had been imprisoned, they were in most cases torn to pieces, as they tried to run the gauntlet of their fiendish pursuers.

Throughout all this, too, the fire-brand was doing as much mischief as the sword. The Ministry of Finance had been literally soaked in petroleum; moreover, shells containing the same fiery fluid were placed at convenient intervals, here and there within the building, so that, once ignited, it soon became a column of fire and smoke. The delight of one citizen, Lucas, who had been specially honoured by the Commune's commission to set it alight, knew no bounds at its successful accomplishment.

About the same time the Palais Royal was in flames. There was a graphic account of it in the *Constitutionel*: it ran as follows :—

"It was 3 o'clock when this fearful fire broke out, and a shopkeeper came forward in all haste to offer his services; a Communist captain or lieutenant threatened to fire on him if he did not return on the instant; he added that the whole quarter was going to be blown up and burnt; in the teeth of this threat, however, two fire-engines were brought to the place and were worked by the people of the neighbourhood. Four o'clock came—no water in the *Cour des Fontaines*, though some was procured by a line of people being placed along the passage leading from the *Cour d'Honneur*, who passed well-filled buckets from hand to hand."

Efforts of every possible kind were made by the Versailles troops, and the people who were friends of order, to save the palace, specially in the direction of the apartments of the Princess Clothilde. It was not, however, till it had been burning for about four hours that any real help came; then the soldiers of the line appeared on the scene, and reassured at least the excited populace.

The fire, however, eventually defeated their most heroic efforts, and increased rapidly. Mons. le Saché the shopkeeper of the Palais Royal, who was first to offer his ser-

vices, was always throughout to be found where the fire was fiercest, often, with the chief engineer, going from roof to roof, under a perfect shower of Communists' bullets from neighbouring houses and other vantage points. It was not really till 10 o'clock at night that *Sapeur-pompiers* could be secured in sufficient numbers to be of any use, and then all the chief damage had been done.

Thus, sore pressed as they were—the Versaillais having by this time taken more than half the city—let us leave the Communists disputing jealously, inch by inch, with a splendid display of savage courage, the possession of that city they professed to love so well, and which they pillaged, burnt, and otherwise destroyed in every conceivable way as they retreated into the shady slums whence they had come.

## CHAPTER VI.

The final moment had come, the Commune was at its last gasp. While yet its life blood was being drained, and the iron grip of the Republic, ever tightening, was upon it, it struggled with knife and firebrand to leave, if possible, yet deeper stains behind.

Men and women, however, were coming from all quarters to join the party of order, deserters from the mad cause they had only a few hours before espoused so warmly. The enemy, whichever way they went before the advancing bayonets of the Versaillais, left destruction behind them.

Not content with burning the Porte St. Martin Theatre itself, they murdered the proprietor and staff of the *café* adjoining, which they occupied as a vantage point from which to pour petroleum, till it was one sheet of seething flame, while all those who attempted to extinguish it were shot down like dogs.

Happily, the attempt to burn Notre Dame was a miserable failure. Two or three huge bonfires were made out of the Cathedral chairs, but these having burnt themselves almost to ashes, no further damage was done before a rescue party succeeded in completely extinguishing them.

Curiously, enough, too, the Sainte Chapelle—that lovely example of pure Gothic—was quite untouched; while St. Eustache was considerably damaged. This church was foremost, it will be remembered, amongst those which, during the second siege, were used as Communist clubs.

Surely now Paris was a very hell upon earth. Those who had escaped from prisons in the general confusion returned to them, in many cases, for the temporary protection their strong walls afforded. They might be had out and shot at any moment by the Versaillais, or the Communards for the matter of that; but they felt sure they would fall victims to the bullets of one side or the other if they remained homeless in the burning streets.

Women and children, the infirm and old, were flying hither and thither in every direction: the little ones, having in many cases long since lost sight of their parents, were struck in numbers by stray bullets, if not done to death in wanton devilry, and were, every now and again, to be seen lying near a barricade, or on a heap of stones or broken timber; in some cases still firmly clutching in their tiny hands the petroleum can they had been requisitioned to carry for some passing *pétroleuse*.

To what miserable ends had these poor little ones lived and died! yet how calm, peaceful, aye, almost happy, did they look, compared with the wrack and ruin round about them.

The Commune, however, was soon only to be a blot on the page of history. Its story was almost told; its bad blood had nearly all been shed. The final eight days of fever, during which it was in the agonies of death, were drawing to a close, each moment becoming more terrible, if possible, as the end approached, till, falling prone before the advancing tide of victory, it expired.

Then came the calm after the storm; a calm more awful than the uproar which had preceded it.

The tricolour had replaced the red flag. The Versaillais occupied all the positions hitherto held with so much self assertion by the soldiers of the Commune. Poor Paris had indeed gone through a terrible ordeal—like one who is sick

unto death, and on whom unscrupulous doctors have experimented in vain.

The Empire failing to meet the requirements of the case, the Germans had tried their hand. Again the Republic had stepped in, when, before its remedies could avail, it was replaced by the Communards, who were now again superseded by the party of order.

The impression, immediately after the final collapse of the Reds, of one who had dropped direct from a balloon in the centre of the stricken city, might easily have been, that he was in a capital of automata, where the commerce, the inner life, indeed the whole movement of those he saw around him, was dependent on exquisite mechanism, on perfectly tempered mainsprings. All was silence. It seemed too terrible to suppose that humanity had played so active a part in such indescribable confusion ; and one was inclined to imagine those who went from heap to heap, from ruin to ruin, if they were not working out the will of some evil *genii*, had been sent there by some good spirit to evolve order from chaos before humanity again took up its position.

Dead bodies were in the streets, in the houses, everywhere. The smouldering, crumbling, crackling ruins forming a running accompaniment to the horrors around them.

But were they *all* bad, these Communards who had wrought in so short a time such terrible havoc? They were criminals, it is true, in the widest sense of the word, seeming, in their diabolical inventiveness, to have completely overlooked their original motive for revolt: their one idea having been to eclipse each other—to out-Herod Herod, as it were, in butchery, which made the Paris Boulevards like shambles, leaving nothing but desolation behind to tell the tale of their advance. But were they, I repeat, altogether bad? Had they no redeeming point? Yes, they were

brave ; brave to recklessness. No one instance of poltroonery, at least, is to be laid to their charge, as far as my personal observation was concerned. They fought like the demons they were, with a degree of pluck which would have brought down honours thick upon them in a civilised campaign.

Let us, before we leave them, unhonoured if not unsung, to sink into oblivion, at least record the fact that their brilliant dash and daring would, under other circumstances, have placed the names of many on the muster roll of Fame.

I think I was myself as much impressed by the Fosse Commune as anything. It seemed like the signature at the end of the decree of fate, that common grave in Père la Chaise, where, with the aid of a row of *mitrailleuses*, prisoners, caught in most cases red-handed, were literally turned off in batches.

You remember those soldiers of our childhood, who, being fixed on a trellis-like parade ground, could, on the principle of an ordinary pair of scissors, be made to advance and retire *en zig-zag* at one's own sweet will. Well it was somewhat thus that the prisoners were ranged when awaiting the command ; while behind them was a deeply-dug trench, into which, when shot, they fell. An expeditious method of disposing of the surplus population, which saved much trouble, was it not ?

I was a gruesome sight—was Père la Chaise. Tombstones besmeared with blood, chipped and broken—in many cases torn up and overturned—showed how little the violation of God's Acre had been considered by one side or the other. The walls where the Versaillais had entered and which lay on the ground all round this spot, where fratricide had been for several days going on so systematically, were *literally* churned up with human blood. It was too awful for de-

"CAUGHT RED-HANDED."

scription. Distinctly do I remember how it rose over the very soles of my boots, and clogged the cavity between these and the uppers, just as the mud of everyday life is wont to do.

Yes, the Versaillais did the work of vengeance as thoroughly as the enemy had done that of destruction, and under these circumstances it is only natural to suppose that I availed myself of the first opportunity which offered for getting out of Paris; nor was it many days before I was able to proceed as far as Versailles, where I made many sketches of the Communist prisoners there incarcerated.

They were a motley crew; types of terrible humanity of every degree, from vulgar brutality to refined villainy, were to be seen through those bars, which divided the main body of prisoners at the Orangerie from those who were privileged to see their friends from time to time in the bare-walled compartment which answered the purpose of a reception-room.

There was the gross, bloated malcontent, peering with envy on a more fortunate sister who, in presence of two Gendarmes, was being interviewed by her mother. The envious one had not a relation in the world, or a friend even, now that the fortunes of war were changed, who would take the trouble to come as far as Versailles to extend sympathy to her!

By her side is a semi-idiotic dupe, who was persuaded to join a cause of which he knew nothing, for an end which was equally vague; his effort with a huge moustache and bushy imperial to hide a weak chin and cruel mouth being negatived by the unmistakably low villainy which marks every other feature as its own.

Over there are *pétroleuses*—viragos of every kind, who, like so many caged hyænas, growl and laugh by turns, ever and again hurling execrations at the powers that be beyond those iron bars.

PRISONERS IN THE ORANGERIE.

Oh! and here too, is a member of the Press—the Communistic Press, let me hasten to explain—whose rusty sable suit and mute-like black tie accord well with his lack-lustre eye, turnip-like complexion, and lank locks. Confined within the comparatively narrow dimensions of his prison house, his scope for evil-doing is now limited to fanning the weak sparks of Nihilism which yet remain in the hearts of those fellow-prisoners around him.

It is impossible to say to what extent this man may not have been responsible for the lives of his fellows. Possessed of the, to him, fatal advantage of a superior education, his pen has done more to foster the spirit of revolt than the swords of many generals, and it is as well, perhaps, that his ardour for so bad a cause has been confined at last to so small an area.

There is a rank odour of garlic as one enters the place, which is suggestive of a tenth-rate restaurant out Clichy way: for it is not long since the mid-day meal was served out, and the unsavoury aroma is still hanging about.

Look at that burly fellow there in the centre; he is a blacksmith, who has done no end of good work for the Commune at the barricades, and might have been an ex general at the present moment, had he not been taken just before the beginning of the end and removed for safety here. There are ne'er-do-weels of many classes huddled together in odd variety, from the hollow-cheeked agitator, to the muscular murderer who carries out his schemes: all alike, with their wings clipped now, awaiting the judgment which will send them to Cayenne or Eternity.

I could not help falling into a sort of rambling reverie as I strolled down those quaint, old-world garden-walks, past the historic frog-fountain, through sequestered yew-lined avenues, where statues stop the way at every turn, and where the lovely old palace and its surroundings, left quite

intact by the Prussians, now held within its precincts a horde of savages, who had not only destroyed the capital itself, but—given one short half-hour and the wherewithal to achieve their end—would have gloated over the destruction of this old *château* and its precious contents, together with those gardens, fountains, and statues, the beauties of which have for ages been extolled.

Yes; the animal man is, indeed, a curiously duplex creature, which alike constructs, embellishes, desecrates, and destroys.

Is it for these paradoxical ends we possess an intelligence superior to that of the brute creation?

We denounce war as iniquitous, but Christianity has never yet striven, as it seems, in the manner she might have done, to crush it. Indeed, in the name of religion war is too often declared, and that the God of battles is on our side is the universal rallying cry of fighting Christendom. As the Bishop of Rochester has aptly put it:

"Sometimes she has made war on her own account, as if she was but a kingdom of this world; on other occasions, while affecting to be neutral and to belong to neither side, she is practically on both, without any consciousness of hollowness or treachery: and instead of sternly excommunicating both sets of combatants alike for committing murder, in the name of the Lord she blesses both and sanctifies their bloodshed."

The advocates for war are seldom those to whom it comes home directly.

The little one who defiantly draws his wooden sword in mimic battle has not been scratched even by its point, while the old soldier, covered though he be with honours, realising as he may the necessity for war, shoulders his musket and shudders the while. It is impulse which, unseating ordinary reason, makes him rush into the thick of the fray, and it is the reaction from his last campaign which makes him

tremble for the issues of the next. This, I take it, is the sentiment with which nine out of ten enter the arena, and those men, who profess not to know what fear is, are deceived in themselves. Fear is a natural tendency which courage overcomes.

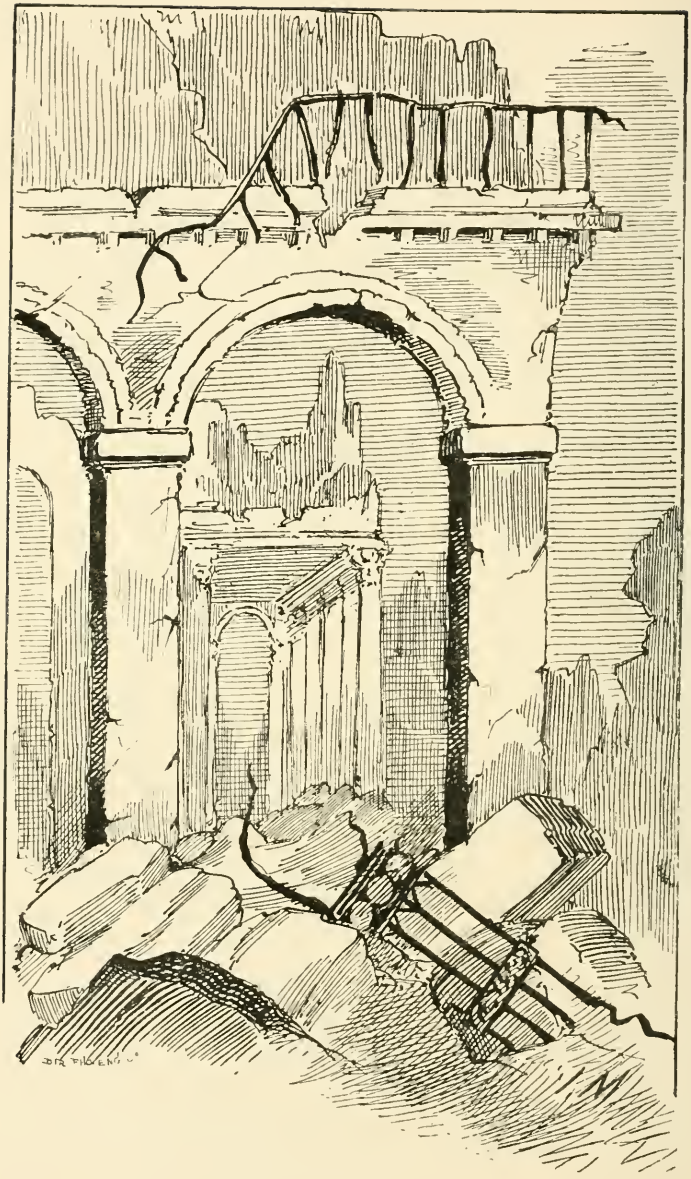
That war is an instrument of Providence is instanced over and over again in Biblical history, and so we may take it that the divine ends of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow may be similarly worked out, and we submit to that which has been, is, and probably will be to the end of time, as part of the great scheme of existence.

Then, again, war may commend itself in so many ways, even to the most scrupulous.

What can be more justifiable than patriotic defence of the fatherland? Yet there could be no wars of aggression, or, again, those commenced for the civilisation of savage tribes without it. Besides, war is not the unmitigated evil it seems to some to be; it brings class nearer to class in one common interest, and excites, be it remembered, the noblest, as well as the basest, sentiments of the human heart; for where shall we find higher motives than in those who fight bravely in a good cause, or more genuine and tender-hearted sympathy than is to be found in those who are with them in spirit in the good fight, and (if they succumb) are inconsolable for their loss?

Yes; looked at straight in the face, I question very much if war is not one of the greatest of all humanisers after all; though a visit to the Orangerie at Versailles, at the end of the Commune in 1871, was hardly likely to give force to such a conclusion.

I remember about this time paying several visits to the environs of the metropolis. It seemed somehow delightful to get out, and strangely pleasant to feel that in doing so there was a rational hope of returning unmolested.



"THE LOVELIEST RUIN I HAD THEN SEEN."

At St. Denis, still occupied by the Prussians, it was very curious to note the order with which civil affairs were carried on by our late enemies.

Postal, telegraphic, and, in fact, all other departments, being in the hands of helmeted Germans, a most perfect system was observable everywhere, and to go from St. Denis back into Paris was like walking straight from a country at peace with the world into chaos.

Then, again, how peculiarly interesting was St. Cloud, with its shattered streets (shattered by the French themselves, by the way), and the ruins of its picturesque *château*.

Never was Imperial palace more completely gutted, or, on the other hand, more beautified by the process than St. Cloud. Its few remaining columns still standing, its frescoes just visible through the great gaps in its ruined walls, its suggestions here and there of departed wealth and gaiety: all combining to make it, to me at least, the loveliest ruin I had ever then seen, the pomp and circumstance of war still going on everywhere around me, and, above all, my own impressionable age doing much to invest it with a beauty which has always seemed to me to have been peculiarly its own.

The two sketches which I reproduce are from two which I took at the time; that which represents the walls of one of the many demolished houses having a special interest, since each floor seemed to tell its tale as plainly as if it had been the page of some huge book thrown open for the inspection of the curious.

Let us climb over the *débris* of the next house, and find our way to the basement, the blackened walls of which owe as much to the charcoal smoke which for years has been burning there, as to the shells which have reduced that main street to huge heaps of lath, plaster, and other half-burnt and pulverised building material.

It was in this cellar that a *marchand de charbon* carried on his dark calling, and, when he least expected it, was unearthed there, as he was discussing the now broken bottle of 30 centime *vin ordinaire* with which he was washing down his frugal breakfast. When the party-wall came in with a crash, he had only just time to escape with his life, leaving his worldly wealth—a stack of charcoal—behind him.

Just above, in the piping times of peace, a buxom widow kept a small wine-shop. After their 1 f. 50 ordinary over the way, or round the corner, the shopkeepers and others of the neighbourhood used to patronise Madame's liqueurs or small cognacs, and indulge perhaps in the mild dissipation of a cigarette before returning to their afternoon's work. Madame had always a pleasant smile to dispense with her small change, and a little bit of local gossip with just the faintest relish of scandal to give flavour to it, which helped in a marvellous degree to digest the concoctions she sold. What a change is now before us! Part of the counter is left, certainly, and the wooden bowls in which she kept her silver and coppers, as of yore, are upon it; but the contents of that little shop were smashed to atoms at that unfortunate moment when our friend the *marchand de charbon* was so rudely disturbed at his breakfast by the bursting of that shell, glittering broken glass alone remaining to testify to the fact that one was looking upon what was once a wine-shop. Of the first floor, and so on to the top of the house, but one wall was left standing. This, however, spoke eloquently enough of its late inmates.

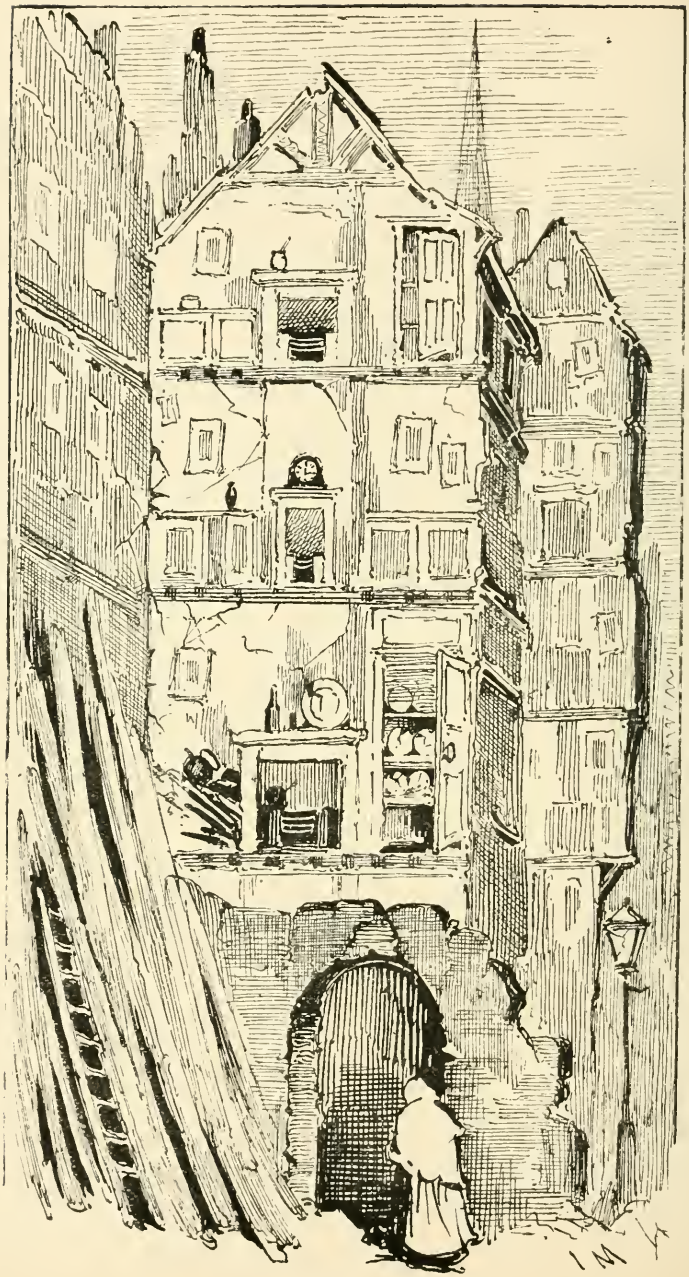
Here, probably, for years a happy old couple resided, who, unlike many in the gay city yonder who live distinct lives, were Darby and Joan in French attire; at least, what remains of their surroundings suggest it. There is a faded picture on one side of the cracked looking-glass, which represents a vineyard in Normandy, and was hung there,

shall we say, to remind Darby of when Joan, a lithe young peasant, first won his heart. The cupboards have been all blown open by the force of the explosion, and the small dainties she used to prepare for her good man's return are, some of them at least, still standing on the shelves.

Let us, in imagination—for we have no stairs, remember, to rely upon—clamber up to what remains of the floor above.

An old maiden lady, with only just enough to live upon, had evidently occupied this flat. In her youth she had loved, "not wisely, but too well," one who had deserted her long years ago for another: his portrait is still hanging askew on the walls, and some withered flowers—his favourite flowers—are still in a vase on the mantelpiece, the vase itself being yet unbroken. Above, a grisette resided; Eros had been at work here too, but more recently. The bill of a local *fête* was pinned to the wall, and against it a paper mask, while on the mantelpiece stood a broken decanter, the fragments of which were mixed suspiciously with curl-papers and cigar-ends. There had been a gentleman in the case evidently, and one who had been a recent visitor, too!! And then as to the attic—well, there was a kettle on the hob, a half-finished pot of marmalade, and a dry crust in the cupboard: but whether poet or pedlar occupied that exalted position, it concerns us little to ascertain, especially when I am not by any means sure as to the contents of the gallipot, seen as it was from the roadway with those other domestic surroundings, which suggested these reflections as I strolled up the main street of St. Cloud, and read those sad chapters in the book of human suffering.

It is not easy to trace the extent to which the havoc of war goes, or for how many years the injury it inflicts may



FROM CELLAR TO ATTIC.

continue to be felt; and it is only by going into statistics that it is possible to realise, even to a small degree, the mischief it begets.

During the Commune, for instance, three palaces were burnt, seventeen magnificent public buildings were more or less destroyed, the columns "Vendôme" and "Juillet," respectively, demolished and considerably damaged; Porte St. Martin and Porte St. Denis were injured beyond recognition, sixteen churches and seven theatres were razed to the ground, and more than ten thousand buildings, including private houses, shops, &c., reduced to ruins, while there were no less than 600 barricades at one time erected in and about Paris.

So much for the damage done to property, to say nothing of life and limb, or of the enormous drain which was perpetually going on to supply the wants of the army of Versailles—apart from that of the Commune, which seemed to live by its wits. It has been estimated that the Versaillais, as a standing army, cost no less than three million francs a day, and that from the 18th of March to the 28th of May their expenses exceeded the enormous sum of 216 millions, whilst the gunpowder alone which they possessed amounted to 400 tons, it being used at one time at the rate of twenty tons a day, while on one particular occasion fifty tons were given out. Hence, looked at soberly from a practical point of view, the *war game* is an expensive luxury indeed.

There was, at the time of which I write, a curiously fitful repose about the people, as if they had but just awakened from some terrible nightmare. They seemed to have been so long accustomed to rush from place to place for shelter, that they could not yet realise they were safe; indeed, it was some considerable time before they were able to go from house to house and feel there was no absolute

necessity to run. Yet it *really was* over, though it took some time to accept the changed condition of things. Paris, however, with that elasticity peculiar to her, had already begun to rally from the paralysing shock which had laid her so low; even an attempt here and there was made to conduct the business of life again, as in the old days before the first siege.

Yet the shopkeepers looked as if they were acting in a charade rather than seriously in earnest; and even the Guards of the Army of Order were looked on with suspicion, as they defiled down the Boulevards, or took up positions before all that remained of the great public buildings.

The very sight of a uniform seemed to mean mischief; the distant glint of a bayonet, bloodshed. It would be some time before poor crushed Paris could again hold up her fair head; though everything was done which could be to reassure her, yet was she reminded, by the wrack and ruin round about her at every turn, of the ordeal she had gone through, no less than by the prisoners who were daily, hourly indeed, being conveyed through her streets to Versailles.

In the *Times* of August 15th of that eventful year, the number yet untried was estimated at 30,000; and early in September they had reached 39,000, of whom only a few hundreds—cases of mistaken identity—were set at liberty.

General de Ladmirault's address to the men of the 1st Army Corps seemed to me most inclusively to sum up the stirring events of the last eight or ten days of the insurrection. It ran as follows:—

"Officers and men of the 1st Corps d'Armée, the defences of the lines of Neuilly, Courbevoie, Bécon and Asnières served you by way of apprenticeship; your energy and

courage were formed amidst the greatest troubles and perils. Everyone in his grade has given an example of the most complete abnegation and devotion. Artillery, engineers, troops of the line, cavalry, volunteers of the Seine-et-Oise, you rivalled each other in zeal and ardour. Thus prepared, on the 22nd of the month you attacked the insurgents whose guilty designs and criminal undertakings you knew and despised. You devoted yourselves nobly, to save from destruction the monuments of our old national glory as well as the property of citizens menaced by savage rage. On the 23rd of the month the formidable positions of the Buttes Montmartre could no longer resist your efforts, in spite of all the forces with which they were covered; this task was confined to the 1st and 2nd divisions of the Seine-et-Oise, and the heads of the various columns arrived simultaneously at the summit of the position."

The address is a long one, so I may perhaps abbreviate it by saying that the General goes on to take day by day into consideration, graphically recalling how the cordon rapidly contracted till the Commune was crushed. Perhaps, however, that which did most to re-establish confidence was the proclamation of McMahon to the inhabitants of Paris:—

"The Army of France has come to save you, Paris is relieved. The last positions of the insurgents were taken by our soldiers at four o'clock to-day, the struggle is at an end. *Order*, *labour*, and *security* are springing up again.

"Paris, Quartier-Général,

"The 28th of May 1871.

"(Signed) McMahon,

"Duc de Magenta, Marshal of France,

"Commander-in-Chief."

There was a laconic point about this which seemed to go home to the hearts of the people and which bore good fruit

immediately, for it was evident that, cheered by the hope of *order*, *labour*, and *security* once more holding their own, they were yet ready to make a final effort to assert themselves as peace-loving citizens.

* * * * *

Those who have followed me thus far, accompanying me through the many vicissitudes of my first campaign, may be as anxious as I am to vary the interest, and find themselves beyond the reach of Uhlan lances or the range of French *chassepôts*; indeed it was, at the time of which I write, like finding a sort of oasis, as it were, in an adventurous life to return—now that peace was once more established—to England, which never looked more fertile, happy, or homely than it did to me after leaving shattered Paris; in fact, my sense of security was—by comparison—so great that it was perhaps just as well it received the check it did.

About three-quarters of an hour after my arrival in London, having left my baggage at the station, I was pluming my feathers in the Strand, devoutly hoping I might meet in one continuous line all my less fortunate brethren of the pen and pencil, when, turning down a side street (I forget which now) to unearth an old friend in his sanctum, where I should probably find him plying his busy pen for some of the weeklies, I was, perhaps, as nearly killed as it was possible to be without being actually even touched.

There was I, vain-gloriously strutting along, assuming the airs of a dragoon with new boots on, or sergeant of the day overcome by the authority which he is able to exercise over those around him—proud to a degree of having returned intact after all sorts of narrow escapes—within an inch of being ignominiously dashed to atoms in a London by-street.

It happened in this way: the day being a boisterous one, a huge chimney-pot was displaced, which fell literally at my feet, and which, since it would have killed a cart-horse had it struck one, thus very nearly afforded newspaper reporters yet another short paragraph for the evening papers. Those alarmed passers-by, who did not look on in open-eyed wonder that I was untouched, took to their heels; while I was again reminded that there is indeed "a divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them as we may."

* * * * *

The several years intervening between this and my next military experience, "The Carlist War," were, though spent in a London studio, not by any means uneventful. Since, however, in this Bohemian life of mine I shall have much to say, in its proper place, of the old country, it being amongst other things one of my pet projects to devote some little time not only to painters and their patrons, but to models and their memoirs, I may wisely, I think, for the present defer any reference to that period of my existence, specially since it might, to some extent, affect the continuity of my "wanderings" as a war-artist pure and simple. I will therefore ask you, without further preamble, to accompany me to the land of the Cid Rodrigo Diaz, of the gallantly adventurous Don Quixote, and of the buxom and beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso: to that land of romance where Murillo's bright boy-faces seem to peer out at one through ripe overhanging bunches of Seville grapes, where vigilant duennas follow the footsteps of black-haired brunettes, where the coquetry of the mantilla is best understood, the manipulation of the fan most appreciated, where every half-open casement is suggestive of

Dark eyes veiled with silken lashes,

and every portico seems to secrete a jealous Caballero—

follow me, in short, to sunny Spain, which, if it be the home of the lively musquito and the flighty flea, is nevertheless the one country in the world where poetic fancy holds her own; the very hot-bed of romantic adventure, where, especially in war time, we shall find ample material for pen and pencil, and towards which we may, with confidence, hurry on, being assured there will be much to interest us in the pains, perils, and pleasures of our next campaign.

# PART II.

## THE SPANISH WAR.

## CHAPTER I.

It was with feelings to a certain extent akin to Quixotic that I entered on my second compaign ; I say it advisedly, for the stern reality of this nineteenth century of ours preventing the possibility of riding to the rescue of injured innocence with trusty lance and well-burnished buckler, I contented myself with combining the spirit of romance with the matter-of-fact requirements of the London Press ; and it was thus, equipped with pen, pencil, and note-book, that I found myself one autumn evening in 1874 again on the war-path.

To those who are unacquainted with the little frontier village of Hendaye—and amongst travellers it must be known to few—I may say that, if they picture, on the banks of a river about as broad as the Thames at Teddington, a collection of unpretentious one-storied white houses, whose slightly shelving red roofs are vine-clad, and the shutters of which are of harmonious green, they will form a sufficiently good idea of that (French) border village, through which one reaches the boundary river, the Bidassoa, which divides the land of the Gaul from that of the Cid.

There were two hotels at Hendaye, "Legaraldi's" and "The Imatz." It was at the latter I stopped the night of my arrival, and where, after an excellent dinner in an apartment which was turned into an impromptu mess-room

for the officers of the batteries, which had been brought down for the defence of the frontier, I smoked one of the last pipes of peace which I was destined for some considerable time to enjoy.

It was probably eleven before I turned in, and as the night was hot, and the shutters of my bedroom closed, it is not to be wondered at that prior to retiring I threw them wide open, lit yet another pipe, and peered out to enjoy the quiet dark panorama, which the towering Pyrenean range presented to my view. It was a starlit, but extremely dark night, so much so that the ripple of the waters on the shelving beach was the only evidence of the little river which divided one from Spain.

At Fuenterrabia opposite, the Spaniards, obedient to the siege laws, which were just then strictly observed, had long since sounded "lights out," so that its irregular house-tops and cathedral spire rose, like the peaks about them, inky black against an indigo sky.

All was silent as the tomb. The repose, after a wearisome journey from Paris, was most refreshing, and as the fumes of my dhudeen floated out on the still soft air of that hot autumn night, I fell into a pleasant reverie, clothing coming events with colours with which nature never afterwards painted them.

Thus building, with a certain amount of local appropriateness indeed, "castles in Spain"—a continental equivalent for those in air—I suppose I had been ten minutes enjoying the *dolce far niente* of the situation, when suddenly, "bang!" and a bullet flattened itself on the wall of the house; this was soon followed by others, till a sharp dropping fire, evidently directed at something quite near by either Carlists or Republicans, excited my curiosity not a little. With the inquisitive air of the friend of our childhood, Mr. Punch, I took "a side glance and looked

down," then up, then round about that open casement, when, bang! a second flash from the opposite bank, and the next instant a thud, which told of the arrival of yet another leaden messenger.

How long this might have gone on I know not, or why neutral ground should thus be violated I could not tell; the next shot, however, brought my cogitations to a conclusion, a bullet burying itself in the wooden sash of my window, while at the same time came a loud rapping at the door in the opposite direction.

"Carambo!" shouted the proprietor loudly. "Are we all to be shot dead in our beds? Sancta Maria! What have you been doing to attract the Carlist's fire? You have surely not opened your window?"

Alas! it was I who had thus been unwittingly the culprit. My desire for fresh air had most certainly thrown a dangerous light on the subject, and made me the victim of pleasantries from Carlist scouts on the opposite shore, who, failing to find the stray Republicans of whom they were in quest, had devoted their cartridges to me, and it was only due to their abominable aim that I had escaped with my life, my second pipe at Hendaye having thus been anything but one of peace.

The following morning I reconnoitred the position as far as possible from French soil, to preserve the neutrality of which four batteries of French artillery were placed at the river's brink at convenient distances. My walk took me along the windings of the Bidassoa, a picturesque panorama, to which the Pyrenees formed a background, whichever way you looked.

Facing Hendaye was the quaint gabled little town of Fuenterrabia, nestling under the walls of which was the smuggler village of Sta. Madelena, while, as one proceeded inwards from the river's mouth, one came across the more

important fortified town of Irun, dominated by the fort of St. Marcial, now held by the Carlists, who every now and again send a shell amongst the Government troops.

Continuing the walk still farther, one passed through French Behobie, which was separated only from the Spanish town of the same name by a frontier parti-coloured bridge, one half of which was painted red, while the other was white.

The people, all of whom were Basque, were as much Spanish or French (whichever you will) on one side of the river as the other, and it was only the law of nations which made them what they were. You asked a native if he was French, he would tell you laconically, "No." Spanish then, of course? Certainly not. "Je suis Basque" was all that could be got out of him.

Next (if we except the fort of Saint Marcial) came La Puncha, the first Carlist post to be met with at that time on the frontier, and which served as a check on the movements of the Government troops occupying (Spanish) Behobie and Irun. My morning's stroll had been delightful, by vine-clad valley and hillside, out to dry heathery heights above, only to descend again into the moist verdure of the low lands; passing here and there a crucifix, where the devout of both sexes piously crossed themselves as they went, or kneeling, counted their rosaries with unaffected reverence. It was a close, hot day, which for more reasons than one will ever be memorable to me.

Have you, in a varied experience, ever had a horse shot under you? If so, come closer, let us shake hands over the remembrance of predicaments which, "alike yet not alike," were at least not altogether dissimilar.

I had strolled, as I have said, making notes by the way, as far as La Puncha only, on the French bank of the Bidassoa, which commanded a view of the Carlist encamp-

ment on the opposite side of the river. Round about an old boat house I saw that a group of soldiers of El Rey Carlos VII. were cooking their mid day meal, while several officers were superintending the unloading of an ox waggon, the contents of which, intended for the garrison of Irun, were being appropriated. The subject was too tempting for me to forego; they were the first Carlists I had come across, and were thus to me invested with peculiar interest. In my ambitious mind's eye I could see them as they would appear in the publisher's windows and on the book stalls of the great metropolis; besides, being on neutral ground, the boundary river dividing us, I was free as the air to do what ever I pleased; so, opening a camp stool with which I had provided myself, I sat down deliberately, *en face*, and commenced transferring the little group to my sketch-book.

It would make a picturesque subject too. A few bold strokes and the old boat house was suggested. The position of the waggon and its scared driver were indicated with those busily engaged unpacking. All came admirably, so I hastened on, well satisfied, into further details, and had gone so far as to indicate in the foreground of my sketch two Carlists, who I perceived were kneeling, and who were I supposed from the distance at which I was, fastening their gaiters, when, a puff of white smoke—bang!—and your scribe, on his back with legs high in the air, was rolling over and over amongst scorched bracken and water weed on the river's bank. The bullet had found its billet! One leg was completely shattered. Picture the predicament, if you can, my discomfiture the while affording immoderate amusement to those Carlists whose random shots had been taking deliberate aim at me from the very moment I had settled down to artistically pick them off. "But how about the shattered limb?" you will naturally ask. Don't, reader, shudder, but reserve your sympathy

yet a little longer. One leg was, as I have said, completely shattered by that Carlist ball—but it was the leg of my camp-stool.

"Only that, and nothing more," as our mutual friend, Edgar Allan Poe, would put it. Hastily and most ungracefully I scuttled off to the cover of a neighbouring tree, where I finished my sketch in comparative safety. Oh, yes, I finished that!

I was afterwards told by one of the French frontier guards that these little attentions were not uncommon when correspondents or others made notes from French soil; and where they were out of the range of French artillery they did their best to keep the coast clear of those who might be, for all they knew, making notes to be afterwards conveyed through France into the enemy's lines. He, moreover, told me, what turned out to be quite true, that the one way to win over the Carlists was to go straight across to them and explain your peaceable purpose, whereupon they would give you every facility in their power, since they were particularly anxious to appear well in the eyes of the Press, especially that of England. So, taking his advice, the next time I was in the neighbourhood of the outpost of La Puncha, I availed myself of the services of a boatman, a sketch of whose characteristic face is here reproduced.

The special occupation of this old fellow's life was to ply from France to Spain, across that little silver streak, the Bidassoa, which became in my eyes for the nonce, seeing how war to the knife was being waged on its opposite shore, a sort of Styx, as gondolier of which he was a most perfect nineteenth century embodiment of old Charon. Indeed, this was the nickname I gave him till I ascertained his real cognomen.

Hernandez Gimenez, for that was his name, was "a villain of the deepest dye"—not that this was necessary of

explanation. Hernandez could not have been a hypocrite had he tried. Oh, dear no, he was at least superior to this; the only vice of which nature had made him incapable. He looked it. There being policy even in villainy, he was, to all intents and purposes, harmless enough now; for,

"OLD CHARON."

being ferryman to the contrabandistas (of whom more anon) between the two countries, he was not ill-paid, besides which, it was less troublesome, and gave him that rest which, in his declining years, he felt he wanted. The inventive genius of the murderer must ever be on the alert,

for may not crime be looked on, as De Quincy says, "as one of the fine arts," requiring serious study, and happily for poor humanity, a peculiar aptitude—I was almost saying an innate talent. From his earliest youth he had been an adept at it. I inquired carefully after the antecedents of this man, and this is what I gathered from the investigation.

Of course one may presuppose that in his infancy he was a little Tartar. His parents were of a long line of smugglers living somewhere on the coast, and did not take much trouble as to the culture of the higher qualities in their precocious offspring. I was told that at about fourteen he gave up the smuggling fraternity, amongst whom he had been born, and took to the road. Now, to "take to the road" in this favoured island, and travel in boots, woollen goods, or pickles, and to do what is nominally the same thing in the Pyrenees, are, I need hardly say, occupations requiring totally different qualifications. The road which the juvenile Hernandez took was the most direct one to ruin, albeit flavoured here and there with sensational adventure, and on rare occasions with pecuniary gain. At first he was but a brigand's boy; that is to say, he shared none of their dangers, though he enjoyed his quota of porridge, which he cooked for them during their absence on marauding expeditions, and otherwise looked after the hut high up in the wooded hills, where with dried leaves as a common couch, these gentlemen on the road resided.

In my time I have known many murderers of many nationalities. A certain doctor, whose name will be remembered, a polished gentleman, urbane and most winning in manner, was one whom I knew at Bucharest, and one who, doing signal service in connection with the Red Cross, afterwards did to death a youthful relation at a London suburban school, for which he was hung. Again, Constance

Kent, whom I remember as a girl, as having won over my all too susceptible schoolboy heart, and with whose brother I was for some time at school. But to return to Hernandez.

He naturally, in the course of years, developed the ingrained predilections of his youth, and before he was out of his teens, had been promoted to the position of "one of the gang," with whom he was not long in gaining such laurels as won for him rapid promotion. In the profession his special walk had been cold-blooded murder, and though this could never be brought home to him, he was amongst his own fraternity, many of whom were now Carlists, known to have led a life of almost unparalleled crime.

As it was, at the time of which I write, the armies of both sides were too much occupied with killing to concern themselves about him, while the French found it no business of theirs; hence this atrocious criminal ferried backwards and forwards in perfect security, though, if half the stories known concerning him were true, his unenviable notoriety should have ended long since on the gallows. He, nevertheless, stood me in good stead when crossing and re-crossing from one country to the other during the early days of my second campaign.

On the first of these occasions I crossed, as I have said, at La Puncha, where I had recently so narrowly escaped being shot, and where, as had been predicted, I was received with the greatest courtesy.

"You see," said the officer at that post, in excellent French, "I'm in a position to offer you every possible facility. Go where you like, sketch what you like; in guerilla warfare, such as this is, your danger is no greater than ours. What more would you have?"

This was said with a spirit of such charming urbanity, that it served to temper the painful prospect of having

always to carry one's life in one's hand, though I could have wished at the time he had been more reassuring; in deed, my camp-stool experience was not the only one I had on French soil of an equally disagreeable character, for since the width of the Bidassoa varied considerably, I was often, when taking my morning reconnaissance, within speaking distance of Spain, and was on several occasions fired at wantonly by passing Carlists, and once or twice by Government troops.

Once, but only once, supposing I might at least claim the protection of the white flag, I tied my handkerchief to a walking-stick, and fluttered it high in the air. Mistaken, however, as I must have been, for a rabid politician or a dangerous lunatic, it only drew derisive cheers and more bullets, so I pocketed the affront, hauled down my flag, and accepted the kindly cover of the nearest underwood, where I waited, full length, till such time as my neighbours were tired of watching for me to rise like a partridge to their guns.

I made some very curious and interesting friendships at Hendaye, which was then the headquarters of a number of journalists and others, who found from that point they were able to keep up direct communication with Fleet Street, while spending much time with either or both armies in the field. Legaraldi's Hotel was where they most were wont to congregate, and here I repaired when nothing of special interest detained me at the hostelry of old Imatz. Legaraldi, I remember, had two charming daughters, typical Spanish girls, with whom we were all over head and ears in love.

Amongst others with whom I became acquainted was Barrington Kennett (now Sir Barrington Kennett), recently most deservedly knighted for his services through a long series of continental campaigns, as the leading spirit of the Red Cross Society. We have met since in many lands and under many strange circumstances, of which more anon.

My first acquaintance with Meginal (of the *Illustrated News*), too, is worthy of mention in passing. We had eyed each other with peculiarly British curiosity from afar on many occasions on the frontier. Who that fellow was who was everlasting getting tit-bits in the shape of effective incidents, was as much a matter of query on my part as on his. We had not yet met at the common rendezvous, Legaraldi's, and thus we walked round each other, as it were, from day to day without unmasking our batteries.

One evening, however, we found ourselves seated opposite each other at the long wooden table of a village venta. Each having his own sketch-book conveniently at hand, we presently discovered ourselves challenging each other, he doing a caricature of me, while I returned the compliment.

Thus, as fellow war-artists, did we from that moment foregather. Mr. Henry Lane's name, too, I must not omit to record, whose acquaintance, made under strange circumstances to which we are coming presently, has ripened into a life-long friendship, to say nothing of a mysterious individual whom I then knew as Maule, the strange story of whose career will, before long, I hope, interest you.

While at Estella and other places converging towards the common centre, Hendaye, there were yet very many others whom I first met in the north of Spain, foremost amongst whom comes the undaunted O'Donovan, whose experiences will be interwoven in the after-developments of this autobiography.

Memory brings back so vividly to me, as I write, humorous scenes and faces, that my fingers itch to reproduce with my pencil that which my pen may not clearly convey. Indeed, I fear that were I not kept within certain bounds this might be but a confused mass of odd sketches and memoranda.

* * * *

Early, unusually early, one morning I woke with a sudden

start in my little room at "the Imatz" to find myself sitting bolt upright in bed, the victim of, as I supposed, a sort of nightmare; not yet half awake, I was gazing absently around, when, a sound as of not very distant thunder, revealed to me the cause of my sudden awakening—it was the thunder of the guns from the Republican forts.

There was evidently something going on of unusual importance at the front which required that I should be up and doing; so out I leaped, and was not long before I found myself, fully equipped, hurrying through the deserted village street, for the last toper had long since sunk to sleep and the first rustic was not yet afoot.

It was just daylight, a dense white fog enshrouding everything in such a way as to make the nearest object barely distinguishable, one of those fogs which are in mountainous districts generally the forerunners of a desperately hot day. Through this I made the best of my way in the direction from which the now increasing sounds of cannonading came, and was soon out in a long straight country road which skirted the river, being guided alone by the hedgerow of that side nearest to which I walked. Now and again I heard the voices of others, aroused by the noise, who like myself, were converging from different directions to the same point, Behobie, for it was evident from the rattling of small arms which momentarily increased, that it was there the fighting was going on, but one could see absolutely nothing, so opaque was the vapoury cloud which enveloped everything.

On arriving at that part of the town on the French frontier which was divided, as I have said, from the Spanish portion by a parti-coloured bridge, I had to almost feel my way through the streets, till I reached a broad expanse of turf, originally a public garden I think, from which I might, had not the narrow boundary river inter-

IRVING MONTAGU

vened, have been in actual touch with the combatants; as it was, that impenetrable screen of fog completely obscured them.

Though the object of it all was at that moment shrouded in mystery, I afterwards found it to be a feint by which the Carlists distracted the garrisons of Irun and Fuenterrabia while they landed at Punta de Figuera a large supply of small arms, ammunition, and Krupp guns. Fifteen hundred or two thousand of them invested at an early hour the Custom House, which was most pluckily defended and admirably held by only fifty Republican troops.

In the course of years, I have witnessed war under many strange aspects; but this fighting in a dense fog was certainly unique to me then. Imagine a stage on which actors are heard and not seen, a court of law full of empty benches, where, nevertheless, prosecuting and defending counsel attack each other in furious harangue, yet all are invisible; and then, picture for a moment the odd effect of a battle, of sounds rather than of substance, the shrieks of the wounded, the oaths and curses of both sides as they come within shouting distance of each other, the "quack, quack, quack," of the Carlists, whose wildest form of derision is to dub the Republicans ducks, while they in return bark like one vast pack of yelping hounds in retaliation (for the Carlists were to them "dogs"). Picture, I say, the strange unreality of it all, mingled the while with the sharp rattle of musketry and the bursting of those shells which came at intervals from the Republican forts, and which, owing to the difficulty of sighting under such circumstances, fell, in many cases, into the river, and occasionally over on to French soil.

These combined sounds of strife, the terrible din of war, yet no living creature visible, were an experience which I shall not easily forget. They were the prelude to the drama

which was about to commence. The curtain was just going to ring up, for, the first feeble rays of the morning sun having the desired effect, the drop scene of fog was lifting. Gradually—as in a transformation scene when the red fire has cleared away, and demons are discovered at work—those glittering rays illuminated e'er long, all too clearly—the minor details of the grim reality, as if at the touch of a magician's wand. The *raison d'être*, as it were, for the roar and rattle to which we, a group of excited correspondents, had since daylight been auditors, was now made manifest.

It appeared that the Carlists had, like wolves, swept down on the fold in the small hours, and possessing themselves of the straggling outskirts of the little town, were now fighting their way, as best they could, inch by inch up its main street; the Custom House close to the bridge was still held, as was that half of the bridge which was Spanish, by the Republicans, the greater part, indeed, of the place being proof against the advancing hordes of Carlists, who came scuttling down like ants from their mountain fastnesses.

From where I stood I commanded an admirable view of the contending forces of both sides during this little engagement, and think the sketch done at the time, which I now reproduce, will convey some idea of the condition of affairs on that day. With quickly improvised dummy soldiers, like the Guy Fawkes of our youth, and further, with the aid of mops and their own caps, the Carlists, from behind the walls of a brewery, drew the enemy's fire, wasting much Republican powder during the earlier part of the morning, smoking cigarettes the while with delightful nonchalance.

One Carlist, more adventurous than the rest, leaped every now and again from behind the protecting wall, pirouetting

fantastically, then like a harlequin, flitting again under cover before the hail of lead which followed could cut short his

STRATAGEMS OF WAR.

antics for ever. With this strange species of war delirium he continued for four or five hours tantalising the enemy,

till, having ventured out once too often, I saw him drop riddled with a dozen well-directed bullets.

Not having yet broken my fast, and (French) Bel-bœ being in far too great a state of excitement to supply my wants, I pocketed my sketch-book and retired to the outskirts of the town, where, at a small posada, I obtained a flask of Spanish *vin ordinaire*, some black bread, and pe These, for the time being, satisfied my cravings.

I was returning to the scene of action, the smoke of which had settled on that sultry day like a dense cloud over the town, when I suddenly came across, half hidden behind a hedge, and moreover under the kindly cover of a cart, an individual who shall be nameless. Wild horses will not drag from me the identity of my horror-struck brother artist — for artist he was of no mean talent — who, thus far from the actual fighting, was shivering in his shoes, sketching the while those distant clouds of smoke which seemed to show where an engagement was going on. Suffice it to say when—supposing him to be an Englishman in consequence of the pipe he smoked, which I recognised as the latest new thing of the kind in London—I suggested his coming with me closer in to get more details, he at first refused point-blank, till finding I was making sketches for the *Illustrated London News* he felt his *amour propre* at stake, and did so.

Several press men were on the spot when I returned with my nameless knight; but as the day advanced the shelling from the forts increased every moment, and the point we occupied became so exposed that every now and again there was a general cry of "*Fuego! Fuego!*" and we all fell on our faces till, those dreadful missiles having burst, we could venture to hold up our heads again.

This sort of thing was, of course, anything but pleasant, and since it was the nameless one's first experience at the theatre of war, no one is more willing to make allowance

MY OWN GHOST.

for him than I ; yet at the same time I could not fail to note those chameleon-like changes which suffused his face as the roar and rattle increased, and could not help admiring, too, the way in which, striving to overcome himself, he drew ghostly outlines in that sketch-book.

Three mortal hours did we suffer, all of us, from an exposure which we could not escape, till at last the din and confusion, coupled with yells, groans, and oaths, became absolutely diabolical. It was too much for him whose latest novelty in London pipes had long since gone out. Turning, he looked most pathetically in my face.

"Would I believe him, it was absolutely true, he was going to *breakfast with the Mayor*."

The next moment he had bolted. Alas! he had forgotten it was now between 4 and 5 o'clock—a late hour for this eccentric Basque's *déjeûner*. He had held on, terror stricken as he was, since mid-day, when, no longer able to control himself, he had thus decamped. He was for some time the butt of our little community. "Have you breakfasted with the Mayor?" going as a kind of amiable query from lip to lip ; whilst each of us would, I am sure, have been only too glad of the respite which he was probably enjoying behind a distant hedge. I have said he shall be nameless, and, doubtless, my readers will suppose it is because of the fiasco to which I have referred. It is not, however, on this account alone ; but because this same correspondent, shortly afterwards, won exceptional laurels for signal bravery on the battlefield, rescuing, at his own personal peril, a number of wounded on whom the enemy were about to fire, thus clearing off his old Behobie scare then and there, and setting, through a useful life, a marked example for courage.

I am sure he must have enjoyed the joke as much as I

"SAVED!"

did, if he saw, some years since, a highly laudatory and well deserved reference in one of the London papers to his coolness under fire, written evidently by one who had known him in his first campaign, which concluded somewhat as follows: "Mr. ——, amongst one or two other bad habits of his early youth, has given up that of *breakfasting with the Mayor.*"

This little anecdote will, at least, serve to show how the bravest and best natures are sure to bear fruit in the end, and is my excuse for the slight detour I have made from the actual fighting which every hour grew fiercer.

I next took up a position on the (White) French half of the bridge, as from this I commanded a new view of hostilities. Although the fortunes of war had varied considerably since early morning, first one side then the other gaining ground, there was no material alteration of affairs late in the afternoon, the Custom House, the roof of which was crowded with Miguelites, and the Spanish (Red) half of the bridge being an effectual bar to the further advance of the Carlists.

Presently there was a crowding, crushing of the soldiers, first to one side then to the other, and all eyes were directed to where a Republican officer was staggering under the weight of a heavy burden towards French soil, and who passed me as he went. He was carrying a girl of some eighteen or nineteen summers, as beautiful as she was young, from out the thick of the fray; her hands were saturated with blood, which flowed copiously from her wrists, both of which were seriously wounded. What could it all mean? Listen, and I will tell you.

Maraqueta (I never ascertained her other name), the *really* lovely daughter of a local peasant, was devoted to a young fellow who, when the war broke out, joined the ranks of the Carlists. When, on the occasion I have described,

every civilian in that immediate neighbourhood was supposed to have escaped across the little river to France, one at least remained—it was Maraqueta. She secreted herself in a house where, her lover being to the fore, she could watch his prowess. Alas! it was of short-lived duration, the street below was a *cul-de-sac*, for before the day was over he with several others was driven to this very spot where, with the rest, he was shot down before her very eyes. In an agony too deep for expression, still leaning out of the open casement, she threw up her hands and, clasping them in despair, fainted; at that instant a ball pierced both her wrists. Nor were her perils or humiliations yet complete. The house in which she thus lay swooning was shortly afterwards fired, and had it not been for the Republican officer to whom I have referred, her fate would never have been known—better, perhaps, from her point of view if it never had, than to find herself on coming to in the hands of the enemy. She was, however, most carefully tended by the ambulance doctors, and there I left her, to follow up bit by bit the fortunes of the day, though I may have more to say concerning this touching episode in the romance of war later on.

Indeed, this—from a military point of view—small engagement at Behobie was fuller of curious incidents than any which had come under my experience.

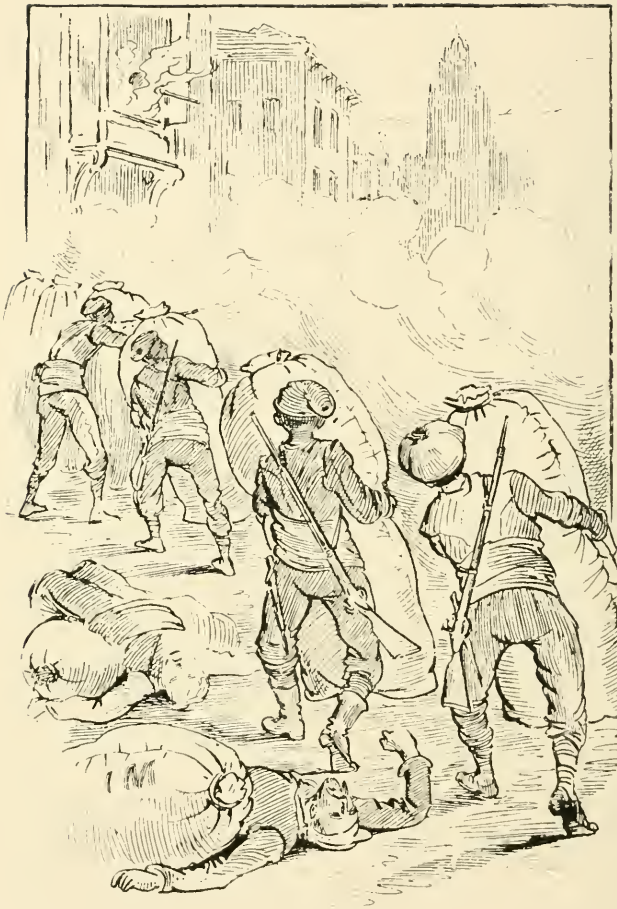
Pending the arrival of the relief which had all day long been expected from Irun, the little garrison held its own with brilliant tenacity; while, on the other hand, the Carlists lost no time. Petroleum was not long in being brought to bear, with the result that most of the positions already occupied by the Carlists were in flames, behind which—notably a large chocolate manufactory which had only just been built—they fought. This building was the result of the life-long savings of a worthy old couple, who, their insurances not

holding good for losses in war, were now beggared, and seated by me on French soil, to which they had been brought over early in the day in a boat, and where they wrung their hands and bewailed the terrible fate of their life's work most pathetically, powerless to save it, as it blazed away as if in wanton mockery before their eyes.

Picturesque to a degree, each particular event seemed on this day to stand out in distinct relief, while the ingenuity of the Carlists was tested to no small extent. Out of a sheet of iron, of huge proportions, placed on improvised rollers, they made a sort of elongated shield, which they perforated in the first place with holes to enable them to see through, and afterwards pushed forward, and used as a sort of moveable barricade across the street, which it completely blocked, till it was taken by assault and fell into the hands of the enemy.

As I have explained, I went from side to side, so as to lose as few good opportunities as possible. My next position I took up with the Republicans, where I witnessed another *ruse de guerre*, which, a happy thought in itself, looked almost pantomimic in execution.

On a previous page I have told how, from behind the wall of a brewery, a posse of Carlists did much to distract the enemy's fire. Well, in that brewery were found a large number of sacks of grain, and, suddenly, there presented itself at the door, what appeared to be an animated sack, possessed of the extraordinary power of locomotion, for the next moment it was toddling across the street, closely followed by another, another, and yet another, in continuous shuffling single file, every one as it went attracting its own particular shower of shot from the enemy. On reaching their point of destination they at first looked more comic than before, for on coming to a standstill each one leant in a faint and exhausted position against the other; this continuing, till at



"BARLEY TO THE FRONT."

length a formidable barricade was erected, and more organised fighting took place behind it.

Again, not far from this was a barn, in which some pigs and men (Carlists) had taken shelter; it was shelled and fired, its position being such that escape, either for those human or porcine refugees, was impossible. They were all literally baked alive in its ruins, the pigs being actually eaten with much relish later on.

Ah! What's that—that attentuated black monster, which, without the aid of field-glasses, one can see leaving the gates of Irun, which is only two miles distant? It's coming along at a rattling pace, and as it draws nearer and nearer its back seems to glisten in the light of the declining sun, while its many legs, as it wriggles down the broad, white, dusty road, are distinctly visible. Listen! in between the booming of the guns from the forts, and the general noise and confusion in Behobie itself, one may hear sounds of shouting; as that which was, but now, like some creeping monster, assumes form, the pace and sounds increase simultaneously, the excitement without and within becoming wilder and wilder still.

Yes; it's the long-expected relief from Irun.

The whole place is frantic with excitement, as such Miguelites and other troops as could be spared, a mere handful of men all told, hurried up at the double to the rescue; when they did arrive, however, they made up for lost time, which it was evident the Carlists, by a concentrated charge up that battered main street, intended to do also. Then there was a terrible tension, which I shall ever remember. Bayonet to bayonet they struggled and fought like tigers, while the musketry in this final rally re-echoed through the surrounding hills a thousand-fold, till, ammunition running short, the butt-ends of rifles were brought into action, and knives flashed, while shells came fast and furious from the

forts, and a barge, on which was placed a big gun, came slowly up the Bidassoa to shell the enemy, who had already begun to beat a hasty retreat towards the mountain fastnesses they had left at early dawn.

It was now evident that the day was ours; but in case the attacking party should return reinforced later, orders were given to fire the place, which, as the scattered forces of El Rey retreated, the Republican relief proceeded to do. Within twenty minutes the little town, from end to end, was one sheet of flame, which, mingling with the glorious sunset, made the waters of the Bidassoa look like molten gold, till the long black evening shadows closed slowly in, and the musketry slackened down to a desultory dropping fire, directed chiefly at scared women and children, who, till now hidden away, had all too soon come upon the scene. At length it ceased altogether, and as the darkness crept on the sky above and the waters below assumed an inky blackness. Then were those ruined homes of Behobie terrible to look upon indeed; then, as the flames in which they were enveloped shot up into impenetrable darkness, as roof or floor tumbled in, lurid reflections lit up everywhere the placid depths of the river below.

All this time, too, the noise of the conflict having completely ceased, a curious uncanny silence prevailed, everyone seeming afraid to hear his own voice. Were they awed or horror-struck, or what? Yet did this self-imposed silence continue, relieved only by the crackling timbers, the occasionally falling *débris*, or the low, crooning, pitiful wail of those who, having lost their all, had nothing left to live for.

* * * * *

If there *is* a "hell upon earth" I should say a gambling-hell on the war-path stands *facile princeps* among competitors for that title. His Satanic Majesty, as represented by the enterprising proprietor of the gaming-tables at

Fuenterrabia, had hit the right nail on the head; gambling having had its day at Baden-Baden, he found in this little frontier town, perhaps, *the one* spot on earth where, with civil war raging all round him, he was most likely to thrive. Current report had it that he paid the Government commanders considerable sums from time to time to allow him to remain, and that the Carlists accepted blackmail to an equal amount for keeping at a respectful distance. Be this as it may, the exquisitely appointed villa and extensive grounds, which, situated on the banks of the Bidassoa, were transformed into the kursaal, offered every possible inducement to the hundreds who, all day long, elbowed each other in its crowded saloons to stake their gold on the board of green cloth.

It was a veritable Homburg in miniature, to the opening of which the local *curé* was, amongst others, specially invited, with a view, probably, to securing that worthy ecclesiastic's special blessing. I do not know if he accepted the invitation. There is no *ruse* of which His Majesty is incapable. When I was there it had already been for some little time established, and was thriving. The close proximity of the Carlists, who could with (and even without) glasses be distinctly seen from the terrace, giving a sort of zest to the whole thing, which was quite appreciated by the visitors.

There were two ways of getting across the Bidassoa to the tables; a drive of three-quarters of an hour across the Behobie bridge and past Irun brought you to this refined pandemonium; but the risk of Carlist bullets by this route had to be taken into consideration, for not only did visitors to Mons. Dupressoir's establishment generally go there with well-lined pockets, but the tunic of the Carlist occasionally covered the heart of the brigand.

I think, by the way, they might have returned to France

this way with much greater safety, their pockets at the close of the day not being, as a rule, overburdened. By far the quickest way of going to the devil, however, was by one of the boats which plied between Hendaye and Fuenterrabia. The boatmen, about twenty in number, were all in the employ of Mons. Dupressoir, and were dressed in fantastic striped jackets and red boinas (very becoming muffin-shaped caps), to which costumes, being picked men, they did full justice.

The gardens were most charmingly laid out; summer-houses were perched at points where the best views of the lovely surrounding scenery could be obtained. Kiosques were conveniently situated here and there, where scent, gloves, cigars, or society papers might be purchased as a solatium for either sex, and flowers in every variety of shade and colour made the air redolent with perfume. In mossy corners, too, ferns played their part with miniature cascades and glittering fountains to lure one on till one came to the flight of stone steps which led into the *château* itself.

The quiet composure of the thing struck one at once on entering. You could lunch off the daintiest dishes if you wished; you could while away an hour or two in the spacious reading-room if you preferred it; you were, for the time being as it were, a member of a fashionable club, and no pressure of any kind was at any time put on you, yet still on you went till you found yourself in the great room, like a vessel in a whirlpool approaching the vortex, where croupiers were hard at it, paying out and raking in—*especially raking in*—and where thousands were lost and won, while that exquisitely enamelled time-piece at the end of the room ticked slowly, surely on, pointing with unerring finger to those seconds which meant so much to the gamester in this world, and—who knows?—the next. Of course there were the usual bevy of beauties, some attracted by greed of gain,

some adding to this a dash of matrimonial speculation, while others were retained by the establishment to force—to use a sporting term—the running. The old dowager with the gold *pince-nez*, was, of course, there with her attractive daughters, all of whom gambled and ogled to their heart's content, till it was difficult to say if they were worshippers at the shrine of Mammon or Hymen: such people are cute to a degree, sifting the true metal from the dross, as far as humanity is concerned, at a glance.

I will undertake to say that these adepts will not be ten minutes at the tables before they have thoroughly sifted the well-got-up adventurers with nothing to lose from the *passé* noblemen with yet something considerable, including a heart, to part with.

How stately, calm, and quiet they all are too. This worship of filthy lucre seems to have quite a softening influence. One might almost be in church—indeed, those worshippers are far more devout. Listen! the band on the terrace has just struck up an exquisite melody, the dice-box rattles, the finger of fate revolves on the roulette table, in short *faites le jeu—le jeu est fait*—make hay, by *all* means, while the sun shines, and the birds sing, and the flowers bloom, and all around looks bright and beautiful, or, should you lose—ah! "there's the rub" (and the worst of it is there's just some slight probability that you may!); well—if so, what then? If your last penny *has* gone to line the coffers of Mons. Dupressoir, you have done it of your own free will and accord, he has only held out the inducement after all, given you a helping hand over the stepping-stones of vice into the slough of despond beyond. He is kindness itself is Mons. Dupressoir; your journey back to wherever you may have come from, and a few napoleons to the good, are always at your service if you have been a good customer. When once your utter impecuniosity is established—it's an under-

stood thing, in fact—you can *always* make terms with the "——" proprietor; he will always stand by those who have associated themselves with him; a genial, kindly fellow, apparently ready to meet all your requirements, even to the bitter end. He is, indeed, the most charming of gay deceivers; and to carry the simile further, I may say the presiding genius of an "Inferno" is, as a rule, a *devilish* nice fellow to boot, who pats himself on the back with the reflection that if the spendthrift *will* scatter his coin broadcast it may as well find its way into his purse as be lost at the Grand Prix, the Derby, or on the Stock Exchange, and that if he falls by his own hand he may just as well, "life's fitful fever" over, be found with a revolver by his side in a flowery *parterre*, as strung up behind a drawing-room door in a fashionable London square.

## CHAPTER II.

THERE is nothing so conducive to early rising as sleeping in a Spanish hotel; indeed, court the drowsy god as you may, it is not by any means easy, if you be fresh from colder climes, to sleep at all, since you at once become the property of two midnight revellers, who assist, from the moment you lay your head on the pillow, at an orgy peculiarly their own: an agile imp, who titillates as he treads, intoxicating himself with deep draughts of human blood by the way, and a gauzy sylphid, cruel without any ultimate intention of being kind, an insinuating coquette, who "loves and rides away" out into the still air of the summer night—in short, were it not for the festive flea and the mischievous mosquito, sleep at night would be possible, and life during the day endurable.

I had not slept a wink; desultory shots now and again, as the outposts exchanged compliments in the mountains or round about the burning ruins of devoted little Behobie (the light of which, though some distance off, lit up the room in which I was), had each been distinctly marked through long hours of wakefulness, and it was only after a substantial breakfast and several cups of strong coffee that I recovered my normal condition and was equal to taking up the thread of the previous day's experiences, and again starting for Behobie.

I have always held that the setting of war is as effective

in its way as the picture itself; hence it was that crossing that parti-coloured frontier bridge I entered Spanish Behobie with no small expectations.

The Republicans were in entire possession now, no vestige of a Carlist boina was anywhere to be seen. I wandered at will amongst the burning buildings, and was much struck by the pervading quiet. There was a sort of expression of "Terrible, isn't it?" on every face, a gloom begotten of the surrounding desolation; and I was not sorry to meet in the main street a young Englishman named Lane, whom I have already mentioned as having met at "Legaraldi's."

Lane was one of those roving Britishers having money to spare, and a strong relish for adventure to boot, who exemplify the continental expression, that "Wherever there's a row you will always find an Englishman."

War has, apart from anything else, marvellous attractions, merely as a series of tableaux; and if to see these some slight acquaintance with danger is necessary, it comes like seasoning, and adds to the relish.

Lane, some time prior to my arrival, had found himself at Hendaye, and at the tables of Mons. Dupressoir, which offered temptations to a well-lined purse, and had at Fuenterrabia, while waiting for something worth seeing to turn up, been alternately winning a little and losing a good deal at the board of green cloth.

To-day he was in a sombre mood, which the miseries round him considerably augmented.

Here and there were poor waifs and strays who had ventured back to look—for the last time—on the fast-falling rafters of what but twenty-four hours ago had been comfortable homes.

While wandering along together we entered several which had commanded the Carlist points of attack, and where it

was noticeable that, while a sharp fusillade had been kept up, the defenders of Behobie had not forgotten creature comforts; the floors in each case being literally carpeted white with cigarette ends.

We then visited the barn where pigs and Carlists had alike been done to a turn on the previous day, and so on to the Custom House, where we met the correspondent of the *Macon Gazette*, who told us a harrowing tale of how, the day before, a gun, having been placed in an unexpected position, was discharged in such a way and at such a moment that he, quite unaware of its existence, was thus nearly blown to atoms by the artillerymen of his own side, the draught of the explosion hurling him some distance, and damaging him considerably; he concluded by saying, with much emphasis, that he should be very careful in future *not* to seek "the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth."

Continuing our tour of inspection, we next found ourselves on the outskirts of the town, and whilst climbing over the *débris* of the chocolate manufactory—with the ruined proprietors of which we had the previous day become acquainted in French Behobie—we stopped and picked up several little souvenirs in the shape of chocolate tins, &c., ere we continued our rambles out into the long dusty road towards Interlaza.

We had not the slightest sense of danger now, so we strolled along at ease, having witnessed with our own eyes the helter-skelter of the retreating Carlists as they made for higher latitudes on the previous day, and being thus reassured as to our safety, it is not to be wondered at that we took more interest than we usually did in our shattered surroundings.

On we sauntered for perhaps five hundred yards, when we came upon a cluster of houses on a slight elevation, which, unlike the rest we had passed, were quite intact.

"WE REALISED OUR DANGER AND TOOK TO OUR HEELS."

Lane called my attention to the fact as suspicious, suggesting that "where demolition left off perhaps Carlism commenced," nor was the hypothesis long wanting in proof, for the houses of which I speak, and which had verandahs round three sides, were the next instant crowded with excited Carlists thick as bees, who, with yells and execrations which revive as I write, opened a rattling fusillade upon us, their curses and rifles re-echoing through the surrounding hills. One moment's loss of presence of mind would have been fatal.

To say that we were scared is not to convey any idea of the tension of that second in which we realised our danger and took to our heels. Unarmed as we were, we should have been made into mince-meat had we been caught, so our only chance was to clear the first hedge and make for the town, and as we each vaulted over it, standing out distinctly against the sky-line as we did so, we became still better material for the Carlists' bullets. I was particularly unfortunate in that manœuvre, for, failing to jump sufficiently high, I fell into the middle of a bush; the next instant, however, I was panting by my companion's side untouched, providentially, by the fire I had thus drawn.

Now for perhaps fifty yards this same scrubby hedge hid us from view, while beyond it we had that broad, white, dusty road as our exposed and only means of getting ultimately under cover of the white-walled houses of Behobie, which, in our imprudence, we had left so far behind us; nor were the Carlists in the meantime idle, they were already in platoon across the road, and when we emerged from that cover were ready to send two or three volleys after us, which they did, happily without even touching us. Run? I should think we did run! Though as a mere chase, they were out of it completely, and, of course, lost ground every time they fired; they, nevertheless, kept

up a rattling accompaniment to our irregular but rapid retreat, till they were, at length, in turn attacked by the soldiers of our little garrison, who opened fire upon them from the top of the Custom House and the adjacent buildings. Nothing daunted, however, on they came, till within measurable distance of the town, each seeming apparently determined to have the last shot.

Now happened a little episode which it seems fitting, with all possible modesty, to refer to.

I was first under cover, and Lane was yet under fire. When I reached the shelter of a thick wall, he by some spasmodic action for which, to this day, he has never been able to account, threw up his arms, shouted lustily, and stumbled; naturally supposing he was hit, I, quite mechanically, rushed out to drag him in. This, however, as he was untouched, was unnecessary. The next instant we were safe, the Carlists having recoiled, one or two, I think, being wounded by the rifles of our side.

Now it is a curious fact, but Lane had no more memory of having cried out, as I supposed for help, than I had of having rushed to the rescue; I had done nothing really with a consciousness of its being right; it was merely a spasmodic action, to which I refer only to show how in great emergencies, it may sometimes be something of this sort which actuates those who pose heroically in the eyes of the world. Had we not been watched by others, I do not believe to this day we should have known anything of the circumstance.

One curious thing connected with our attempted assassination was that both our left arms were, we found, useless, paralysed to a slight extent, from the tension of that marvellous escape, and the ambulance doctors told us that a little more excitement, or a little less nerve, would probably have been fatal.

When we had crossed into French Behobie we were surrounded by a large crowd of people who had been watching the chase with excited interest; and never, perhaps, in our lives, when once seated, have we enjoyed, before or since, so thoroughly the five minutes for refreshment we then availed ourselves of.

Near us—indeed at the same table—was one whose peculiar expression of countenance I recall distinctly. He was a man with a grievance. Handsome, sallow complexioned, severe. His face had an impenetrable expression, which puzzled me not a little. I was not long in discovering that he was an Englishman.

"You've had a marvellous escape. I congratulate you. I wish I had met you earlier in the day."

"Why?" I replied, inquiringly.

"Well, the chances are that I might have been with you on that occasion, and one out of the three might have been killed; it's an opportunity I should not have missed had I known it."

"But, surely," broke in Lane, who was now getting equally interested in our strange companion, "surely you don't pretend to say for one single moment——"

"Just so—I do. I repeat, I particularly wish I had been that fortunate personage. After all, I don't stand alone. We have, most of us, a hobby of one sort or another—yours is, probably, to deserve well of the Press, and win a reputation as a special correspondent."

"Exactly so. And yours is?"

"Death!" And with this laconic reply, he raised his hat courteously and walked away.

It is only natural to suppose that those who would fire on non-combatants, as they had just been potting at us, might extend their attentions far and wide; but on again sallying forth, I was not a little disgusted to see both Carlist

and Republicans for some miles along the banks of the Bidassoa picking off women and children, when they were caught rushing from one farm or cottage to another, with the greatest nonchalance.

Indeed, many of their victims were engaged in succouring the wounded, who, having crawled away during yesterday's battle, were still suffering agonies up the hills. Most of these wore the red cross on their arms, but even this failed to avail them in presence of the inhuman soldiery of both sides.

The Carlists would tell you, with the utmost gravity, that the atrocities were all to be attributed to the Republicans, and would cross themselves, in pious horror, when such misdeeds were hinted at.

I need hardly say that the Republicans were equally strong in their protestations of innocence.

When, however, so great a general as Concha, who fell near Estella in June, 1874, issued such a proclamation as the one I quote, it is not to be wondered at that the rank and file of both sides should be unscrupulous.

"I mean to wage a war of extermination on Navarre; I intend to sweep from the country the bands of Royalists, and destroy the towns in which they have found shelter. All I promise I will perform ruthlessly, and Navarre, in generations to come, shall remember my name."

This seemed to take the edge off murder, and sanction crime to such an extent that, when the Carlist slaughter-cry went forth—"*Al toque de cuello*"—it was hardly more to be surprised at than the innumerable atrocities which were committed by the soldiers of the Republic. Hence, when the Carlists entered Cuenca, they played fearful havoc in their mad fury with the peaceful inhabitants as well as the enemy.

One, Don Enrique Escoba, for instance, was hacked to

pieces while in bed, then thrown out to the mob, who kicked what remaining life there was out of him; while his frantic mother, who witnessed his murder, was hurled out into the roadway, where she was afterwards found in a terrible, with a broken arm.

At Lodosa, again, six wounded Carlists were thrown into one of the great heaps of flaming *débris* and burnt alive, a similar condition of affairs to that of Behobie.

At Zabals, the little church into which the wounded were carried for sanctuary or for the last rites, became so full that dead and dying were piled up at the entry in such a way that it was necessary to almost clamber over them to effect an entrance; and in doing so you came across groups of little children, who were now so accustomed to the terrible that they searched all day long in a playful way round about these ghastly heaps for such stray copper cartridge-cases as they could find, without appearing at all scared by their horrible surroundings. The wanton cruelty that was going on all day in their midst seemed to have deadened the people's sense of fear, and caused them to be either morbidly curious, utterly callous, or completely brutalised.

Santa Cruz, too, that murderous mixture of priest, general, and bandit, who, cross in hand, harassed the North of Spain at that time with his marauding band, did much to keep the fire of devilry ablaze.

I remember one instance only of his many atrocities—that of marching a number of prisoners (carabineros) to, as he professed, quarters for the night; when, at a convenient spot, he called a halt, turned the escort into a firing party, and murdered them all in cold blood, giving himself, with a jocularity for which he was remarkable, the word of command.

I recall, too, the occasion on which he put in an appearance at the English mines at Interlaza, requisitioning all the

horses and mules on the estate ; but he had Britishers to deal with in this case, who had, moreover, received information of his coming ; in consequence of which all the animals they used in connection with the estate, except an old donkey, had been taken four or five miles out of his line of march. Santa Cruz was furious, and threatened in the most demonstrative language all sorts of things he was far from daring to perform ; but he *would* have that donkey, and, what's more, he would ride it himself. Oh ! yes, he was determined he would do that.

Now, there are donkeys and donkeys ; there is the docile costermonger's moke, and the festive, go-as-you-please example, which seems to have been born for the special accommodation of the 'Arrys and 'Arriets of cheap watering-places when out for a holiday. But the donkey of which I speak was of a totally different order. He was of that kind which, as far as possible, devotes its life to the irritation and vexation of the animal man. It was a donkey with a blood-shot eye and a perverse tail, like that of an angry lion ; its ears, too, most erratic, expressed all sorts of terrible intentions ; it was a creature always engaged in kicking up behind when not otherwise occupied in rearing high in air ; then it would roll over, would that Interlaza donkey, and springing to its feet again, spasmodically would describe circles, and bray in such a way that one speculated as to whether it was "possessed" or not. It had long been given up as untameable at the mines, when, with vulgar insolence, it was requisitioned by Santa Cruz.

Everyone came out to see him mount the beast, which he did with the air of one who said to himself, "I'll have that donkey, if I can get nothing else." A moment had not elapsed before he was repenting his bargain, on the ground, having gone head over heels over the brute's head. In a towering passion he again mounted, this time to slide over

its haunches on to the stony roadway—not altogether a graceful way of dismounting. Then circles were energetically described, and problems curiously executed, which would have brought down the house, had it been at a circus in a country town, as surely as it now, for the third or fourth time, brought down Santa Cruz, who, finally cursing the donkey, gave anything but a benediction to those amused miners, and went his way—"a sadder, a sorer, and a wiser man."

The North of Spain, turn which way you would, was bristling at this time with incident of the most varied kind.

I was amused one morning by the explanation of a Republican gunner on board a little gun-boat which used to sneak up the Bidassoa, of the reason why (quite *entre nous*), after many weeks' pounding away at St. Marcial, to which that Carlist fort replied with vigour, nothing of a serious nature ever happened on either side. Hesitating a moment, he presently went on to assure me, in a stage whisper: "That, as they were all brothers, rather than politicians, and were not quite clear as to what condition of affairs might, patriotically speaking, be best for the country, there was a mutual understanding that the shells should, in each case, either fall short of the mark or considerably exceed it.

By the way, talking of St. Marcial brings me to Don Carlos, who, more than once, visited that stronghold during the war, accompanied by his friend Colonel Burnaby, and which led to a supposition on the part of the Republicans, that whenever, through field glasses, they saw officers on broader proportions than usual on the ramparts, His Majesty and his friend were *en évidence*.

There was a strange superstition, too, about this fort, thoroughly believed in by the soldiery of both sides, and also by the Basque inhabitants generally, though opinions were slightly divergent. Some supposed it was the Saint of

that name, and more that it was the Blessed Virgin herself who appeared o' nights over the little stronghold, which, while these periodical visits took place, was impregnable; a belief to which colour may have been given by the shortcomings of that gun-boat to which I have just referred.

I have often had my attention called to the apparition, and much mortification has been expressed at my having been unable to discern anything supernatural.

On returning late one evening from yet another vain endeavour to see the saint, I met two very fascinating Spanish girls in a quiet quarter of Irun; one of whom, being a blonde (a rare exception, of course, in sunny Spain), was enveloped, as is the custom, in a white mantilla, which naturally served to lend an additional charm to her many other attractions.

It being customary on meeting "a white mantilla" to extend to her somewhat similar homage to that paid to Royalty, I raised my boina, and stepped on one side to allow the couple to pass, when, in doing so, I saw to my horror, by the light of the moon, that they were followed closely by a horribly grim, grotesque reptile, half lizard half frog, which, with a series of spasmodic bounds, was making direct for their heels. Oh! the horrid beast, the indescribable monstrosity! To rush forward and trample on the uncanny thing was the work of a moment.

I was dumbfounded; my exploit of heroism, far from inducing the unbounded gratitude I expected, was immediately followed by roars of laughter, the merry ring of which reverberated on the still night air. "Unconscionable fool" does not express the littleness I felt as I was subjected to the ridicule of those wily damsels; and if man is capable of that particularly becoming peculiarity, I certainly must have blushed beetroot. I had trodden on *El drap*—a piece of cloth cut into the semblance of some monstrous

lizard, and which, attached by a thread to the skirts of one of the maidens, could be made by certain dexterous movements and hitches to appear to leap after them as they hurried along. It was the Basque equivalent for those old English jokes practised on the 1st of April.

BLACK MANTILLAS AND WHITE.

It was a little strange at a time when Irun was besieged on two sides by the Carlists, to find how marvellously frivolous the people sometimes were, even when in the very

midst of danger. A sharp engagement with St. Marcial and the field batteries, which were also sometimes brought to bear on that easily assailable position, did not seem to make the majority one whit less happy-go-lucky.

Many of the shops were still open, and it was quite possible to purchase, and quietly munch, fruit or cakes, or discuss your flagon of Rancia round a sheltered corner, while the *plaza* was alive with all the tumult and bloodshed of civil war, to the strangely impressive accompaniment, too, of the deep-toned organ in the cathedral, and the monotonous jingle of its bells as they reminded all of the sanctuary which that old edifice could alone afford.

A curious picture this of Church and State. Why I have seen the great square tower crammed with Republicans picking off Carlist scouts, while now and again a shell from St. Marcial would come crashing down into the Market-place, spreading death and dismay around; then, just when confusion was at its zenith, would those melodious strains again float out upon the smoke-laden air, broken by the clanging of the great bells up aloft, whose iron tongues seemed to have caught the war-fever raging round them, so dry and harsh they sounded.

Helter-skelter, groaning, screaming, right and left, women, children, non-combatants of all kinds now would rush for safety.

See! barricades are being hastily put together against possible contingencies. When—hark!—in the midst of all this indescribable confusion and tumult would be heard the gradually increasing, soft and soothing strains of chanted litanies. Then, by slow degrees, the fumes of incense would mingle with those of gunpowder, as, with crucifix elevated on high, a procession of holy fathers would from time to time enter the sacred edifice, followed by bearers of the dead and dying, that their passage to brighter and happier

spheres might be softened by the ministrations of the church.

I followed, on one occasion, one of these processions, crowding in with the rest who sought sanctuary within those sheltering, albeit battered, walls. Sand bags and other materials of war were piled up in convenient corners for barricades if need be, either within the church or in surrounding streets. Wounded men, and in some cases women too, were lying about here and there, while up at the high altar the officiating priests awaited the sad procession which approached them, while the crowd of people, chiefly old men, women, and children, who had fled to Mother Church for protection, knelt huddled together in fervent prayer.

There was a curious irony about the whole thing, too. Women, whose black, dishevelled hair mingled with the mantilla with which they wrapped themselves about, were flirting their fans with an air and coquetry begotten of custom. *Vanitas vanitatum* you would naturally have said had you not seen the tiniest little ones with baby mantillas and fans doing precisely the same thing.

The cadaverous face of a dead officer may be seen half hidden by the great Spanish cloak covering his body, which rests on that improvised bier at the altar rails; the fumes of the incense again rise up till they are lost in the vaulted roof above. The *Miserere* blends its touching plaint with the rattle of musketry, which is now redoubled on the roof, the bursting of shells, and the roar of cannon; and yet, all this time—so strangely incongruous is war—there are philosophic souls who are eating apples and pears or munching gingerbread at street corners, or haggling over the price of a bottle of Rancia in the courtyard of a wine-shop, where they are temporarily sheltered from the enemy's fire.

There, behind that portico, were a couple of old people, man and wife, who remembered how, in 1813, Marshal Soult was to the fore in that very neighbourhood; and within a stone's throw of them I came across two little ones, whose earliest memories will have been, as heirs, associated with war. Surely history repeats itself. See, the boy has

"THE INBORN SPIRIT OF ROMANCE."

found a stringless guitar on which he thumps with childish energy a serenade to his inamorata, which she appears thoroughly to appreciate; yet there can be little real sentiment here, it is the inborn spirit of romance, which in these rushing, train-catching days, fails to reach the denizens of

great cities. A pen and ink sketch of this little couple I produce as an illustration of how nonchalance is begotten of ignorance ; these juvenile lovers realising only that while the grown-up people are occupied fighting they may steal a quiet half-hour round the corner.

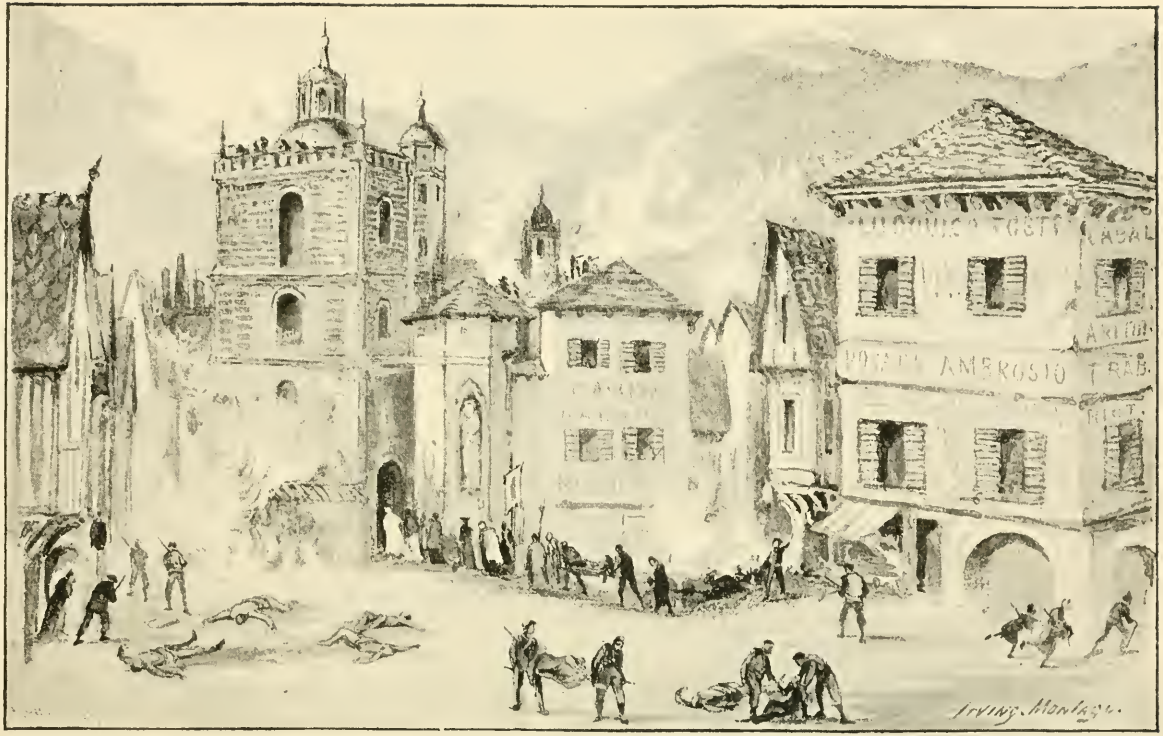
It is astonishing how some people's reputations go before them and remain behind them, till their names become household words.

Amongst the little coterie of Englishmen in the north of Spain, topics touching the Red Cross, for instance, were seldom referred to except in association, one way or another, with the indefatigable Barrington Kennett, while O'Donovan and O'Shea represented the British Press, as amongst the pluckiest and most incisive chroniclers to the fore ; as to O'Donovan, he seemed to lead a charmed life, the most trivial incidents in which, if duly developed, would have made the fortunes of a whole army of romance writers.

The necessity he had (suffering from insomnia) to take occasional doses of laudanum, which he always carried, gave rise to a suspicion that his special mission was to murder Don Carlos ; and this led to his incarceration for many months in a filthy prison at Estella, where the vermin were so loathsome and abundant that he was covered with sores ; he at length, however, was liberated through the instrumentality of Furley, of the Ambulance Corps.

I remember one good story of his impartiality. Having, prior to a skirmish secured several flagons of native wine, he was described by Carlists and Republicans alike as dividing his favours, plying each side respectively with the ruby till he had exhausted his store and his energy by scrambling from side to side, in the very thick of the fray, untouched.

The expression "untouched" reminds me that [illegible]




THE MARKET-PLACE OF IRUN.

afternoon, about this time, I again met in Irun that curiously laconic individual, who, it will be remembered, appeared so overcome by regret that he had not been with Lane and myself on the occasion of our narrow escape the day after the affair at Behobie. When I came across him this time, he was strolling in an objectless sort of way out beyond the gates. Having got into conversation, we strolled on for some considerable distance, much farther indeed than, as a matter of prudence, we should have gone.

Making a slight *détour* in the main road we came unexpectedly across a bivouac of Carlists, who, only at a short distance, were lighting their camp fires. Now from where they were we must have stood out in bold relief against the sky-line. Having noticed this, I suggested we were placing ourselves in unnecessary danger, and he agreed with me it would be wiser to return.

"Curious, isn't it, we attracted no notice?"

I ventured to suggest it was a matter of congratulation we had not.

"Ah!" said he of the sepulchral voice and laconic tongue, "for you—yes; for me—no. I'm going back again. I prefer being alone;" and with this he turned on his heel.

That I thought him a little eccentric need hardly be explained, and his preference for solitude was not my only reason for taking the wiser course and returning to Irun, where, about an hour later, I again met him.

"Very curious," were his first words. "Do I look like a Carlist or what? I went quite close, and not a shot was fired. Game wasn't worth the candle possibly. Good-night," and off he strolled in the direction of the ferry for Hendaye. I venture to think that, later on, the story of this mysterious traveller, and how I heard it, may not be devoid of interest—*mais nous verrons*.

Since the riddled remains of Marshal Concha in his gilded copper coffin had been laid to rest in the church of Atocha at Madrid, Carlism had received a new impetus. The Don rode through towns and villages, saluting his people and showering money in every direction, with the air of the bountiful monarch he was looked upon as being. Splendid, too, were the effective surroundings of El Rey Carlos VII. as he made these military parades, knowing full well that the simple country folk were easily won over by glitter, and that his commanding presence, the well-caparisoned horse he rode, the brilliant uniforms of himself and staff, to say nothing of the escort of Royal Guards who followed him, did much, with the open-handed liberality which accompanied it, to swell the Carlist ranks, which the reputation for unselfish sympathy and unbounded charity which the Dona Margarita possessed also did much to foster.

* * * *

One night when at Fuenterrabia I was curiously impressed.

The nineteenth century Curfew, in the shape of "lights out," had long since sounded, and twilight was fast fading, causing surrounding objects to look mysterious in the deepening shadows; the air was curiously still, even the night birds seeming hushed.

I remember I was walking in somewhat gloomy meditation by the river's brink, when, suddenly, I was aroused by a quiet ghostly "slush"; I halted, and strained my eyes through the mists of night to a few yards in front of me, where I perceived a weird, funereal-looking boat being launched through the water-weeds, the boatmen hardly raising a ripple as they pulled into mid-stream.

In the lemon twilight the one passenger in that long fantastic craft was visible in bold relief; he stood wrapped

in a huge cloak, and looked, as he rested on a substantial oaken box, for all the world like a latter-day Lucifer crossing the waters of the Inferno. The helm was evidently in the hands of one who knew the shallows of the river to a nicety. It was a case of Devil pull Devil; that mysterious passenger was armed to the teeth lest complications should arise which required adjusting, and those boatmen knew that his destination was Hendaye.

My attention seemed drawn, as if by some strange fascination, in his direction.

"It must be the very——" The ejaculation had half escaped me, so grim and weird did it all appear; but I was wrong, it was not; it was Monsieur Dupressoir's sombre gondola which noiselessly skimmed the waters, and it was he who, with the *bank*, was returning, somewhat later than usual, from business. Oh! what folly, misery, and madness, did those profits represent.

* * * *

"Monsieur will oblige me by allowing me to see his papers. I speak with the authority of the French Republic."

It was an old fellow who thus interrogated me one day while I was making a few pencil notes on the banks of the Bidassoa (on the French side), near Behobie; he was of the past *régime*, a gendarme of the old school, with a complexion like pie-crust, and hair as white as snow; a queer old character, still as proud of the uniform he wore as on the day he first donned it. He was, I believe, the one resident gendarme of Behobie, whose tottering presence precluded the possibility of his inspiring even gamins with awe, while the sweets he generally carried in his capacious pockets won their hearts. But he had a soul far above humbug, had old Jules the gendarme, and it was with the air of a military martinet that he conned each particular page of

my sketch-book, finishing with an exclamation of horror, as he came across one on which was a sketch of the Spanish Custom House opposite.

"*Mon Dieu! La douâne.*"

He seemed rooted to the spot, as he traced each line of that, to him, damning evidence.

What could I be short of a spy? The absurdity of my being on French soil sketching a Spanish Custom House never presenting itself as placing me beyond his functions as the gendarme of (French) Behobie.

"Monsieur has been caught red-handed and must consider himself a prisoner of the great French Republic, which I, Jules, have the honour of representing."

I was so much amused by the grandiloquent address of my old captor, that, having some hours to spare, I willingly submitted to becoming his prisoner, or, as he more pointedly put it as he toddled by my side towards the Gendarmerie, "his prisoner of war." The gunpowder which was being consumed across the frontier seemed to have got into his head, his old blood warming up again, now that war to the knife was going on within a stone's throw; in short, feeling he must do something, he confiscated my sketches and took me, from his point of view, prisoner.

It did me good to see the pride with which the old fellow saluted his friends as we passed them on the road, and the open-eyed wonder which they expressed at his having a real live prisoner all to himself.

On arriving at the Gendarmerie, he stepped on one side, with true French *politesse*, to allow me to pass in front. "Turn to the left, please, Monsieur, and then to the right." I did so; a large oaken door barred further progress.

"Voilà, Monsieur. This is the prison of the Gendarmerie of the French Republic, whom I have the honour to serve and in the name of which, as an '*espion*,' I arrest you."

He was almost exhausted by his own volubility as he fumbled about amongst the sweetmeats, bits of string, and cigarette-papers in those capacious pockets for the key of my prison-house. Suddenly, an abject look of horror came over his face, as he exclaimed:

"*Mon Dieu! où est la clef?*"

His face spoke volumes. The one event of an otherwise eventless life to be spoilt for lack of a paltry key; it was, no doubt, so long since it had been required, that it had been temporarily mislaid, and would only be found when the bird had flown: but he was a man of resources, was our friend the gendarme, and a wrinkled smile again lit up his vexed, leathery looking visage, as he said, "*Parole d'honneur!*" Of course I could not get out of that, it would be more reliable than the rusty key which he hoped to find; and so having obtained my promise that I would not run away *ad interim*, he told me he would go and find Fanchette, his wife, who would, no doubt, be able to throw some light on the matter, and so there I stood, in sole possession of the Gendarmerie while he went out into a back-yard in quest of Fanchette, whom he presently found.

The subject was too tempting, and I could not help making the artistic shorthand note at the time which now furnishes the accompanying illustration.

"Où est la clef, Fanchette—où est la clef? Voila mon prisonnier. Où est la clef?"

To make a long story short, the key was not to be found, so the next best thing was to adjourn to the kitchen of that Gendarmerie, where Madame, never dreaming of the arrival of a prisoner, had already laid out their frugal repast; they begged I would join them, to show there was no real animosity between us, and as I was by that time getting hungry I readily consented. His little grand daughter was of the party. When the meal was over his first anxiety was

"OÙ EST LA CLEF, FANCHETTE?"

to send her to a certain drawer for a paper parcel, of which he told her to take the greatest care.

That he was in a state of great excitement was quite evident. It had been wrapped up thus to avoid the possibility of damp, and he carefully unfolded it: next came a covering of chamois leather, and then—a revolver—a regulation revolver of the great French Republic, which, he again informed me, he had the honour of representing. He was almost as proud as he was afraid of it, that is to say, in the sense that it might go off accidentally, or that the moisture of the outer world might impair its marvellous construction.

"You see, Monsieur, the authority I hold: but I am sure in your case recourse to its exercise will be unnecessary. I have, you see, power to enforce the law if need be;" and with this he put the weapon he was so proud of carefully back in the drawer again, comforted by the idea that I had been awestruck by the sight.

I was beginning to think how I best could make arrangements with a view to leaving without wounding too deeply the *amour propre* of the old gendarme, when a police sergeant on his rounds, who rated Jules soundly on the absurdity of his conduct, put in an appearance.

"Monsieur is an Englishman on French soil, and it is not your concern what he does, unless he violates *our* laws."

I made matters as light as I could for the poor old fellow, and we separated with much cordial hand-shaking after all; there was a tinge of real sorrow, however, as far as the representative of the great French Republic was concerned, who seemed quite sorry to part with his first, and probably his last, prisoner of war.

## CHAPTER III.

Tum te tum tum—tum tum!

THE strains came from a posada in Fuenterrabia, down the quaint, old, be-gabled, narrow, dirty, but marvellously picturesque main street of which I was strolling, now barricaded at every outlet against Carlist assault. "Tum te tum tum —tum tum!"

There leaning lazily against a sunny wall, with a glass of aguardiente on a small table by his side, stood a handsome, devil-may-care Spaniard, with an eye full of that bright intelligence which told of the good stock of which he had originally come, and of which he was now one of the representative black sheep; not that it must be supposed from this that he was altogether bad by any means—indeed, he was rather a saint than a sinner, as compared with the rest of Fuenterrabian society at that time; in short, he was the perfection of an idle, harmless, happy-go-lucky, philosophic rolling stone; a greater enemy to himself than to anyone else, the aims and ends of whose life seemed summed up in that "Tum te tum tum—tum tum!" which from time to time came, now softly, now loudly, but always tripplingly, from his well-worn guitar.

I was glad, as my knowledge of Spanish was very limited, to discover that he spoke French, for there was a peculiar vibration about those strains which fascinated me not a

little; and thus it was that we were very soon chatting pleasantly together.

"Yes; war," said this philosophic soul, touching on the topic of the moment, "is a terrible necessity; a game at which kings play as at nine-pins, winning or losing regardless of cost, drowning their defeats and toasting their victories alike in the brimming bowl: murder reduced to a system—a prevailing epidemic, which, since time was, has spread terror far and wide; a Circe, whose kiss is venom."

"One at whose shrine you have never worshipped."

"And never shall," he replied. "Pending my departure to the land of sunbeams, I find life all too short for strife; since I do nothing, I expect nothing, accepting all conditions with equal philosophy, and when interest in my surroundings flags, why, I light my cigarette, and take a sedative in the shape of 'Tum te tum tum—tum tum!'" thus rounding off what he said with those few expressive bars.

Amongst other places, he had lived much in China I found, and I traced a tendency to Chinese proverbial philosophy, which mingled fittingly with the poetic nature of my swarthy Spanish companion. I elicited from him that his friends were disgusted with him; they didn't seem to see how well he fitted the gap which Nature had made for him. The turn our conversation had taken induced him to moralise in such a way as to lead to the discovery on my part that the light and airy refrain of his guitar was a veil, which only partially disguised a far from frivolous nature.

"Some climb the ladder of fame, Señor, but then there must be always one at the bottom: he never climbs, but then, he never falls. The apparently insignificant sometimes play an important part; for instance, the goose, plucked of its fine feathers, is brought in at the kitchen door, yet, does it not grace the head of the table. And as I

not beloved as much, aye, even more, than the founder of the feast himself? Again, the strawberries on the top of the basket are the first to disappear."

TUM TE TUM TUM—TUM TUM!

I suggested that humility was only good to a certain extent; that a certain amount of personal pride was a sort of *sauce piquante* to existence.

"Pride! Oh, dear no, nothing of the sort. Pride and vaunting ambition may in the end wear regal robes and kingly crowns, but surely they must suffer terribly from their weight, compared with the night-cap and gown of unambitious contentment; there are advantages, too, about insignificance which many fail to appreciate. Those who leave the ball early, though they may lose the pleasures of the dance, secure, nevertheless, the best hat and umbrella."

And so he went rambling on, the very embodiment of *dolce far niente;* enjoying perfect freedom from all care, so long as a glass of aguardiente was forthcoming, or he could soothe his nervous system with "Tum te tum tum—tum tum!"

This man's coolness was remarkable; he had no more fear than he had political bias, and would have been brave to a fault had fighting been his profession—but it wasn't. They were alike, yet not alike, were my friend Tum te tum tum and a broad-shouldered Britisher, whom I met one day on the outer walls of the old town. He had two ladies with him, one of whom carried a scarlet shawl, and so, waiving that insular necessity which is supposed to exist for introductions, I explained their danger, since they had thus already attracted Carlist fire. Most people would have hastily sought the nearest cover. Not so, however, with that burly Britisher; he thanked me courteously, relieved his companion of her scarlet shawl, pointing out the necessity for both keeping out of range by walking on a lower ridge, lit a fresh cigar, and strolled on with as much unconcern as if nothing were happening. It was Colonel Fred. Burnaby, I afterwards heard, who had thus treated Carlist bullets with so much nonchalance.

I think, however, that just as my old friend O'Donovan (of the *Daily News*) was one of the most brilliant, so was a certain Scotchman, a Mr. Aytoun, the coolest man whom I've met in my wanderings.

I remember hearing a good story of how, having gone one morning from Fuenterrabia to see an old Monastery (St. Guadeloupe) in the neighbourhood, he returned with the following description of his experiences :—

"Eh! but it was one o' the loveliest bits o' Gothic I've seen for mony a long day—though the Carlists had evidently peppered it considerably, as their bullet marks showed—and as I looked I coonted, and I coonted; an' then I heard a sort o' spattering noise, and those marks i' the wall began rapidly to increase, an' ute from the distant underwood came the popping o' mony rifles, so I looked round to find the Carlists were popping at *me*. Then I took one more look at that lovely bit o' Gothic, and then—well, then—I went awa', you know—I went awa'."

Talking of architecture brings to my remembrance the picturesque aspect of the old Cathedral Church of Fuenterrabia, when I visited it during the Carlist War.

There was a gloomy grandeur about it which in peace times would have been impressive, the black and gold decorations of that sombre interior lit up by the many-coloured glints of sunlight which came through its stained-glass windows; but now it had a unique aspect, it was prepared for resistance to its very doors. Several massive tombs occupied the side aisles, on which reclined the stone effigies of Spanish hidalgos, who, in times past, had won their spurs in the service of their country; around their ashes were now piled up sand-bags, and they seemed to rally, as it were, even from the land of shadows, the Government troops. The entrance, too, was equally well defended, while all the available slip windows in the tower and belfry were held in readiness for attack.

It was an interesting place, was Fuenterrabia, though the dirty, common-place fountain from which it took its name was its least attractive feature: its waters, which some old

myth declared came direct from Arabia Felix, were so impure as to suggest our giving that part of the world a wide berth; indeed, the ordinary traveller who doesn't, as I did, make a pilgrimage to Sta. Madelena, seldom sees it. The fishing village is well worth a visit at any time, and was infested now chiefly by Carlists and smugglers; the latter, in large, flat-bottomed, barge-like boats, doing good business in their moorings mid-stream on that frontier river, not only with the Carlists, but alike with French and Spanish Republicans. You see, situated as they were, neither in France nor Spain, they were beyond Custom House control, being absolutely in no country, on a sort of international "Tom Tiddler's Ground," where they did very much as they liked.

These same contrabandistas, while they did a thriving trade in *rancia*, *aguardiente*, tobacco, and cigars, were particularly jealous of what they were pleased to consider their rights, and suspected those who didn't stop and discuss their supplies of being Custom House officers, intent on some scheme by which to lure them to one side or the other, showing their hostility by levelling their flint lock muskets and pistols at passing strangers, till assured they were not revenue officers, when, with an air of condescension, they would let them pass. The village of Sta. Madelena was their headquarters, where, under cover of the night, they landed their stores and transferred them at convenient times to those floating grog-shops.

Lane, he who shared with me that bad quarter of an hour outside Behobie, the day after the engagement at that place, seemed to be permanently affected by the event in the sense that he indulged in madcap excitement, which took the form of a mock quarrel between a correspondent and himself as to which had prior claim to the hand and heart of the prettiest of old Lagaraldi's (the hotel-keeper's) fair daughters.

CARLISTS AND CONTRABANDISTA.

This brown-eyed beauty was herself much flattered by the compliments of each. Though the whole household was terribly disturbed when it was announced that a duel would be the result of Dan Cupid's vagaries; and when, early one morning, two carriages were ordered, and seconds and principals set out for a neighbouring wood, you may easily imagine the intervening suspense.

At length they *both* returned, wounded, but unsatiated. Nor was this all. Later in the day several shots were heard in one of the upper rooms of the hotel, where, the door being burst open, the prostrate forms of *both* were discovered weltering in their——; well—no, not exactly that, though there was every appearance of it. The fact was, neither having been able to ascertain by this ruse that the brown-eyed brunette cared one fig more for one than the other; feeling, indeed, that she was indifferent to both, save as passing flatterers, they proceeded to undo their blood-stained, or, I should say, *paint*-stained bandages, and having washed the smudges of vermilion from their faces, they went down to *table d'hôte*, with the utmost *sang froid* imaginable.

This effervescence of youthful hilarity, however, gave place in turn to a curious form of depression, and in later years Lane has himself told me, that when in his serious moments he reflected how close he had been to the long valley on that memorable occasion of our providential escape, he felt that that experience would change, as it did, the whole tenor of his life. No less light hearted than before, he seemed to feel he was preserved for a better end than that of spending his spare cash at the tables of Monte Dupressoir, and his spare time in frivolity. He has now, for many years, devoted himself to missionary work in Africa, where, if he hasn't discovered great rivers, he has at least found many virtues in barbarians, which he has culti-

vated, and many vices which he has suppressed; his experiences in the Carlist campaign not having been purposeless after all, since against slavers and hostile tribes he has, more than once, been under fire in defence of his flock. He is now, I believe, in New South Wales, where he has recently taken holy orders.

* * * *

Can you imagine a Thames tug which time has toned down to a doubtful black, and which, having exchanged its late office for the fishing interests, is redolent of rancid oil and tarpaulin? If so, you can form some idea of the *British Queen*, a queer little craft, which took what merchandise it could, and what few passengers required to go (and they were few and far between) to and from St. Jean de Luz and San Sebastian. It was in this that I put out one fine autumn afternoon for the last-named place, in company with one other passenger, a Spanish student, whose curiosity was raised to the highest pitch as we approached, and saw Carlist time-shells bursting over that devoted seaport.

On landing I was fortunate in securing admirable quarters on quite nominal terms. I had a handsome suite of three well-furnished rooms (indeed the whole house for the matter of that, for it was otherwise empty, and had I cared to use it I could have had it), with attendance, for what was about an equivalent to 30s. a week.

This, be it understood, included living, which, considering the place was in a state of siege, was excellent. Now the fact was, my landlady, a nervous old party of some seventy summers, had really nothing whatever to do with the establishment; the row of handsome houses, of which this was one, since they were exactly *vis-à-vis* the Carlist forts, had been deserted at the commencement of hostilities, and Madame had taken up her quarters there "promis-

cuous-like," as Sam Weller would have said, and was only too glad, on any terms, to run the establishment so long as she brought supplies for her customers no farther than the top of the kitchen stairs, in which subterranean retreat the dear old soul considered herself safe from Carlist fire.

O'Donovan was very much to the fore in San Sebastian, and with him I was naturally not long in foregathering.

By day we went to the front, at night returning to the besieged town, where, having got our sketches and articles safely on board one of the steamers plying between that place and France, we identified ourselves with the lives of the people, entering into their simple pleasures, which even a dread of Carlist occupation and atrocities failed to interfere with. Indeed, under the very muzzles of the guns in the Carlist batteries did the good folk make merry in the Alameda, or great public promenade: every evening enjoying themselves with an abandon which was marvellous to contemplate, old and young alike entering into the spirit of the thing, either from national light-heartedness or from a desire to veil their natural dread by a sort of *delirium tremens delirium*.

It was a picturesque sight to see white-haired duennas, and black-haired brunettes, tripping it equally on the light fantastic toe, to the accompaniment of the Municipal band; alternately waltzing with a grace peculiarly Spanish, and dancing the "Bolero," or wilder fandango, with a "go" equally their own.

That brightly-illuminated thoroughfare, seen from a distance, with its throng of busy dancers, and the far away faint strains of its band, must have had an aggravating effect on the Carlist sentry in the redoubts which commanded that town, as he filled up the picture in his mind's eye; and he must have felt inclined to curse those political inequalities which he failed to understand, save as the

IN THE ALAMEDA.

motive power of civil war, which obliged him to remain where he was; for, take him all round, your ordinary Spaniard is a kindly fellow enough, with no more of that jealous resentment with which one is inclined to associate him than is to be found elsewhere.

Then Spanish hospitality is unbounded, though sometimes a little complex; for instance, you visit a grandee, you admire his horse, the flowers in his garden, that exquisite ormolu clock in his drawing-room; he assures you they are *not* his, they are yours; he begs you will accept them. The ring he wears, a family heirloom of great value, he will show you with pride. Beware of saying too much about it, he will press you to take it; indeed, a friend of mine did, after much persuading, reluctantly do this on one occasion, and as he failed to return it next day, as he should, he received a gentle reminder that his late host had begun to miss it, and that the sooner it was returned the better.

I remember being splendidly entertained during my stay as a besieged resident in San Sebastian by a most kindly old Don, who seemed to have a peculiar admiration for the representatives of the British Press. He was one of those portly old Spanish gentlemen whose pointed moustaches and bushy imperial only required the addition of a ruff and doublet to make one feel he had just walked out of a canvas by Velasquez. He could tell a good tale, too, in excellent French, in his own peculiar way; and thus many evenings which might have been dull and profitless, have now become to me memorable. His style of delivery was, like himself, eccentric; he spoke in spasms, as it were, telling his tales as if they had been so many parts of puzzles, requiring to be fitted together before the whole could be realised; his local historical knowledge, too, was immense, and his sense of humour inimitable. Hence the following

legend concerning a neighbouring ruin, with which he entertained several of us one night; and which I, retaining as best I can that peculiar style of his, will endeavour to convey to you :—

THE LEGEND.

"The Don was in convulsions; the joke presented itself to him in a light no other joke had ever done before. What! my Inez, the fairest flower in all Spain, daughter of one of the—ahem—poorest, though bluest of the blue bloods of the Peninsula—she, Inez, recognise the attentions of a penniless student from Alicante? No; a thousand times no! It can only be looked upon as the quintessence of fun, the very perfection of absurdity; besides, haven't I given her hand in marriage to Don Miguel de Merara, a caballero of the highest rank and immense wealth; and if he be by chance some forty years her senior, can he take his titles and riches with him to the land of shadows? It's an additional reason why matters should come to a climax with all possible expedition; and with this he poured himself out a bumper of the rosy, and quaffed confusion to poverty in general and that beggarly student of Alicante in particular.

* * * *

"Doña Inez loved Pedro Mondego to distraction; as to how, when, or where they met, the less said the better: it concerns in no sense the stream of history.

"In her dreaming, as in her waking moments, he was always, metaphorically, by her side. Alas! however, that the fates should have so willed it, she slept in a chamber next to her irate parent's, and the partition between the filial and paternal couches being thin, she was heard one fateful night talking in her sleep, talking, great Jupiter! of poor Pedro the student; she addressed him in her slumbers in tones of the deepest—but no—let us draw a veil; suffice

it to say her father, the Don, mentioned the matter over the matutinal muffin, and Inez confessed the all-absorbing concentration of undying love which was consuming her young heart.

"Poppies, pæonies, and carnations would have paled before the lurid light which lit up the paternal eyes reflecting its radiance on the pimply proboscis, on which they converged, as he took an oath (a loud one) in the name of the family saint (a most iniquitous proceeding) that the offending damsel should be placed in the uppermost chamber of the haunted tower, far removed from kith and kin, till, having reconsidered her romantic attachment and given ear to the pleading of her somewhat *passé* admirer, she should redeem her father's, the Don's, shattered fortunes by giving her hand (her *heart* had not entered into the paternal calculations) to Don Miguel de Merara.

"Days, weeks, months rolled on, and the fair Inez lost the erst peach-like bloom on her maiden cheek, while the rotundity of that youthful, graceful form gave way to a shallowness terrible to look upon: her dresses failed to fit her, her hair fell out in handfuls, her lack-lustre eye spoke all too eloquently of the sufferings of the languishing soul within: in short the mental and physical strain had been too much for her: she pined away and——

* * * * *

"Whenever Pedro Mondego was not occupied burning the midnight oil in propounding obscure metaphysical problems, he was careering round the base of that haunted tower, suffering alike from the utterly indescribable pangs of love and hunger; indeed, the divine afflatus of the Don's supper, as it issued from those passages near the kitchens, created an eternal yearning corresponding to that which devoured his soul, as, gazing upwards, he watched the dim light which gleamed from the window of his [illegible]

Never was swain doomed to such hopeless vigils ; twice was he cudgelled as a tramp by the Don's retainers, once was he ducked in the horse-pond as a poacher ; indeed, all round the course of true love just then was more rough than pleasant ; in fact, for the last ten days, while his nostrils had been regaled with exceptionally choice aromas, his eyes had looked in vain for the one gleam of comfort which that ray from the top window had hitherto afforded. All was utter darkness now, and for the tenth time, he retired, wearied of watching and wondering, to his lonely quarters to await, disconsolately, for developments. They came : they always do if you wait long enough ; that night he 'dreamt a dream.'

* * * * *

"The storm-clouds gathered and the nightjar shrieked. The wind was scudding across a marshy moor. It was one degree darker than pitch, and rained, figuratively speaking, cats and dogs. Defying the angry elements, a lonely horseman might have been seen wending his way in the direction of the Convent of San Barbarossa. Before him was the bog fiend, or swamp demon, which decoyed him ever onward. The night wore on : that lonely traveller rode on far away into its inky obscurity. He had lost his way, and it was not till day began to dawn that he arrived at a long-since disused portal of the convent. Up to this time he had not had the remotest idea *why* he had thus braved the elements, or for what earthly reason he had thus directed his jaded steed towards San Barbarossa ; for no preconceived purpose, indeed, did he, on dismounting, knock thrice for admittance—admittance to a *convent*, forsooth, and at a long-since disused entry. He awoke. The landlady of the period had, seeing her prospect of payment daily diminish, cut off supplies. It was twelve by the dial ; he dressed and went out, still buoyant, but breakfastless.

* * * * *

"'Oh, cruel fate! oh, unforgiving Sire! Why have I been thus removed from the world, because I love —as you would have it—"not wisely, but too well." Why was I born? why have I lived till now? why have I——'

"There was a good deal more of this sort of thing, but I will spare my readers—it might be wearisome; indeed, Inez herself found it so, for she went off into a gentle slumber, when she, too, dreamt a dream.

* * * * *

"An angelic youth stood at her bedside; he was somewhat scantily attired in Lazenby and Libertyesque materials; on his brow he wore a chaplet of white roses; in his hand he carried a silver shaft; across his shoulders he had girt a bow of the same glittering metal. 'Do you know me?' said the youth. 'Well,' Inez replied, 'I've a sort of impression.' 'Ah, just so,' said he of the silver shaft; 'I know you have; it's an impression which I have myself been making any time since the world began. Pleasant, isn't it? Follow me.' And with this he fluttered out of her apartment (I forgot to mention he had wings) into the corridor. She was constrained to follow. He led the way through cloister after cloister. 'You are not the only one who has been smitten by me in this convent, I can assure you,' said he, by way of relieving the tedium of their progress; 'there's Sister Teresa, and Sister Luisa, and Sister Mary Agata, all of whom have been badly hit, to say nothing of Sister Sta. Geneviéve, the story of whose early love—but here we are,' and she found herself in the convent garden, at an old disused entry.

"'Do tell me the story of Sister Sta. Geneviève,' for, being a woman, she was not, naturally, quite proof, as we lords of creation are, against curiosity. 'Do tell me the story of Sister Sta. Geneviéve.'

"'With pleasure,' said the arch god, for you have probably discovered that Eros was at that moment her guide, philosopher, and friend; 'certainly. Well, hers is a long story, so full of thrilling romance—but what's that?' And, at that moment, three loud knocks were heard on the other side of that convent gate.

"'Two are company, three none,' said that mischievous boy, as he took a side glance, looked down, and vanished; and the very next moment—no, oh no, not that—the very next moment she was sitting bolt upright in bed, the bright morning sun was streaming in at her window, and the convent bell was clanging its loudest that those holy sisters might hasten off to matins.

* * * * *

"At the particular moment that Pedro Mondego decided to put his remarkably vivid dream into execution, Doña Inez came to the same conclusion. Was it affinity, or what? No matter. Suffice it to say that, though separated by several leagues, they were of one mind in this respect. Hunger, too, is said to be a remarkable sharpener of the wits, and perhaps it was its pangs which suggested, that if one of the stalls of the Don's stables were minus a horse it would make no difference to the Don, and be of great personal service to himself. And so the day wore on its weary length—a habit days have when we are in a hurry—till night fell, and he was able to put his purpose into execution. He was soon plunging ungracefully—painfully, I might almost say, astraddle that purloined steed—on that swampy moor. At daybreak he found himself outside the disused portal of his dream, the scheme of which he was now step by step working out. He dismounted and knocked—thrice!

* * * * *

"Doña Inez never dreamt of going to bed. She pur-

loined candle-ends from the altar of the blessed Barbara, and beguiled the long hours of night by wondering what mysterious force it was which obliged her to follow the course declared by her dream. Dawn eventually appeared, covered with blushes in the eastern sky; but I forget—this is reality, not romance.

"It was daylight. She crept along the cloisters of the convent wrapped in a huge cloak, till, crossing the garden walk, she found herself, as in her dream, at the disused entry. All was silent; the birds were not yet astir. But no! what was that sound, as of a blacksmith's hammer on a distant anvil? It was the palpitation of her own poor heart, as she nervously examined every chink and crevice in that quaint old doorway. Hark! *could* it be? She could scarcely breathe for excitement. Yes, it *was* the distant sound of a horse's hoofs. Was she dreaming *now*? No, nearer and nearer still they came. Her heart stood still. A horseman had reined in without that portal. She was paralysed with amazement. Bang! bang!! bang!!! The traveller demanded admittance. Should she open the gate? Suppose at this point her dream should fail her, and it should not be he? She *must* open it. Gently she raised its clumsy latch; it groaned on its rusty hinges.

"'Inez!' 'Pedro!' My pen utterly fails me. As quick as thought she was by his side; and they were galloping off to secure the services of some kind Padre, who would tie the nuptial knot. They had already placed some considerable distance between themselves and the convent, when they heard groans hard by. They hastened to ascertain the cause, and, in doing so, noted that several bloodthirsty looking scoundrels took to their heels, scared by the sound of a coming horseman, who might have been a *serrano* of the period. On arriving at the spot, a groom was found to be ministering to the wants of a wounded man.

"'They would have killed me outright had it not been for this youth,' said the bleeding traveller. 'Remove me to the nearest venta.' Inez uttered one prolonged scream and fainted. They were both carried to the venta. It transpired that the wounded traveller was none other than Don Miguel de Merara, who, not knowing the story of the student lover, was going to place his hand, heart, and estates at her feet, when he was thus attacked. The best advice that could be obtained was secured. He bled for three consecutive hours, so they put on leeches, on the principle of 'like cures like.' He might not have died of his wounds, but the leeches were too much for him. He was sinking fast. Calling the doctors as witnesses, he bequeathed all his vast wealth to Inez (who, I forgot to say, had got over her fainting fit, and was now quite equal to the trying occasion). With his hand in hers he breathed his last. Pedro and herself did their utmost to weep—they did, really—but it was hardly an unequivocal success. Oddly enough, too, the Don, when he heard how matters stood, looked at things in a totally different light. He thought the purloining of that horse a harmless practical joke; and when he ascertained that, after the death of several decrepit relations, Pedro would inherit one of the highest titles which (without money) it was possible for a Spanish grandee to enjoy, he put this and that together—by which I mean money and title—paid his own liabilities out of his daughter's bulky wedding portion, said 'Bless you, my children!' in the most approved manner possible, and, as story-books relate, all three lived happy ever after."

Not far from the ruins (a portion of the tower was alone standing) round about which the story of the fair Inez centres was a small village, the name of which I forget, but where I was unexpectedly reminded one day of the old

country by seeing, newly painted on a dilapidated wall, the familiar names of Palace Yard and Westminster Square.

It appears that when during the Peninsula War the Iron Duke was at one time quartered here, his troopers in their spare moments wrote in chalk on the walls of their quarters the above-mentioned names, which have been carefully preserved and repainted from time to time ever since, as mementoes of British occupation.

In our calmer moments it is sometimes curious to reflect on the way in which, day after day, one went to the front exposed now and again during many hours to the enemies' fire, and yet at the end of the campaign came off without injury. The interests of one's paper, and a certain rivalry with one's fellows to obtain incident, was sufficient incentive to keep one well to the fore, and must with all of us have been the motive power. The most hasty sketch taken on the spot, conveys, I believe, infinitely more than the most elaborate one done from memory. It has always been my custom, if circumstances would not admit of my finishing my work at the time, to make the actual sketch the basis on which I finished the drawing I sent to England.

Of course it will often happen to the war-artist that the most picturesque incidents are only of momentary duration, so it not unfrequently happens that the first impression is a sort of artistic shorthand, which, worked up while the event is fresh in the mind, should present a vivid idea of the subject to the public.

Several Miguelites are returning from the front, carrying on their bayonets love letters from their comrades to the girls they've left behind them in San Sebastian. Following these are others carrying tokens more terrible in the shape of dead men's muskets, each having three or four with which he is returning to the armoury.

RUNNING THE GAUNTLET.

Again, an ox-waggon laden with supplies is on its way to the first post; you hide behind its wheels for protection, accommodating yourself to its slow pace to avoid the occasional bullets from the enemies' lines, which bury themselves in its wooden sides, and which might otherwise have found their billet in you; each in itself is an incident, which finds its way at one time or another to the Strand.

I remember, on more than one occasion, when in the fort of Oriamendez, some four miles from San Sebastian, having witnessed with much thrilling interest, from that elevated position, the events (Carlist and Republican) going on all round me. Let us take an instance.

See, there in the valley below, the old church of Hernani rises up through the gathering mists of evening, its great bell tolling sanctuary to its scared inhabitants; see, too, at a bend in the road, how the dust rises, as that great lumbering diligence (the mail) comes rolling along over the spur of the hill, running the gauntlet of the Carlist skirmishers who occupy those heights above. From within and without that unwieldy vehicle the Republican troops blaze away at the enemy as they urge on their—to all appearance particularly—"mad career;" but communication must be kept up, and gaps in the highway must necessarily exist here and there, which are occupied by the troops of Don Carlos till they are dislodged by our side.

It is astonishing how much powder may, in some cases, be expended with little or no result.

On one occasion, I remember two of those defenders of the post-mail were killed; and once, too, a horse (a leader) received his quietus. This was an exciting episode, since the Republicans in charge of those mail bags had to keep up a rattling fire on their assailants during the few seconds it took to cut the traces of the dead horse, and then dash off as best they could with three, followed as they went by

a perfect hail of bullets, one or two Republicans being wounded during their hasty retreat. Oddly enough, the driver, who received two francs a day for the double journey from San Sebastian to Hernani, was able to stick to his perilous perch throughout the whole campaign without a scratch, though the dangers he daily ran in the service of the State for this small pittance were terrible indeed.

I am not inclined to enter into a long dissertation on dinners; indeed, not being a gourmand, I feel I should be unequal to the task. However, I find a reference in my diary to a little dinner given by myself when at San Sebastian to three friends, which was in its way unique.

O'Donovan of the *Daily News*, with Aytoun and Bayley, roving Englishmen, were the guests for whom I arranged a little entertainment in the grand saloon of the otherwise deserted mansion where I had taken up my abode.

If I remember rightly, there were little difficulties with his unpaid landlady, on the occasion of Mr. Bob Allen's bachelor party, to which the inimitable pen of Charles Dickens does that justice which it alone could do. Modestly—I might say reverently—following in the wake of that great writer, I would say that I, too, was, to some extent, in the toils of my landlady on the occasion referred to, though not, happily, for the same reason. I was not in pawn, as one (afterwards most celebrated) war-correspondent told me he had been in that city for several months till an appointment on a great "Daily" relieved him from his entanglements; no, my landlady and myself were on smiling terms. I owed her absolutely nothing; it was her dread of the upper sphere which played havoc with her peace of mind. While the dear old soul confined herself to subterranean regions all went well; her visits to the floors above being like those of angels, few and far between. Indeed, when alone, I so arranged matters that the poor

creature should seldom come far beyond the top of the kitchen stairs, where she felt herself perfectly safe from the intrusion of Carlist shells; but now, on the occasion of this bachelor's gathering of mine, I very naturally required some little attendance, which my scared domestic, from motives of fear only, was most reluctant to give. The end of it was that we each assisted to convey the dishes from the top of those kitchen stairs to the state room in which I elected to entertain my friends, and it was a queer sight to see us each gingerly conveying our viands, one after the other, to our respective places. The very prospect of having to come to the fore, especially after dark, had so upset her that our *menu* was as unexpected in its order as the courses were curious in their composition. Into the soup, which came on towards the end, the pepper box, in a paroxysm of fear (probably caused by the shutting of a neighbouring door), had been evidently dropped; while the cuttle-fish, exceedingly nasty at the best of times, was so deluged with Sepia sauce that it was quite uneatable. A flagon or two of good wine, however, helped considerably to adjust matters, and when we discovered that, by a happy accident, we represented, O'Donovan, Ireland; Aytoun, Scotland; Bayley, Wales (a little vaguely); and myself England, we made a memorable night of it by singing our national songs till our *répertoire*, a small one, was exhausted, when we sallied forth to discuss black coffee at the Café Menier, and watch our fair favourites (for who could be without one?) dance the Bolero in the Alameda, as each did with the art of a Terpsichore and grace of a Psyche.

I remember at a tenant farmers' dinner in Gloucestershire how, the conversation turning on cows, one old fellow turned to the other, between the joints and pudding, and said:—

"By-the bye, Jarge, talking o' coos, how's yer mu-u-?"

With more point, though it may not appear on the surface, I might say talking of Psyche brings me to the tobacconist's round the corner.

You see the tobacconist round the corner was not only in this case a woman, but the particular Psyche who nightly won over, with her meaning glances, raven tresses, and olive complexion my then all too susceptible heart, as she pirouetted with her friends after business hours in the Alameda. Besides, she "could a tale unfold," which was well calculated to make each particular hair stand on end; a tale of a chignon, with which she could curdle the blood of the most callous.

At the first shock of civil war she had endeavoured to escape in a small boat, aided by two boatmen, to France. The Bay of Biscay is treacherous at the best of times, but it at least smiled pleasantly enough on the particular evening on which she took her departure. Prudence always being the better part of valour, they hugged the shore, that they might, in the event of any emergencies, land at a moment's notice. Night closed in; they had been probably three hours out when they—as fate would have it—were discovered by Carlist scouts, who opened such a rattling fire upon them, that the boatmen, being panic-struck, leaped into the water and swam, oddly enough, to shore, preferring the off chance of thus being saved to the certain death which they thought awaited them had they stuck to their oars. Utterly unable to manage the boat, this poor girl described how she crouched down in the bows, while in a sort of wanton devilry, the Carlists still kept up their fusillade; several bullets lodged in the boat itself, while two actually embedded themselves in the chignon which she wore, and which she declared had saved her life. Be this as it may; the boat and its one helpless occupant drifted farther and farther still out to sea, escaping dangers by fire

only to see before her every prospect of a watery grave, for the terrible bay was already beginning to show signs of unrest; a ground swell, increasing every moment, swept the frail craft from side to side, carrying its poor terror-stricken occupant farther and farther still out into the inky blackness of what promised, ere long, to be a Biscay gale.

What that night was to that poor half-demented creature none can describe, few can imagine. Day dawned to find sea-horses rampant as far as the eye could reach, the lag-end of a squall in which no boatman would have dreamt of venturing out. However, a tough little steam tug was fortunately doing intermediate business in the shape of supplies, and was seen making for the harbour; it was presently alongside, and there, insensible, but still alive, was she discovered, picked up in the dead of night. When once again she found herself in San Sebastian, she was prepared rather to undergo fifty sieges than again brave the dangers of that capricious bay in an open boat. Surely, as Dibdin puts it, "A sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft," who does not confine his protection to sailors alone, having even extended it to that fascinating tobacconist, of whom one might say appropriately—

> There she lay, till next day,
> In the Bay of Biscay O.

Ah! just so; it is, of course, only the natural sequence of events that one thing should suggest another, especially if that other be, as Mark Twain puts it, "a female woman, too.

When I was in San Sebastian, during the early days of the siege, an English lady and her two very charming daughters were, through circumstances over which they had no control, reduced to the unpleasant necessity of remaining behind when all other visitors had fled.

Lest I should offend the susceptibilities of this most estimable dame and her daughters, I will give her the *nom de plume* of Mrs. Temple. She was a woman of no ordinary mould, and those daughters took after her. I was introduced to them by O'Donovan, who was, I afterwards ascertained, desperately smitten with the youngest; probably this was the reason why, in a sort of blind thoughtlessness (for is not the gentle god sightless?) he had promised, if it was within the bounds of possibility, to take these ladies *to the front;* while they, having unbounded confidence in their chivalrous and kindly cavalier, and only a vague notion of the picturesqueness of *the front*, without realising its many dangers, were determined to exercise all their most winsome wiles to make him do so.

This was the state of affairs when O'Donovan confided to me one morning the startling news that he was bound by a promise as unbreakable as toughened glass to take Mrs. Temple and her daughters as far as possible in the direction of Oriamendez.

In vain I protested, and assured him that it would be better even to break his word than to break that good lady's heart, or his own, for ever, should the fair one for whom he had the strongest predilection fall at the front. Again, I put it to him, in a light equally terrible, that in the event of Madam going over to the majority in her mad desire to get a glimpse of the fighting outside San Sebastian he, like a big brother, with two motherless sisters, would, in future, have to represent the interests of the *Daily News* with a couple of girls ever sailing in his wake; but O'Donovan would have it that his word was his bond, and much as he regretted the promise he had made, he determined to keep to it.

It was on a hot autumn morning that we started for the first post, situated about a mile and a half beyond the town,

which, under the friendly cover of an ammunition waggon also going to the front, we reached with comparatively little danger; true it is that our fair friends would have given worlds to return before they had got half way; but this, owing to the road being now completely open to Carlist fire, it was impossible for them to do.

Our route was a continual ascent along a sometimes narrow, sometimes broad, always winding mountain path, which faced corresponding hills (with deep valleys intervening) which were occupied by a strong force of Carlist troops; hence it was that, save where barricades in the shape of sand-bags, brushwood, &c., were thrown up, our journey to the front was a terribly exposed one, fraught with perpetual danger.

I shall never forget our arrival at the first post.

"What! three English ladies at the front," said the officer in command, as he gazed wonder-struck at our little party. Having accepted his hospitalities, in the shape of sand bags to sit on, after a short rest we continued our adventurous journey, till a gap in the defences, which so far had hidden us from view, a gap I should say of about 100 yards in extent, presented itself.

We were too old hands not to know what this meant. A rapid rush on our part, an irregular fusillade on the part of the enemy, and another narrow escape scored on the tablets of our memory. But what about those fair ones? The girls, having experienced nothing, were equal to anything; but not so Mrs. Temple, who to her anxiety for them as a mother added a wee bit of concern perhaps for her own portly person, for she had already begun to turn that peculiarly doubtful opalesque hue which a sudden realisation of appalling danger will sometimes produce with the bravest. We duly posted them all up in the necessity, if the enemy opened fire, of instantly falling flat on their faces, in which

case, the road being on a higher elevation than the enemy's position, they would be completely out of sight; with these and a few parting reassurances we two started off, for the double purpose of setting them an example and being ready to receive them when, the gap passed, they reached us farther on.

Against *one* contingency, however, we did not calculate. It was that, starting first, we put the enemy, by drawing their fire, on the *qui vive* for the others; besides, this rehearsal of what they themselves had to go through was naturally almost too much for them, and went no way as we had hoped towards reassuring them. Indeed, had it not been for the youngest, who (nothing daunted, with her bright particular star, O'Donovan, to the fore) made a mad rush forward, it is more than likely they would have come no farther; as it was, however, she was immediately followed by Mrs. Temple, whose motherly instincts now prevailed, and who in turn was succeeded by the eldest girl. Thus all three found themselves flying towards the shelter which O'Donovan and myself had just reached, when a rattling fire bespattered the rocks above their heads with lead, and brought them to a horror-stricken sense of the predicament they were in. Happily the youngest and foremost tripped and fell flat on the uneven ground; happily, I say, since it brought back the advice given them by us to the other two, for the next instant the trio were full length on the ground, the two Miss Temples gazing heavenwards, while their mother, well—if she didn't literally "bite the dust," she lay prone on her—well—her face, in a state of terror, not, under the circumstances, at all to be wondered at, declaring that nothing in the world would persuade her to move one way or the other. Nor was the process of extricating them from this predicament without its comic element, since it was necessary for them, as well as ourselves

(for we went thus to their rescue), to go on *all fours* till cover was reached.

It was, I can assure you, a ludicrous sight in the extreme to see my kindly, *stout* acquaintance, Mrs. Temple, and her daughters, struggling—proceeding on their extended palms and the tips of their toes to the front on all fours—a novel experience in connection with glorious war; but the adventures of our friends had not by any means come to an end.

Our little party had now to traverse a rather broad plateau, where, out of reach of the enemies' fire, we all breathed again.

The peculiarity of this expanse was that it was covered with a tangled undergrowth, a sort of Spanish jungle, which in some places came nearly to our shoulders. Here again we were brought to an unexpected standstill by a sudden, most unlooked for, and startling explosion close to us. Mrs. Temple, like an indiarubber ball, seemed to bound, through the shock, several feet from the ground, coming down—this time the other side uppermost—with a thud which gave emphasis to the very natural exclamation of horror which escaped her lips.

The fact was a Krupp gun had just been placed in such a position as to completely hide it from ordinary observation; and thus it was that we unwittingly found ourselves in such close proximity to it at the moment it was discharged. I need not dilate on the many other similar experiences we had that day before we got back to San Sebastian. I can only say that several solemn vows were registered by us that nothing in this created world should again tempt us to satisfy feminine curiosity at the front; and many more by that most estimable lady and her daughters that they too would never, under any circumstances, again brave the dangers of the advanced posts.

* * * * *

"He's as dead as a hammer."

"Nonsense."

"Oh, but he is though; they brought in his body a week ago, when I was in Fuenterrabia."

"What! my nineteenth century troubadour?"

"Yes, he's in that Land of Sunbeams he was always eulogising. Not, however, without winning his spurs after all, in spite of the negative life he led, for he was latterly indefatigable in the good cause of humanity, tending the sick and wounded with untiring care, while on two or three occasions he heroically risked his own life in rescuing peasants, who in coming from Irun had found themselves paralysed by fear under Carlist fire; on one of these occasions, carrying a child of tender years, wounded in the foot by a Carlist ball, to a place of shelter a considerable distance off, where she eventually obtained the necessary medical aid.

Poor Tum te tum tum (I never knew his actual name)! No more would that philosophic soul touch the light guitar, or drive dull care away with small potations of aguardiente. He was found not far from the old town he had made his headquarters; found there, shot through the head, the victim, doubtless, of a Carlist scout. He had evidently been wandering listlessly around the neighbourhood, quite regardless of the risks he ran, when he had been thus picked off. He was discovered some hours later by the Republicans, as my informant, a "Special," put it, "as dead as a hammer," in a maize field, his old, well-worn guitar still firmly clutched in his left hand.

As I think of it, it somehow reminds me of an old *In Memoriam* couplet to a certain flageolet-playing "Wait"—

> What monument more fitting than
> A flageolet, to such a man.

And I feel one might not inappropriately say—

Surely no floral tributes are
So fitting as that light guitar.
Placed on his bier 'twill serve to show
How lightly life with *some* may go:
Philosophising as they strum,
Tum te tum tum, tum, tum, *tum-tum*.

## CHAPTER IV.

"DANCE like a dervish, and yell like a lunatic, dear boy."

The suggestion came from O'Donovan of the *Daily News*, as we were hurrying down the now exceptionally brilliant Alameda on the occasion of the celebration of a Republican victory, which was to be signalised not only by an illumination with many-coloured Japanese lanterns in the principal streets, but by a "Toro Fuego," or "Fire Bull," in the Plaza de la Constitucion. This, be it understood, is a curious construction, the body, a sort of long wicker basket, is filled with fireworks; to cover, not only the arrangements for the forelegs (*i.e.*, a man wearing the mask of an infuriated Toro), but those for the hind legs too, which are represented by yet another lord of creation, whose artificial tail protrudes erect from between his shoulders, the whole is disguised by flowing drapery from which the extremities only emerge.

So far, so good, but, alas, on this great occasion the fireworks were conspicuous by their absence, and thus, the sham bull-fight, which the people had crowded together in thousands to see, had to be vaguely postponed till the next victory. It was at this moment of supreme disappointment, when sadder, though certainly not wiser, the crowd were about to disperse to seek pleasure elsewhere, that O'Donovan, ever to the fore in an emergency, made use of the remarkable words with which I have opened this chapter.

"Dance like a dervish, and yell like a lunatic, dear boy; the poor people of San Sebastian mustn't be disappointed."

What in the world did he expect? Were we to take the

O'DONOVAN ON THE LIGHT FANTASTIC

head and tail of the offending animal, and constitute ourselves a sort of Toro Fuego without the squibs? I was perfectly at a loss as to what that erratic brain was

ceiving. As quick as thought he tied a knot in his handkerchief and proceeded, in the most approved juggleresque fashion, to drive back the expectant multitude, who, seeing that something was astir, flocked and gazed in open-mouthed wonder around us, jostling each other in their excited efforts to get a glimpse of the two *Ingleses* in the centre of the huge circle they had formed.

Escape, had we wished it, would have been impossible; the die was cast.

"A jig, dear boy, an Irish jig; it's the only thing in the world to pacify the cravings of a disappointed people."

In a moment O'Donovan had suggested an appropriate air to the bandmaster, and the next he was wildly revolving and shrieking in true Hibernian fashion, while I, determined to play my part too, but not—certainly not—understanding the jig proper, indulged in a terpsichorean effort which was more fantastic than correct; so, as that Emerald Islander displayed really exquisite skill in the legitimate dance, my running accompaniment was no doubt looked upon by many as something quite *de rigueur* at the Court of St. James.

Never was a jig danced with such mad enthusiasm, and never had we, either of us, had such an appreciative audience; the yells and screams of laughter, the frantic applause which echoed throughout the Plaza as again and again we were vociferously encored, was, to say the least of it, encouraging. Sheer exhaustion at length compelled us to make our final bow, the people who had come to see the Toro Fuego being well satisfied with the—to them—far more novel experience of an Irish jig.

The evening, however, of our successes at Seo D'Urg ended less pleasantly than it began.

In a by-street we were jostled by some Republican soldiers, who, drunk with more than victory, for reasons

best known to themselves, took O'Donovan and myself for Carlist sympathisers ; but *Daily News* was not to be easily trifled with—indeed, we both remonstrated with no little energy.

"Down with the Carlist spies," was the retort we met with, till, affairs waxing warmer, one burly fellow making furiously for O'Donovan, received a blow which sent him reeling back amongst his comrades. Instantly the scrimmage became general, though unequal ; indeed, it can only have been the fistic reputation of Britishers which, for some little time, enabled two active, it is true, but anything but Herculean individuals to keep so many at bay. The actual weight of numbers, however, was not enough for them, for they were not long in bringing the butt-ends of their muskets into play.

Being totally unarmed, and hedged in on every side by the crowd that had by this time gathered around, we soon fell victims to their brutality ; not, however, before we had showered blows on the attacking party all round. O'Donovan was the first to fall, struck down by a musket butt at my feet, and then—all was oblivion ; I knew nothing more till the night-watch, a Sereno, flashed his lantern in my face to ascertain if I were dead or alive. I well remember looking up at him and gazing round me in that dark, deserted street, for several hours must by that time have elapsed. I soon realised that I was alone.

"Mea perdido amigo," said I, in Spanish peculiarly my own. I had lost my friend ; O'Donovan was nowhere to be seen. The Sereno, supposing I was anxious about my cap, which was missing, proceeded to search for it in vain. At length, having succeeded in getting from me the address at which I was staying, he assisted me to rise from the gutter and guided me back to my door, for I was far too dazed and bruised to have reached it unaided.

The next day, though my head pained me terribly, and was much swollen from its contact with that Republican rifle, I was otherwise sufficiently recovered to enquire and search for O'Donovan.

After much circumlocution, I at length discovered him, languishing in a sort of cellar used as a slaughter-house for sheep and goats, the skins of which were tanned and made into military accoutrements. It was a gruesome shamble into which they had thrown my poor battered friend. I was thankful, however, to find he had come to his senses, though he was still unable to move without assistance. This I speedily secured, whereupon we made the best of our way to an ambulance, where his wounds were carefully dressed. The only reason, I suppose, for my not having been similarly treated, was, that fearing O'Donovan had had a fatal blow, they had carried him off so that his end might not be inquired into immediately, whereas in my case, showing signs of life, I had been left to my own devices.

Days and weeks succeeded one another, each bringing incidents wherewith to ply the pictorial press, and swell the columns of those papers to which, in the double capacity of war-artist and correspondent, I contributed.

One evening, when replenishing my tobacco-pouch and worshipping at the shrine of beauty at a certain tobacconist's in the Alameda to whom I have before referred, I was subjected to a rude awakening from those day-dreams which, at that time, made the heroine of that Biscay gale my bright particular star.

"Señor," she said, "you have always been interested in the story of my escape, and I may to-night add a little more to that interest by showing you the chignon I wore on that occasion."

With this she produced from a box in which she carefully kept it the hairy appendage to which she owed so

much, made all the heavier by two bullets which still rested in its midst; they had been spent balls probably, which might, nevertheless, with a little more force, have proved fatal.

"Indeed, Señor," she went on, "I think I may still further interest you when I tell you" (and she now blushed to the roots of her raven tresses) "that the captain of that coasting-steamer, who, you will remember, saved my life and brought me to shore in a semi conscious state the next morning, has asked my hand in marriage, and that, notwithstanding the terrors of the siege and the horrors of war generally, which now surround us, I'm perhaps at this moment the happiest girl in all San Sebastian."

I must confess that my congratulations were far from gushing, not being untempered by the fact that, however pleasant to her this bold sea captain might be, the edge of *my* interest in that charming brunette was somewhat blunted and my dreams of—— but no matter: one may be forgiven for much in the twenties. She had, however, been most worthily won by her sailor lover, whose heroism she was never tired of quoting—how, at dawn, after that memorable night, tempest-tossed in an open boat, alone in the Bay, she had been rescued by him when death threatened her on all sides—naturally it was the one theme on which she loved to dwell; and I venture to think that the children of that Señora, if she has any, have long since learnt to prattle the story of that "Chignon of San Sebastian" to their little sweethearts in the Alameda.

I have often felt disposed to write an essay on "*Sang froid*," so innumerable and remarkable have been the instances I have seen. It has struck me that many grow so accustomed to danger, and are so disposed to imagine themselves specially destined to be untouched, that, to them, war is divested of half its terrors.

It was a common occurrence to come across several officers discussing the situation, hidden by some rocky elevation that formed a natural shelter-trench, the gaps in which were filled with sand-bags—as in my sketch—smoking cigarettes and chatting as complacently as though in their mess-rooms at Madrid. And, after all, it is only their

A SNUG CORNER.

sitting position which saves them ; at any moment one may rise and fall, as easy a victim to Carlist bullets as he has who has just reeled backwards from the parapet into the arms of death a few paces off : yet—do you suppose that this for a moment enters their heads as applying to themselves ?

It was when passing some such groups as this whilst at the advanced posts one day, that our conversation turned on that curious nonchalance begotten of custom – that is, of course, by men who are in some sense born soldiers to begin with, and which led to O'Donovan's exclaiming:

"Look! Montague. Do you see that statuesque creature standing over there quietly taking in the Carlist positions? Who on earth can he be? Shure, and it's no officer who would expose himself so needlessly, no matter how much *sang froid* he was capable of."

"Eh, mon! but he's a cool fish that," said Aytoun, as, continuing our way, we saw on the gradual slope which was capped by the fort of Oriamendi, a tall, meditative figure, exposed to the scattered Carlist fire which his presence naturally attracted. "I'll bet a baubee he's doon in a minute."

As he spoke, the meditative one turned and descended into the road up which we were going.

"It must be the veery deevil himself, for I'm sure the deevil is the veritable generalissimo of civil war."

"Too young for the Wandering Jew," said O'Donovan, joining in; "but here he comes."

A bend in the mountain path brought us face to face.

It was Maule the misanthrope.

"They must be awfully deficient in aiming-drill: I've given them every opportunity, goodness knows."

The voice was sepulchral, the sunken eyes and hollow cheek-bones lending emphasis to the disappointment from which it was evident he suffered.

"Look here," he went on, showing us the remains of an ugly wound on the back of his hand. "Been out through the whole campaign and have only this to show for it."

"This is an unexpected pleasure. We haven't met since we parted at Irun," I said, turning to him.

"Unexpected disappointment—to *me*," said he of the doleful dumps. "Do you forget what I told you at Behobie? Haven't I as much right to a hobby, which harms no one save myself, as a vegetarian has to live exclusively on split peas or Brussels sprouts? Remember, a man with an unsatisfied hobby is a man with a grievance, and a man with a grievance is just such an unenviable bore as—well, as I am. Will I go up to Oriamendi? Certainly not; it's not part of my scheme to keep unnecessarily under cover. I'm going down to Hernani now; fine open country all the way. I've a weakness for drawing the enemy's fire; I can do no more, surely."

"Hope to see you, nevertheless, in San Sebastian to-night," shouted O'Donovan as our morbid friend turned off towards the village which lay in the hollow a mile and a half away.

"Hope not," said he, as he disappeared amongst the brushwood.

By this time we had nearly reached our destination; a sharp ascent and we should be in Oriamendi, a sheltered position curiously defended by guns of very mixed calibre, dating some of them as far back as the middle of last century. Our daily peregrinations could hardly extend farther than this, since the country beyond was alive with Carlists.

"Keep your heads well down!" said the officer as we entered; with which good advice we all promptly ducked and made rapid strides as we passed the embrasures, where those, for the most part, antiquated guns were blazing away at the enemy. Strange to say, at this point Aytoun was seized with an inspiration, as *he* put it—a fit of madness from our point of view—for, as quick as thought, he sprang on to the parapet, and sat there as complacently as if on a five-barred gate, his legs dangling in air, an aggravating butt for Carlist bullets.

"Eh, but that fellow's right, I'm sure he is," said Aytoun quite calmly, in his strong Scotch accent; "aiming-drill is *not* a Carlist accomplishment."

For several minutes he drew a rattling fusillade from the scrub below, then rejoined us under cover, with the remark that he never had thought Carlist marksmen worthy of their salt.

That evening we returned to San Sebastian with an officer who had just been relieved, and when we descended from the fort, his quiet, unconcerned demeanour as we attracted Carlist fire before we got under cover below in the main road was, I remember, most enviable. Calm, courteous, utterly indifferent to the ping of the passing bullets which whistled around us, he was cool as the proverbial cucumber, while I, for one, was devoutly hoping for the protection he seemed in no hurry to secure.

"See," said he, as we at last reached an old wall which hid us for a short distance effectually from the enemy; "they are waiting for us to emerge again into the open at the other end."

On arriving there he told us to remain concealed, while he drew their fire. To do this he stepped beyond our shelter, and quickly drew back again, the spattering on the other side of the wall veritably showed the danger to which he had exposed himself, and how they were on the *qui vive*, as he had said, for us.

"Eh, but that *was* smart of them!" said Aytoun; and he was on the point of trying the experiment himself, had not the officer declared that, though he had a right to do as he liked personally, he was responsible for the safety of others, and thus, quietly but firmly, prevented him.

Strange though it may seem, memories of those vicissitudes came back through a long vista of years, pleasurably enough; perhaps again one sees through the rose-coloured

glasses of youth, or its picturesqueness springs up to the exclusion altogether of those sensations of impending death, which, being human, we must all then have felt at the time more or less, however loath we were to admit it. Again, the mind's eye being artistic may make some difference, each incident presenting itself as a distinct picture on the tablets of time, painted by that luminous paint of remembrance which casts no shadows. There, lazily smoking his cigarette behind an unlimbered gun, is a muleteer guide, awaiting orders from the officers of that particular post to which he is attached—in his faded velvet jacket and tarnished embellishments, the very embodiment of what a Spanish mountaineer should be. Again, occasionally, having crept down from some up-country village home, a ministering angel would appear, who, having nothing better to give, came heavy laden with a pitcher of clear, cold spring water, wherewith to refresh those thirsty souls who were fighting her battles at the front.

A MULETEER.

LEAVES FROM MY SKETCH-BOOK.

Ah! there are some of those dead men's muskets being carried to the rear to which I have already made reference, and which supply all too often grave material for one's pencil. While Cupid, having crept into an envelope, is transfixed by a bayonet and gallantly carried by a comrade to someone's sweetheart in the town, affording an opportunity for the glorification of that military Mercury who, in all the excitement of war, finds time to interest himself in affairs of the heart.

Nor must we forget, if we be up betimes in the morning, to look out for the bold trooper who may generally be met with returning from a foraging expedition with a hare or a duck (not necessarily a wild one), or a brace of smaller birds wherewith to add zest to the Major's breakfast or his own; thus from day to day the pages of my sketch-book were stocked with incidents, some few of which, with a view to giving my readers an idea of everyday life at the front, I here reproduce.

The foregoing circumstances remind me of an occasion on which I was very nearly responsible for the death of many good men and true, who might have been hurled into eternity through my instrumentality had circumstances admitted of my gratifying a passing whim.

On many occasions had I rifles offered me in passing, that I might (for a peseta or two, of course) have a shot at the Carlists, a not uncommon invitation to non-combatants on the war-path. But let me hasten to assure you, that if in this matter those rough-and-ready soldiers thought more of the wherewithal to purchase aguardiente than of human life, I did not, and that I never dreamt before of exchanging shots with the enemy, and so being able to unworthily record active service with the Republican troops; but there was a certain battery where similar inducements had also been held out, and where, since they had been pounding

away for some considerable time without doing any damage whatever, I was, on the occasion I refer to, within an ace of causing a catastrophe.

The gun, as I approached, has just been re-sighted the officer in command, with a laxity which often existed, was elsewhere.

On my arriving at the spot, a gunner who knew me, intimated that there was an opportunity for distinguishing myself in big gun practice. Of this I hastened to avail myself; but happily I was too late, the gun was discharged before I arrived. It proved to be the first successful shot which for a long time had been fired, as was evident by an almost simultaneous explosion in the Carlist lines; nothing less indeed than the shattering to atoms of a powder magazine, which spread death and dismay on all sides. With our field-glasses it was easy to note the terrible end to which that shell had been discharged; writhing and twirling about in the agonies of death in all directions were those unfortunate victims who yet lived, while those who were motionless told all too plainly how death had spared them the sufferings the others were enduring.

Curiously enough I had felt so convinced, from what I had previously seen and heard, of the harmless efforts of the gunners in this particular case that I supposed the same fraternal sentiments actuated them which the men in the gun-boat on the Bidassoa previously assured me they had felt, when they so arranged that shells, on both sides, always fell just short of the mark; happily, however, I was too late, and so spared what would always have otherwise been to me the appalling reflection that I had been, at least mechanically, instrumental in spreading death broadcast.

* * * *

One evening, just as the sinking sun had left its after-

ARTILLERY RETREATING FROM ORIAMENDEZ.

glow on the hill-tops, and the purple shadows in the valley had begun to intensify, I had a memorable experience on returning to San Sebastian with four batteries of artillery.

It appeared that the Carlists had got wind of our movements, for we could see them concentrating ominously along a range of hills which immediately commanded our position. Once in marching order we set off, slowly at first, since no shots came to quicken our pace; presently, however, a long unprotected gap which we had to pass offered temptations too strong for those Carlists to resist. A rattling, irregular fire greeted us as we emerged from cover, the immediate effect being to throw us into considerable disorder, since belching forth through the gathering darkness it took us aback not a little, our uneven route over precipitous rocks adding considerably to the terrors of the situation. We were soon, however, again under cover, when our infantry, from behind barricades of sand-bags, blazed away at the Carlists in return with persistent energy. The twilight and the excitement deepened simultaneously, the glow on those placid, majestic hills grew fainter and fainter still, yet was it clear enough for the enemy to distinguish our movements and be ready to take us again in flank at the next exposed spot. Our pace increased to a hand-gallop as we threaded our way, headed by an experienced guide, round that tortuous, dangerous mountain path in the direction of San Sebastian.

Mounted on a more than ordinarily stubborn mule, I crushed forward with the rest; it was like "Polo" on the war-path to experience that rough and tumble scrimmage, each ducking as he went, to get well to the fore. "The devil take the hindmost" was engraven on every face, as with dogged determination each strove to hold his own on that narrow road against the rest, who were crushing, screaming, yelling, and swearing round about him.

As we went farther we fared worse, several men were unhorsed, several horses wounded, and one or two artillerymen killed, so that when we had to face the greatest unprotected gap before descending abruptly into the town our excitement knew no bounds.

True, our side protected what had become a disorganised retreat splendidly, sending their lead as far as one could judge straight home into the Carlist ranks; but they, on the other hand, were not idle, as we knew to our cost now that in full view, trusting only to the fleetness of our horses and mules, we galloped after that sturdy guide, who waved a long ashen staff over his sombrero, yelling at the same time to us to keep together and follow him closely.

What would have happened had we lost that guide, philosopher, and friend, I know not; and really, judging from the reception they gave us from their vantage point the other side of that precipitous gorge, it is a marvel to me that the record of killed and wounded was not much greater. Order there was none. Those great lumbering field-pieces reeled first to one side then the other over the rugged ground; one could picture all too plainly how they might at any moment have been hurled into the abyss below. Officers and men strained alike every nerve to follow closely in the wake of that gaunt, weather-beaten, bespangled mountaineer, who, staff in hand, still led the van.

Look! down below through the gathering mists may be seen the twinkling lights of San Sebastian, and as that disjointed troop hurry onwards they become every moment more distinct; farms and houses are now more frequent. Scared villagers rush out only to rush in again in terror as we dash past, till at last, finding ourselves beyond the reach of Carlist bullets, panting, breathless, we rein in, scoring yet

another of those narrow escapes which are pleasanter far to remember than experience.

I had to pass through the Alameda to get to my quarters (of which, by the way, a fortnight afterwards not a brick was left intact), and in doing so I met O'Donovan, who had just returned from St. Marcos, near which an engagement had during the day taken place.

"We seem both to have been in the thick of it," he remarked, noting my grimy, jaded appearance, as I did his. "Indeed, I've had an experience that will interest you: the knight of the rueful countenance whom we met at Oriamendi the other day—Maule, I mean—was with me. He at least should be happy now; he has achieved the one great object of his ambition at last, poor fellow!"

"How?"

"He was killed by my side this morning. We were a little removed from the main body, and I was persuading him to seek shelter, when the Carlists opened fire upon us, and the next instant he sprang into the air and fell dead, shot through the heart, at my feet. Evidently the bullet has not been cast which is to give me *my* quietus."

"Poor Maule! a queer misanthrope, who, having lived to die, may have now died to live in some other planet where his peculiar predilections will be better understood."

"I wish I could have unravelled the mysterious story of his previous life," said O'Donovan. "It can have been no ordinary circumstances which made him court death so eagerly; however, we shall never know that now."

Oddly enough, however, that strange story *was* revealed to me within two years of his death, and under such very peculiar circumstances that, when in the course of coming events I relate to you what transpired, you will be inclined to say with me that fact is indeed stranger than fiction. He was certainly not a man who had ingratiated himself

with any of those with whom he had come in contact; but still, the very mysteriousness which surrounded him gave him an interest peculiarly his own, while his fate failed to elicit regret, it having been the sole object of his life since he had first put in an appearance on the war-path.

From a correspondent fresh from Hendaye, who dined with us that evening, we learnt also the fate of poor Maraquita, that heroic girl, who, it will be remembered, refused to leave the village in which her lover was fighting in the cause of Don Carlos, and whose life, after that lover was killed before her eyes, was ultimately saved by a young officer of the Republic.

He told us she had recovered from the wounds she had received, though she had entirely lost the use of one hand; but that the deeper wound, one beyond mortal aid, the loss of her Carlist *fiancé*, had been too much for her, and that having lost her reason and being pronounced incurable, she had been removed to a lunatic asylum, where in all probability she would end her days.

* * * * *

I was talking to an ancient mariner one day, near the natural harbour of Passages within a walk of San Sebastian. Talking—for he was a man of some intelligence—of the days of the Armada, when several of that invincible (?) fleet took refuge behind its rocks, he called my attention through the glass he carried to a piratical-looking schooner yacht gliding along the sky-line.

From its peculiar nautical rig, its yellow funnel, &c., it was unmistakably the celebrated Carlist cruiser, the *San Margarita*, which was (mind, I tell it in the utmost confidence, and in the stagiest of stage whispers) none other than the well-known yacht *The Deerhound*, remembered as having not only watched, close in, during the great Alabama duel off Cherbourg but also as having saved some of the

crew. Yes, the *San Margarita* and *The Deerhound* were — "what's in a name?"—the same.

Could those creaking timbers have told tales of the briny, how thrilling would they have been, for even then this skittish craft was ever buzzing, like a hornet, round the Republican coast-line, taking advantage of the preoccupation of those forces, in order to land supplies. These, as a rule, were disguised as merchandise in sacks, bales, or barrels, a favourite point for running them in being the little village of San Madelena, where Carlist sympathizers, in defiance of the Republicans at Fuenterrabia, smuggled them on shore, when the troops of the Don were not long in conveying them to quarters inland.

She had some very narrow escapes in my time, had the *San Margarita*, especially when pursued by *El Aspirante*, by whose guns she was several times seriously damaged. she was manned almost exclusively by adventurous Englishmen, reckless, devil-may-care tars, such as our grandfathers glorified, and our little ones emulate. Captain Travers, an Irishman, an ex-naval officer, wounded in the mutiny, was in command; he was a typical sea dog of the old school, while the motive power of the whole concern was an Austrian (Count d'Albanie), who had seen considerable military service, and who, Austrian in title only, rejoiced in the exceptionally Scotch name of Charles Edward Stewart, being in fact a veritable great grandson of the Pretender. I do not think there was a single one among the officers of that mysterious privateer who was not a Britisher; those who were not English or Irish having come from "the ither side o' Tweed."

By the time our mutual views were exchanged and our chat over that now semi-phantom ship was making head way into oblivion, and when the ancient mariner and myself rose to go our several ways it was out of sight. He

told me on separating that a certain annual fair was taking place at no great distance, which, in spite of "war's alarms," had lost none of its gaiety, and seeing I was on information bent, suggested my going there before returning to San Sebastian, since by making a slight *détour* I might easily include it in my day's peregrinations.

I have found the Spaniards always a curiously light-hearted people, dancing, as I have already said, to drive dull care away, when not otherwise occupied with the many manly games for which the Basque provinces specially are famous.

I remember sending a sketch about this time to *The Sporting and Dramatic News*, which cost me more than I anticipated; I was at the country fair to which the old salt had directed me, where the usual roundabouts peculiar to all civilised countries were supplemented, as elsewhere, with exhibitions of monstrosities and raffles for everything imaginable, from a melon to a mandolin; dancing as a matter of course supervening.

The two dances most patronised in the north of Spain are the jota and bolero; these, in both cases, are accompanied by castanets, or a bad imitation of these produced by the snapping of fingers. The jota is a most funereal dance, to which a sepulchral refrain is played on the guitar, fiddle, or flute, and none seem so relieved as the dancers themselves are when it is over. It appears rather more like a penance than a pleasure, and the bolero which succeeds it is hailed with acclaim. Then come the athletic competi tions of all sorts peculiar to the north; these are followed in turn by various games, amongst which is one not unlike English "Fives" called Pelota.

It was just when I had finished my sketch on that, to me, memorably hot day, that an unnatural drowsiness came over me, a sort of sleep which left me with scarcely sufficient

consciousness to know what was going on round about me. I must have remained some time thus before I attracted attention, for when I did I had been carried by the peasantry to a neighbouring *venta*, where, my papers being examined, my identity was established, and I was removed to San Sebastian, where it was discovered I was suffering from sun-stroke, and deemed advisable I should be placed on board the next steamer and conveyed as quickly as possible to England.

In all these arrangements I personally had little concern since one of the peculiarities of the complaint appears to be a total indifference to surrounding events. To this day I am not quite clear how I accomplished the earlier part of my homeward journey, but I distinctly remember posing for some considerable time as an interesting invalid—back from the war—in the eyes of my friends at home; in fact, it was quite three months before I could get about again.

Amongst other letters which reached me was one from my old friend O'Donovan, from whom, and my other friends at the front, it seemed to me I had been spirited away. After many sympathetic inquiries as to my recovery, &c., it ran somewhat as follows:—

I don't at all know if this will ever reach you; it won't if you have gone, as the Spaniards say, to be in the land of shadows; a reply will relieve us all of much anxiety, as it's a little difficult to realise that a man in the flesh whose ghost walks the earth in the small hours, until you get a letter from him, duly signed, through the general post office. Such, however, is the case, old fellow, as far as *you* are concerned.

You remember Mrs. Temple and her two daughters, and the flat where they resided here. You may also remember that the folding doors opened from the stone landing into a sort of ante-room, which led into their suite of apartments; well, a few nights since, the eldest daughter dreamt that you had stopped at St. Jean de Luz on your way to England, and there so rapidly recovered that you returned to the front, making the neighbourhood of Estella [illegible] your head-quarters, operations, and that there, unhappily, you were [illegible]

plying your pencil for the pages of the *Illustrated London News*, and, moreover, in proof of this, that your ghost would appear to her; with this shewoke, feeling she had been startled by some uncanny sound out of her sleep. She listened attentively for some minutes, when she heard distinctly three gentle knocks at those outer doors which led on to the stone landing. Creepy, isn't it? Well, she was so alarmed that she actually aroused her mother and sister, telling them of her dream, and the knocks she was certain she heard on awaking. They, of course, made light of the idea at once, though when the knocks in their hearing were distinctly repeated their jocularity ceased. They then proceeded to the folding doors, which, with much trepidation, they flung open. Imagine their sensations, if you can, when I tell you that all three declare they distinctly saw, standing there before them, a vapoury image of yourself, not with your "beaver up," as Shakespeare has it, but with your boina down in approved Spanish fashion, as you wore it many a time and oft in the Alameda.

There now! after that, tell me (if you have not gone over to the majority) if I don't deserve a letter from you by return of post.

Thus did my second self appear, it seems, to that affrighted dame and her daughters in San Sebastian, while I, utterly ignorant of the interview, was in England; certainly I was rather smitten by the many charms of the eldest Miss Temple, and felt that, having been dreamt about by her, there might be some small reciprocal feeling on her part, but the corroboration of those other two independent witnesses I never could make out; indeed, I felt it rather an intrusion than otherwise; I should have much preferred that meeting to have been confined exclusively to my shadow and herself.

At this point, I naturally experience a tinge of sorrow in bringing a period of my life to an end, and in concluding my Spanish reminiscences I do so with peculiar regret. A sojourn in a land so full of poetry and romance, under such exceptional circumstances as were brought about by civil war, had naturally many charms; indeed, from my earliest youth, the land of the Cid must have possessed unusual

attractions for me, since at the early age of twelve I am said to have composed the following lines :—

Spanish lady, list awhile,
Thy sadness I would fain beguile.
The roses that I bring shall be
The pledge of our felicity.
My lute's sweet strain shall render more
Than words have ever done before;
Flowers and music, what can be
Fitter for one beloved like thee.

They were my first appearance in print, coming out in *The Lady's Newspaper*, manipulated, I feel sure, by the paternal hand (my father being then the editor) before they reached the compositor, though, to have even conceived so loving a stanza at so early an age, suggests the sad reflection that I must have been, even at that time, a precocious youth indeed.

And now for a fresh field of action; new scenes and incidents await us elsewhere; and so, sharpening pen and pencil for renewed efforts, let me venture to hope that our travels together, in terrible times, in that peninsula which is the home of poetic romance, may be remembered by you as time not altogether unprofitably or unpleasantly spent.

# PART III.

## THE SERVIAN WAR.

## CHAPTER I.

It was in the fifth century that the Slavic tribes, coming down like a whirlwind from Russian territory; occupied the immense expanse then known as Thrace, Moesia, Illyricum, and Macedonia, and by crowding out the Goths succeeded in holding their own between the Adriatic on the one hand, and the Black Sea on the other. Victory, however, brought with it none of that vaulting ambition in their case we are accustomed to associate with it; they aimed at establishing no rival empire, being quite willing that Rome, as hitherto, should hold her own as long as they might retain unmolested possession of the land they had subjugated, and fertilise it to their own profit. Moreover, they were naturally willing to join issue with the government of Constantinople against the incursions of all marauders, more especially against the "Avars." Thus were Eastern armies augmented by Slavonic allies, whose new blood diffused fresh spirit throughout the length and breadth of the Byzantine Empire; indeed the great Emperor Justinian and the redoubtable General Belisarius were both of Slavic origin; Justinian being only the Roman translation of *Upravda*, "the Just," and Belisarius a corruption of *Beli-czar*, or "the White Prince."

It was about a century after this that the Emperor Heraclius, menaced by Persians and Avars alike, invited the Croats and Serbs to join in dispersing those foes who

menaced him on both sides; and for these services they were awarded territory which they have ever since occupied, and which is now known as Servia, Bosnia, and Bulgaria. These were governed by chieftains called Zupans, who acknowledged one supreme head known as the Veliki. Intestine wars innumerable then sprang up, in which Bulgarians, Bosnians, and Servians enjoyed, from time to time, the honours of conquest.

In 1165 Stephen Nemandia took the reins of government, which he held for thirty-six years, when he abdicated in favour of his son, retiring to a monastery, where, in 1200, he expired.

The son of this wise ruler, Stephen, was known by the surname of Pervorenshani, being their "first crowned" king. Then followed years in which the arms of Servia won signal successes, which were followed by the Turkish occupation of Constantinople, the fall of the Roman Empire, and the necessary subjection of what now became vassal states to the Osmanli. The leading families of Servia becoming Mohammedan to save their estates, and in some cases their lives, the country had to draw its Christian rulers from the peasant classes, a condition of affairs which time alone can change; since even their present ruler, the young Alexander, is said to be the great-great-grandson of a swineherd.

Now, for some 250 years or more was Servia the theatre of war between Hungary and Turkey, losing here and there slices of her now rapidly diminishing dominions; till, revolting, she placed an army of eighteen to twenty thousand men in the field against the Turks. These raw peasant levies, however, were promptly dispersed, killed, or taken prisoners, and then came a reign of terror extending over fifty or sixty years, in which the Turks held the towns while the Servians were relegated to the villages, their condition

of serfdom becoming almost unbearable. They were under no circumstances allowed to carry arms; they had abjectly to salaam every Turk they met, and were not allowed to enter any town on horse or mule back. The result of this tyranny was natural enough; the men in vast numbers repaired to their mountain fastnesses, where, leading a free life, they made a sort of brigand war on passing Moslems. Persecuted by pashas and janissaries in the lowlands, they breathed again in those highland retreats in which they now found themselves; nor in their midst was a leader long in springing up, in the person of one Kara George, whom they elected their representative.

A peasant like the rest of them, Kara, or Black George, proved a clever strategist and notoriously brave chieftain; he was not only a daring robber and clever guerilla commander, but a born general of no small capacity. He now placed himself at the head of 10,000 irregular, ill-clad, and badly-armed men; and at a moment when the Turks were said to have contemplated a general massacre, he attacked and defeated them, securing for the moment Servian independence.

Up to this point he had been materially aided by Russian allies; these, however, now failing him, he hastily crossed the frontier, when Servia again fell into the hands of the unspeakable Turk. Then came cruelties which surpass all description; the wholesale murder of women and children, the impaling of 300 Christians at Belgrade, &c., &c., which are blots that will probably never again sully the fair fame of those who, in recent years, have borne so honourably on many a hard-fought field the Crescent and the Star.

In 1868, Michel, the uncle of the late king, was assassinated, when his nephew, Prince Milan, succeeded to the throne, to which he ascended at the early age of thirteen.

This, in brief, had been the rise and progress of the

Servians as a minor State, leading up to that particular time when, again aided by Russian money, Russian intrigue, and Russian officers, who (on leave of absence?) conducted their armies to the field, we find them striving once more for independence against the soldiers of the Sultan; a sort of prelude, in fact, during which that pious bear sharpened his claws for those coming events which were thus casting their shadows before, and which developed in 1877 into the Russo-Turkish war.

So far, however, as these pages are concerned, my personal experiences with the Servians will be my first consideration, since I leave, as I have hittherto done, the political and military aspect of affairs to the pens of those more capable of dealing with them than the ordinary war-artist professes to be.

"Let us take a walk down Fleet Street," said our old friend Dr. Johnson. Let us, I would suggest, take a stroll down the main street of Belgrade, that you may become better acquainted with its odd industries and eccentric people. Picturesquely situated on an eminence, just where the waters of the Save and the Danube meet, stand the cathedral and fortress, round about which the capital of Servia is built.

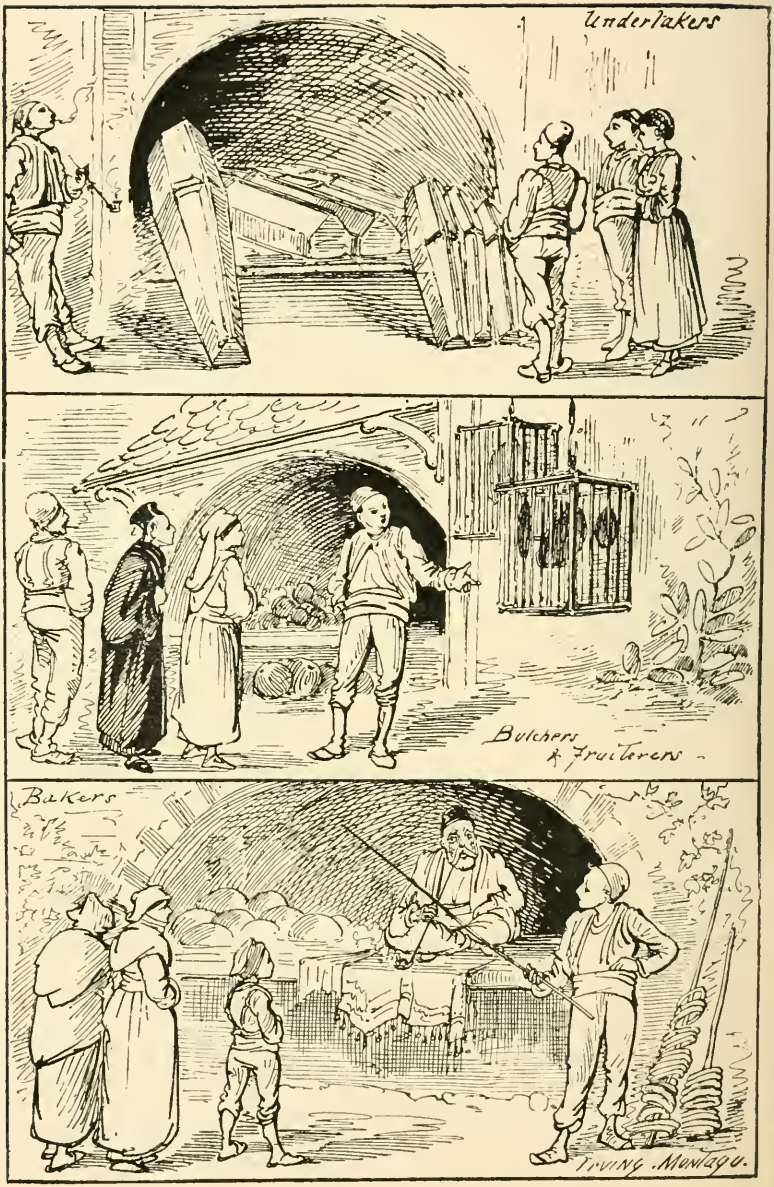
Belgrade is not altogether unlike a small Dutch town, its more modern houses being of plain, unornamented exterior; indeed, the palace itself would look insignificant as compared with many of our recently built London mansions. Its chief street boasted few shops of any importance at that time, and its first-class hotels, of which there were very few, reminded me forcibly of third-rate ones elsewhere.

I remember, however, being much impressed by the panorama which presents itself on one's looking from the fort away across the river over that broad, flat, swampy Hungarian shore on the other side, where, to the right of you,

rising cone-like from the blue waters of the Danube, stand Semlin, the buildings of which from that distance seem to climb the mountain's side like so many yellow dwarfs all intent on reaching the classic, temple-like building which crowns its summit; while in the hazy distance the picture is closed in by a long, low-lying range of purple peaks.

Having in our stroll visited the cathedral, in which the heavy but impressive blending of sombre tones and old-gold predominate, our interest is next centred in its older streets, where—in those Oriental-looking shops which savour rather of Asia Minor than Europe—one finds the natives at work at their different callings. With a view to conveying a more graphic idea of these than it is possible to do with my pen, I have reproduced some pencil notes made upon the spot.

The first is that of a Servian undertaker's establishment. He was generally, so I found him, an exceptionally cheery individual, ever anxious to display, as effectively as possible, those goods without which no well-regulated capital would be complete. These, as will be seen, have a comfortable, convenient shape, peculiarly their own, and being painted white, with coloured crosses on them (there being a strong tendency to bright red), they rather lit up, than otherwise, their dirty, dingy surroundings; indeed, at first sight, it was impossible to associate so bright and inviting a display with the solemn associations of woe. I question, however, if there is not a certain amount of wisdom in this, though, perhaps, the colours might be less garish. Why should our transition to spheres, where re-union with the loved ones gone before awaits us, be outwardly expressed by such sable envelopments as those which are accepted as necessary to European bereavement? Selfishness is surely at the bottom of it. Do we not too deeply grieve for *our* loss, are we not too forgetful of *their* gain? Being human, it would be the worst form of hypocrisy to rejoice; but




SOME SERVIAN SHOPS.

surely, as far as funereal symbols are concerned, they might more fitly suggest "the Resurrection and the Everlasting" than it is possible for black velvet trappings, nodding plumes, and melancholy mutes to do, which seem as out of place as the aldermanic feasting which follows.

Next door is a butcher's, where, in cages of various sizes, are those joints exhibited which are most likely to tempt the appetite of the passer-by. This trade is often combined with that of a fruiterer, so you may conveniently "see your dinner" at a glance.

Below, there is a baker's, where those loaves which do not take the form of monster buns, take that of huge rings: the latter, for convenience, being strung on long sticks kept for the purpose.

Not least interesting among Servian trades is that of the sweep. Your chimney is there swept by contract, entrance to it being from without, where an iron door in the wall, of which that sweep keeps the key, admits him, when he thinks necessary, to his happy hunting-ground. All the householder has to do is to pay regularly the stipulated sum, and if there be a fire in the chimney, the sweep it is who is held responsible to the law for it; not a bad idea this, which might be practised with advantage nearer home.

One of the chief centres to which interest tended when I was in Belgrade was the armourer's shop. There were many of these, wherein burly armourers were hard at work furbishing up arms for service at the front: the sketch in illustration of this subject was taken in one of these, where, surrounded by weapons of every imaginable kind, Vulcan was either "forging the bolts of war," or putting on those finishing touches which were to render them of special service in the immediate future.

At that time the semi-Eastern costumes of the natives gave them to me—artistically—a peculiar charm; a visit

A SERVIAN ARMOURER.

my first glimpse of Orientalism, which had to it all the pleasure of perfect novelty. I have much that is delightful to remember in many ways in connection with my Servian experiences. Notably the fact that it was there I first made the personal acquaintance of two of the most thorough war-correspondents whom I know; for where have been men who have more worthily represented the London Press than Mr. Archibald Forbes, of the *Daily News*, or Mr. Villiers, of the *Graphic*?

It was at a hostelry, yclept "The King of Servia," where we foregathered, and where an incident took place shortly after our arrival which might have played no small part in the destinies of a certain humble Servian.

"Condemned to death?" said Forbes.

"Condemned to death? Impossible!"

"Why, I'd sooner go without one for the rest of my natural life than suffer from the reflection that a shirt of mine had been instrumental in the death of a fellow-creature. Why it's perfectly preposterous!"

The facts of the matter were:

Forbes having discovered, on going to his portmanteau, that a slit had been dexterously cut down one side of it, and, moreover, that a shirt had been carefully abstracted therefrom, had communicated his suspicions to the landlord, with the result that the box of a certain suspected waiter had been overhauled and the missing garment discovered.

Now, as there could be no doubt whatever as to his guilt, and the reputation of "The King of Servia" was at stake, he had been promptly handed over to justice, and, after a brief trial, *condemned to death*. Hence the consternation of that generous "special" when he heard of the poor fellow's impending fate; indeed, I think barely a week was to be allowed between the sentence and its execution.

Forbes' anxiety was most thorough; he left no stone unturned in his efforts in every quarter to obtain a reprieve. At length, in sheer desperation, he wrote a letter to the now ex-King (then Prince) Milan; to which receiving no reply, he addressed yet another, but with no better result. On the morrow the poor fellow was to suffer the full penalty of the law, and Forbes, in his now final effort, took up new ground, changing his appeals for the Royal intercession to something like threats that the thunders of the British Press would proclaim, far and wide, the want of clemency which had been shown.

Now, whether it was fear of the *Daily News*, which was a decided power in Servia at that time, or that Prince Milan had sudden humanitarian scruples of his own, I know not, but I do know that a few hours later he had regained his wonted equanimity, for he had received an intimation that the death-sentence had been commuted to—penal servitude for life.

Servian laws were then—at least, from my point of view—curiously unjust and utterly unworthy of nineteenth century civilisation; a considerable distance behind which, in this and many other things too, the Servians appeared to lag.

I remember, for instance, how a man who had murdered his mother-in-law some four years prior to my visiting Belgrade had been imprisoned for a term of five years for the crime, and who, having been incarcerated for four, had just been let off the remaining one on a sort of Servian ticket-of-leave. It was not long, however, before the spirit of mischief again laid him by the heels, for in a moment of weakness he appropriated somewhere a pewter spoon, the actual value of which it would be difficult to gauge, but for which petty theft he nevertheless paid with his life, for he was tried and executed a few days afterwards; which, to my mind, proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that at *that*

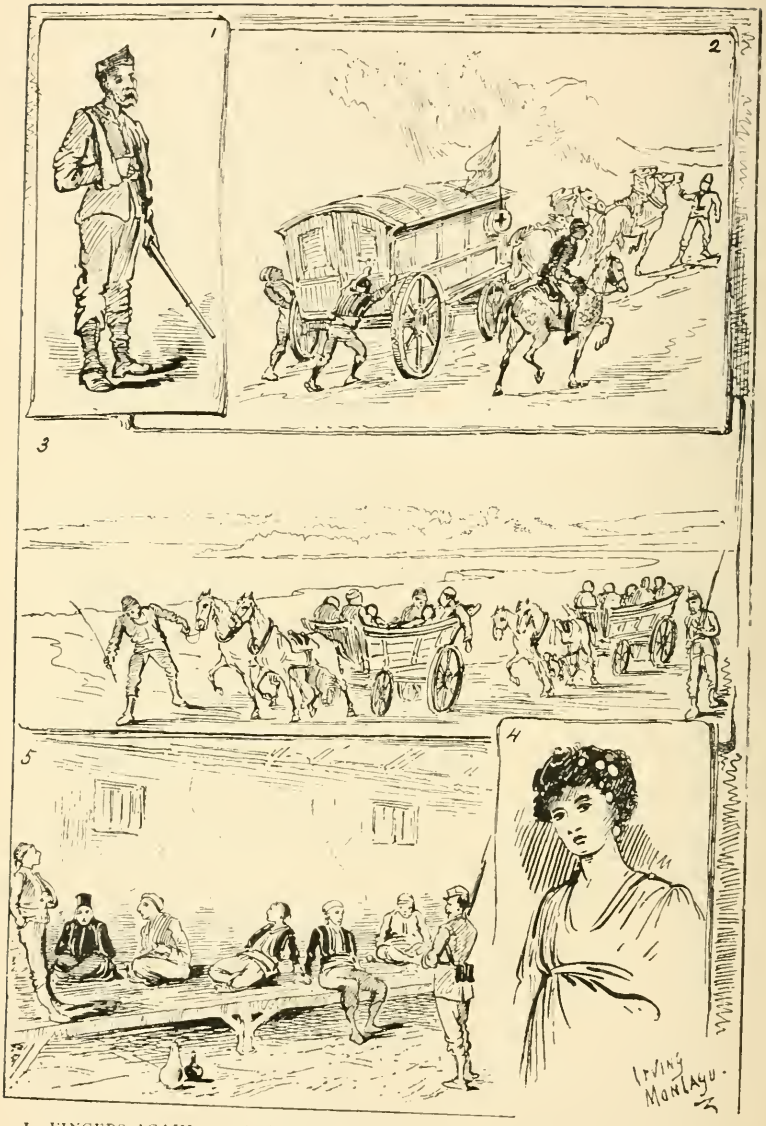
time pewter spoons were scarce in Belgrade and mothers-in-law, alas! too plentiful.

There was, at all events, one prisoner the less to look after in the long, heavily-manacled procession of convicts who, in the silence of the night, marched through the dreary suburbs of Belgrade at exercise; one care the less for those grim, well-armed warders who patrolled by the side of their dangerous charges after night fall, whose ghostly costumes and clanking chains had a horribly weird effect as they tramped through the solitary streets, a troop of living scarecrows, a nightly warning to all evil-doers.

Nor were prisoners of a very different kind, *i.e.*, prisoners of war, less plentiful.

I was taken over the military prison one day with a view to making sketches for the Press, one of which I produced. The Servians who escorted me were mightily proud of their captures; indeed, had the whole Turkish army been in their hands they could hardly have been more so. The inmates appeared to me to be well cared for and kindly treated by the Serbs, looking as cheerful as men could who, for the time being, were cheated of dying on the battlefield, and thus escaping from life's troubles and taxations to realms where Rahat-Lakoum and black coffee *ad lib.* awaited them, and an eternity of choicest cigarettes would be perpetually proffered them by the fair, frail, and fascinating houris of their Eastern Valhalla.

One there was, however, whose affairs in this world and prospects in the next had become so terribly mixed that he hardly knew if it would have been wiser, could he have done so, to have borne the ills he had than fly, as he had to, willy-nilly, to others that he knew not of. He was a Servian pope, or priest, who had been detected, red handed, giving information to the Turks, and, on the morrow of the day on which I saw him, was to be done to death for his shortcom-




1. FINGERS AGAIN. 2. THE BRITISH RED CROSS GOING TO THE FRONT.
3. BRINGING UP THE WOUNDED.
4. A PRETTY CAPTIVE. 5. TURKISH PRISONERS.

ings. It is only natural to suppose that his interest in things mundane was not great; he looked, poor fellow, so bilious and bad in every sense that I longed to give him a bumper of the waters of Lethe, that forgetfulness of the past might temper his terrors for the future. How differently did he and his fellow-prisoners anticipate that "great beyond" which awaits us all—those fanatical Moslem patriots, whose one idea of glory was to court death in the forefront of battle, and that miserable spy now trembling on the brink of eternity.

There are popes and popes in Servia, however, as elsewhere, and, surely, few so unworthy of their cloth. To their *courage*, at least, I was more than once witness during my stay there, setting, as they often did, a most brilliant example to the slovenly, unsoldierly troops whom they accompanied to the front; for, whatever their ancestors may have been, the Servians of to-day are certainly rather fitted for the field of agriculture than that of battle. Not that they are wanting in nerve of a certain kind, when occasion requires it; for instance, whilst in Belgrade I remember, within a few hours, thirty men were brought back to the capital all curiously wounded in the right hand in such a way as to incapacitate them for further fighting. This odd coincidence was too much for the credulity of their officers, and as this represented a sort of dim foreshadowing of an inconveniently left-handed army in the near future, inquiries were made which proved, beyond doubt, that they had incapacitated themselves for further fighting by blowing off their own fingers.

Better that a thousand times, they argued, than fall into the hands of the terrible Turk, who had the reputation of giving "no quarter." Their wishes, I heard, were gratified in every case; they were never again required to put in an appearance on the war-path—they were executed forthwith

BLESSING THE TROOPS.

—and it is astonishing after that how long-suffering were those troops when wounded in the hand.

* * * * *

My old friend Barrington Kennett turned up again about this time in Belgrade, where he was making certain arrangements connected with the Red Cross Society, and I availed myself of his invitation to start with him for the front. It was a memorable journey for more reasons than one, every turn in the road revealing something of new interest, as, in our four-horsed ambulance, with its red-cross flag flying, and its red-cross lamps glittering in the sun, we left Belgrade in quest of fresh experiences.

As we rattled along over the uneven highway, through the suburbs of the capital and out into the open, leaving village after village behind us, there was something not a little gratifying in hearing the ringing cheers with which the British ambulance was hailed by the crowds who assembled to greet us.

I forget the name of the particular village at which, towards midday, we halted, but I distinctly remember, while discussing the frugal fare of its modest cabaret, being much impressed by a village pope, who, in his long black gown and curious head-gear, with outstretched arms, gave his blessing to the battalions of Prince Milan as they marched past us on their way to Delegrad and Alexenatz. I afterwards heard, by the way, that many of these village divines, though versed, to a certain extent by hearsay, in the doctrines they profess, and being moreover chosen by general acclaim by their fellow villagers, were actually unable to read.

As some delay took place at this point in connection with the rearrangement of the interior of the ambulance which required Barrington Kennett's special attention, I elected to start on first with a view to exploring the neighbourhood and to be picked up later on.

My route, for some distance, skirted a wood, and knowing that some considerable time must elapse before the Red Cross was on the road again, I decided on diving into its entanglements, keeping, of course, sufficiently within touch of the main road to hear the rumble of the approaching ambulance.

I had wandered but a short distance, when I discovered myself in a sylvan dell which would have delighted the heart of a Rosalind. Overhanging branches, covered with all sorts of the most luxurious foliage, interlaced against the blue sky overhead like so many gigantic spiders' webs, while the moss-covered boulders beneath seemed like Nature's stepping-stones to a tiny torrent, which bubbled in amongst them, and which went to complete that picture of woodland beauty which my pencil has, all too faintly, suggested.

Under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that I lit my pipe, opened my sketch-book, and proceeded to make the notes which have supplied me with material for the accompanying illustration. I must plead guilty, however, to leaving those notes in a very unfinished state, for I had not long proceeded with them before my interest was riveted by the wonderful saffron and grey tones on one of the exposed roots of the tree on which I was sitting. These hues were most metallic. Whilst I was regretting that, as my colours were in the ambulance, I could make no note of them, I observed on one of those interlacing branches above me a similar effect, though this time it was a greenish black.

While sitting and admiring those lovely effects of colour, to which the sun gave tinselled beauty, I was suddenly seized with a fascination which I even now recall with a sense of horror; in that second of time I realised that a green snake of considerable size was staring at me with its luminous, flame-coloured eyes, from within a short distance

of where I sat. The next instant I happily recovered myself, and started to my feet, and, at the same moment, the saffron grey trunk close to where I sat unwound itself slowly; it was yet another reptile of the same ilk. My supposed greenish black, metallically tinted bough had, at the same instant, wriggled down to an open space unpleasantly near my feet, and several tendril branches, as I had supposed them to be, commenced showing signs of viper-animation. In fact, much to my consternation, as you may imagine, I discovered myself to be in a very hot-bed of snakes; the place was literally alive with them. Indeed, the forest had won a special reputation for this peculiarity.

I am no naturalist; I cannot give you their Latin names, or say if the bite of those particular species would be likely to kill a buffalo, a bullfinch, or neither; if I had been, I should not have remained longer in that wood with a view to investigating the matter. I only know it was with a sigh of immense relief that I found myself on the highway, where I breathed again, and continued to walk on down the dusty road which led to Semendria, musing the while on snakes and snake-bites, and recalling a most interesting account I had once read by General Macceroni, A.D.C. to King Murat, whose thrilling memoirs had much fascinated me, and whose notes on this subject I here quote.

"At Naples, in 1804, I bethought me of experimenting on the poison of the viper. . . . Without stopping to repeat the various experiments I made, I will only state that I found nitrate of silver to be a complete neutraliser of the poison. A pigeon pricked with a needle imbrued with the pure poison dies in three or four minutes. Mix the poison with a minute quantity of scraped nitrate of silver, and apply it in the same way; great inflammation ensues, but not death. An animal bitten by a viper is more or less

THE SNAKE WOOD.

affected according to the part bitten. The nose of a cow, for instance, contains few blood vessels. That part is bitten with comparative impunity. The leg, on the contrary, is much exposed to danger, and I have known cows, calves, goats, and dogs perish through being bitten in that part. The poison of a full-grown viper amounts in quantity to neither more nor less than two large drops, one contained in the sheath of each fang, which is similar in construction to the claw of a cat. The poison is of a yellow colour, and of the consistency of cream. The fangs are two in number, placed on the roof of the mouth, inserted into two bones, which form an angle opening towards the back of the mouth. They are jointed at the base, so that when not called into use they lie down immersed in the poison bag. Besides being hollow like a horn, with a hole near the point for the exit of the poison, they have a groove along their whole length to aid in the same providential arrangement.

"Upon causing a viper, on which I had placed my foot, to bite my boot, the more violently he pressed his fangs against the leather, the greater was the issue of the poison, which I could plainly see flowing from the hole near the point of the tooth. Behind the main fangs, on each of the bones above spoken of, there are five other fangs, diminishing in size as they recede from the main ones. These take and supply the place of the latter in case of rupture or extirpation, so that any person depending on the fact of having broken or extracted the fangs of a viper would soon after find, to his cost, that they had been renewed. The jaws of vipers and of serpents in general are not connected directly together, like the joint of a pair of compasses, but with an intervening bone articulating with the upper and lower jaw, like the connections between the two halves of a parallel ruler. Thus their mouths can open to the extent

of swallowing a body larger than themselves. Taken internally, the poison of a viper is not injurious ; at least to any violent degree. I swallowed the poison extracted from two full-grown vipers, amounting in quantity to about four large drops—the weight I cannot state. It caused no new sensation whatever.

"An apothecary's assistant, who had received a prescription for viper broth, having cut off the heads of half a dozen which were lying on the counter, took them up to throw them away, when one of them seized him by the tip of the index finger and struck the teeth to the bone. Such was the quantity of poison absorbed that he died in twelve hours."

Concerning General (the Marquis) Maceroni, I shall have more to say later on. In the meantime let us return from our *détour* to the outskirts of that wood, connected with which is a legend, a little bit of local folk-lore, which will fit in suitably here. It runs as follows :—

"A Servian shepherd was in a wood, a part of which, by spontaneous combustion, had caught fire. A snake enveloped in the flames implored his assistance. Overcoming his scruples, the shepherd held out his crook, round which the snake twisted and thus succeeded in escaping with its life. When safe and recovered from fear, the snake, which now coiled round the man's neck, said, 'My sting is dumb with gratitude. On the western outskirts of the wood thou wilt find the palace of the Snake King ; I am his favourite son. He will give thee whatever thou wilt ; but be thou advised by me, ask for the language of the animals, and he will give unto thee the most valuable gift in his possession.' So the shepherd and the snake went their way, arriving eventually at the gates of the palace of the Snake King. These gates appeared to be of wrought iron of most exquisite design and workmanship. They were closed. 'Behold,' said the

snake, 'when I hiss then will my voice be recognised and the gates be opened unto us.' In an instant the tracery of these gates became disconnected, wriggled to the ground and vanished, composed as they were of the interwoven bodies of thousands of snakes. Now when the Snake King had heard from his favourite son how he had been saved from death by the shepherd's crook, he was ready to express his gratitude in any form, however extravagant, and the shepherd chose the language of the animals.

"'Be not afraid,' said he; 'thrice will I hiss into thine ear, and thou shalt hear as no mortal ever heard before; and now go, my child, and take with thee also immunity from snake-bites to thee and thine throughout all time. But remember, if ever thou divulge thy secret then will death immediately be thy portion.' So the shepherd went his way, and it so happened that as he rested by the roadside there came two ravens to a neighbouring tree and conversed together, whose language, having the magic gift, he understood. 'How rich could we make that poor man,' said one, 'could he but understand our language, since at the foot of this tree is buried untold wealth.' 'Which, alas!' said the other, 'is to us of no value, as gold is not so easy of digestion as barley.' Now, hearing this, the shepherd kept his own counsel, and, coming at night, unearthed that treasure, becoming from that moment the wealthiest man in the province. Now one day, when riding on a spirited horse, which was followed by a beautiful mare on which his young wife was seated, he heard the mare address the horse as follows: 'Why dost thou go so fast? They are too kind to strike us, therefore let us take life a little easily and go more slowly.' The shepherd, amused by their conversation, laughed. Then his wife, turning to him, asked why he was so amused; but he, knowing the penalty of divulging the secret, answered her not. Then she waxed angry, and de-

manded petulantly to know. 'Then,' said he, thus goaded by his spouse, 'it is only at the cost of my life that I can tell thee;' but still did she persist. So when they arrived home he secured a coffin, and placed himself therein outside the door of his house, saying to his wife, 'Come hither; be seated, and I will tell thee my secret.' She came, bringing with her his favourite dog, who, seeing his master in such sorry plight, howled dolefully. Then a cock, attracted by the strange spectacle, strutted up from a neighbouring poultry yard. 'Now,' said the dog (for this is a translation of his howls), 'do I see my master for the last time, since in his desire to appease the wicked curiosity of his wife he is about to sacrifice himself; for the Snake King hath said, "Whosoever divulges the secrets of our language will surely die."'

"'What!' crowed the cock, 'you would sacrifice your life to satisfy the curiosity of a woman who is base enough, on such terms, to acquire thy secret; surely she must have in view another husband. In my farm there are thirty hens; yet do I rule the roost. Only this morning there was found there a grain of some foreign seed, which they were all equally anxious to taste. Do you think I would satisfy their curiosity? Certainly not! I ate it up myself instantly. Then, surely, if a poor cock can manage thirty wives, a man should be able to manage one.'

"'Then,' said the shepherd, reflectively, 'there is weight in thy words. Oh, husband of many wives! experience hath made thee wise.'

"So he arose from the coffin, which he turned into a garden-seat, and the cruel curiosity of his wife remained for ever unsatisfied."

* * * * *

Thus concluded the legend of the Snake King, in the telling of which I have not forgotten Barrington Kennett

and the ambulance, which having been kept some time for such rearrangements as it needed, now came rattling along the dusty road; nor was I sorry to be seated again with my friend, comfortably ensconced behind the driver.

* * * * *

To describe the usual incidents by the way on the war path would be to repeat an oft-told tale; sturdy soldiers marching to, and maimed ones limping from, the front; commissariat waggons journeying in one direction, carts with wounded in the other. The pomp, circumstance, and romance of war on the one hand, while the reverse of the shield shows all too plainly what disappointed hopes, what pain and anguish those who follow the fortunes of war endure.

It was late that night when our great, unwieldy waggon was rumbling over the stones of Semendria, at the one hotel of which we pulled up. Semendria was the great ambulance centre, and it was here that Baron Mundy and a staff of doctors were indefatigably working night and day, ministering to the wants and wounds of those who were being brought in hourly from farther afield.

What a genial, kindly type of philanthropist was the Baron (he dressed in a sort of Austrian undress, by the way, and affected a huge cotton umbrella), and how willingly did all who were under him apply themselves to the good cause.

The little inland port of Semendria, on the banks of the Save, was alive with small craft of all sorts, which night and day were busy in the service of the several ambulance corps. The place was entirely in possession of the military, and there was but scant accommodation at our hostelry; so scant, indeed, that I had to consider myself fortunate in getting a shakedown on a mattress in one of the top rooms with a rough Russian linesman, one of the most cadaverous-looking fellows I ever had the honour of bivouacing with.

He was huddled up in one corner on some loose straw, a lamp, which he had forgotten to extinguish, at its last gasp, flickering by his side.

Being somewhat inquisitive as to what manner of man my companion for the night might be, I approached him, and by the fitful light I distinguished his hard-cut, tanned features distinctly, to which a stubbly beard of six or seven days' growth gave a most ruffianly appearance. There was a strong odour of garlic in the room, too, suggestive of the recent supper in which that gentleman had indulged. His pipe lay by his side, while in sleep even his hand involuntarily clutched his sword-bayonet, the hilt of which caught the last fitful flicker of that expiring lamp ; it was, somehow, like sleeping in a room with a banshee.

That man had made so odd an impression on me that I no sooner lost consciousness than I woke again with a start, impressed by the grim notion that he was creeping, bayonet in hand, on all fours, to where I lay; then I would turn, only to be presently again startled by some similarly murderous impression.

I had once more nearly fallen asleep, when I heard him turn over as if about to rise. I instantly clutched more firmly my Servian dagger, which I had taken to bed with me, and sat bolt upright prepared for any emergency. At last, however, fatigue overcame all my scruples, and I slept, this time soundly enough, for when I next awoke the sun was well up, and he had gone.

I became acquainted with this same murderous-looking Muscovite afterwards ; he was perfectly lamb-like in his gentleness. Nature had certainly never meant him for a soldier. Some circumstances over which he had no control had drafted him into the line. He would have made an infinitely better shepherd ; indeed, judging from his fondness for little ones, he would not have posed badly as a

Sunday-school teacher. Never judge, therefore, by surroundings. A flickering light, the hilt of a sword bayonet, or an unshaven chin do not always mean a villain of the deepest dye.

Barrington Kennett started early that day for Belgrade, while I remained to make sketches amongst the sick and wounded to transmit to England, which led, curiously enough, to my being able to be of some little service in connection with "The Red Cross."

A small, ramshackle looking flat-bottomed steamer had been chartered to take seventeen of the most desperate cases for better surgical aid to Belgrade, and as no one of importance could be spared from Semendria to look after them *en route*, and as a whisper was current that the boat was not water-tight, and that the tumble-down affair might go to the bottom, there appeared no great desire on the part of natives, who might have done so, to volunteer.

Assuring myself that the authorities would not risk the lives of so many by putting them in a boat which they really knew to be unsafe, I offered my services, and was thus able not only to look after them by the way, but get them safely carted off to the English hospital, where I arrived with sixteen of them, having lost one by the way. Poor fellow, he bore up bravely till he caught, from the deck of the steamer, a glimpse of his well-beloved Belgrade. The excitement was too much for him; within the next few moments he had gasped his last. Arrived at the hospital, I assisted the doctors in dressing their wounds. My first essay, however, was scarcely a success; I undid the bandages too soon, my patient bled most profusely, and I was assured that had not medical aid been promptly at hand the result would have been fatal.

My next effort was in connection with an operation. The man seemed in a fainting condition; I held his leg, unfortunately the wrong one, the uninjured one, and was, be

fore I knew where I was, sent flying across the ward in consequence, the doctors arriving with their instruments having so scared the sufferer that he put his "best foot" foremost with a vengeance, much to my discomfiture.

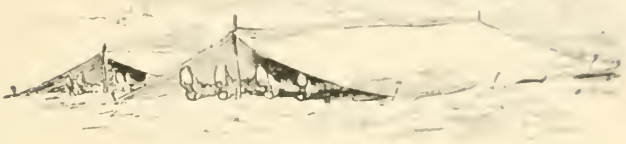
I should not fail to mention here Mrs. White, the wife of the then British representative in Belgrade, who, in connection with this hospital, was indefatigable in her actual personal help, jointly with the English sisters, ten or twelve in number, who assisted her in ministering to the wants of the wounded who were brought into Belgrade. Mrs. White added to the charm of a most prepossessing presence and soft melodious voice a firmness of purpose which won the admiration of everyone. As one of the ruling benevolent spirits of the time, she must have been of great assistance to Dr. McKeller, the presiding medical genius, who, what with his hard work at the front and hospital supervision in Belgrade, had enough to do; his name was a watchword amongst the afflicted, danger having no concern whatever for him when duty called him, as it often did, into the thickest of the fighting.

Well worthy of him, too, were the staff of doctors who acted with him; one instance having been specially noticed, in which they for a whole night, under a desultory fire from Turkish scouts, tended the wounded and dying.

Fighting their way with dogged determination, the Turks made Alexenatz their great centre of action.

This very short but hotly contested campaign—had I space to devote to it, from a military or historical point of view—had much in it which foreshadowed that immediate future—the dismemberment of Turkey—which has itself in turn become history. The Russians at Belgrade seemed like a presage of that crossing of the Danube at Zimnitza so soon to follow; the fighting at Alexenatz came as a premonition of the fall of Plevna.

I have said the Serbs plied the mattock and the spade more ably than the musket and bayonet, but I would not have it supposed that they were as troops unworthy of the



FORTY WINKS BY THE WAY.

country they loved so well, and for which they fought, at times, with desperate energy.

Then, again, the very nature of the lives of those living in

SAVOURY DREAMS.

the provinces made them natural campaigners, of which my sketches, one of a curiously constructed and most portable tent which, at a pinch, may be occupied by four men, and

another a Servian system of roasting pork, may be taken in evidence; for though the former was now a military contrivance, it had descended with improvements from the hill-tribes, while the latter is a method adopted from time immemorial.

I assisted, as far as lay in my power, on many occasions with the wounded, and have seen men over and over again with gaping wounds, whose one wish was to recover sufficiently to be once more well to the front; while on the other hand, in the confusion of retreat, hundreds must have perished on the field for want of sufficient medical aid, even if they were not killed where they lay by passing Bashi-bazouks.

I may here relate one incident which presented itself to me as peculiarly picturesque.

A mounted Turkish free-lance was crossing a field towards a by-lane, down which a Servian officer was riding. Both were excellent horsemen. The Turk, dashing forward, leaped a low wall which divided the field he was in from the lane; at the same instant the Servian leaped into the field to gain a temporary advantage over his adversary. Wheeling about, the Turk leaped back again. They were both now *vis-à-vis*: the Servian fired twice with his revolver, and succeeded in killing the Turk's horse, which, when it fell, bore its rider to the ground, breaking that Moslem's leg by the fall; not, however, before a well-directed shot from his revolver wounded the Servian in the thigh, and unhorsed him too. And now, both prostrate, with their remaining available charges a duel at some 18 or 20 paces commenced, in which the last charge in the Servian's revolver proved fatal to the Turk, while the Servian was ultimately discovered by a reconnoitring party, and, recovering, lived to tell the tale; to which he added, that, just before he was surprised by the Turk, a

black rat had crossed his path. To him it came as a warning of impending death, happily in this case that of the Turk.

They are a curiously superstitious people are the Servians, overflowing with strange proverbs and mystical beliefs.

One very intelligent fellow, who spoke a little French, with whom, since he was only slightly wounded in the arm, I was able to have a most enjoyable chat, told me yet another little bit of quaint folk-lore which is as worthy of record as the "Snake's Gift." I tell it in English, retaining, as far as possible, the style peculiar to the narrator; it was quite evident that he believed every word of it.

"Gospodin, it is true, true as it is that the waters of the Danube are blue (which, by the way, was not saying much for its veracity!); it is as true, Gospodin, as that my arm is in a sling at the present moment, is the story of 'The King's Daughter.'

"She was young and beautiful—everyone who saw her loved her. She countenanced, however, three suitors only, Gospodin; she loved them equally, her father the King loved them equally. What was to be done? There were two too many.

"'Come hither,' said that wise King, 'and listen to my decision. Only one of you can marry my daughter, then let each go his way into some far country and bring to her a wedding gift. He who brings the most useful shall wed her.'

"Two years passed, when the three, by accident, met in a foreign land.

"'I,' said the first, 'have a wonderful telescope.' 'I,' said the second, 'have a marvellous ointment.' And 'I,' said the third, 'a magic carpet.'

"The first, raising his telescope, saw, to his horror, in a

chamber of that far-distant palace of the good King, the fair Princess whom they all equally loved. She lay there dying. The two others, to their grief, saw, with equal distinctness, the sorry plight of their loved one.

"'This ointment,' said the second, 'would save her, could I reach her.' 'This carpet,' said the third, 'will take us in a twinkling into the presence of the King.'

"When they reached him—for in a twinkling they were there—the King's grief was great till he heard of the wonderful ointment, which was at once applied, with the result that the Princess recovered immediately.

"'But,' said the first, 'the other two could never have known of your trouble had it not been for *my* telescope.' 'Nor,' interposed the third, 'could those other two have helped you in your sore distress had it not been for *my* carpet.'

"'My children,' said the King, 'by your excess of zeal you have so equally won our good opinion that it would be unfair to the other two to give my daughter in marriage to either one of you; therefore, for the sake of each, I must marry her to someone else.'

"And he did, Gospodin; he did. Better, I say, to trust to your own right arm, and run off with the girl (unless you be wounded as I am) than trust to kingly favours; though I don't for the moment see what else that perplexed monarch was to do under the circumstances, after all—do you?—unless he had made it a precedent for trigamy in his dominions."

* * * * *

I am certainly under the impression that, terrible as they no doubt were, in many cases the Bulgarian and Turkish atrocities were much over-estimated; and that, more than once, Englishmen high in office who, in the best of faith, described themselves as eye-witnesses to those horrors, were

really the victims of delusion. I speak of the gibbeted warnings to be seen at intervals in fields near the banks of the Save by those who took that route on their way to the front. Nothing could be more grim than those sights at a little distance. However, when on closer inspection they were discovered to be nothing more terrible than native scarecrows, which are made considerably more like the human form divine than those in this country, they lost their terrors.

From my own experience I could quote sufficiently to show how many instances of barbarity *did* exist. I have myself seen women, and children too, maimed, mutilated indeed, in the most merciless way, sitting by the road-side and in the village streets asking alms of the passer-by.

One poor woman's story, I remember, was particularly pitiable, who, still in a state of prostration, was lying by the way. She was nude to the waist, one breast appearing almost entirely destroyed by fire, while the other was partially burnt away, the consequent sores from which were sickening to look upon.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the atrocities were a cloak under which the sympathetic were appealed to for injuries which, in some cases, had a totally different origin.

Meeting Dr. Sandwith (of Crimean notoriety) one day in Belgrade, with an English officer, whose name I forget, I was told by the latter an amusing story of McIver's Light Horse.

Now McIver, being a free-lance who, having honoured Scotland with his nativity, had offered his sword with unbounded generosity to almost every State when fighting had to be done, was a character of whom I had often heard, and concerning whom I was much interested, but whose personal acquaintance I had never had the pleasure of making.

It seemed that just then Colonel McIver's Light Horse were hardly the crack regiment he could have wished them to be; indeed, as far as the horses were concerned, they were conspicuous by their absence. The Colonel had been discovered by my informant moodily smoking a cigar at the entrance of his tent. He had yet, however, a drop of the "dew off Ben Nevis" left, which he hospitably invited that officer to partake of.

"Yer see," said he, "it isn't the boys who'll be wanting to make a squadron, but it's the horses. How the de'il can one have a cavalry regiment without horses, I should like to know? But yer should see the four bonny laddies who've already agreed to do or dee under the standard of McIver, and who were here but a moment ago; and there are plenty more like 'em too, to be secured for the asking. I tell yer it's the horses I'm wanting and not the men."

I never heard what ultimately became of McIver's Light Horse, though I have no doubt they did prodigies of valour later on, when the regiment mustered more than four, all told, and each had added, amongst other necessary equipments, a horse on which to charge the Moslem squares.

Having left Dr. Sandwith and his friend, I went down to the hospital, where I found Mrs. White, as usual, intent on the good work of a Rosicrucian. She had a painful and peculiar case in hand. The last rites of the Church had just been administered to a dying soldier; he was in a small room apart from the rest, and, when I arrived, Mrs. White was doing her best to catch his last faintly-whispered request.

It was "Apples!"

Yes; he had only one earthly desire left now, which was laconically summed up in that one word. I had come in, in the nick of time, to satisfy his craving; so in hot haste I rushed off, returning within a few minutes with three or

four large ones. I was just in time. He glared at me as I entered, a faint smile lit up his face; with one final effort he stretched out his lean arms to grasp them. I laid them on his bed; two he at once ate ravenously, securing the others lest by any chance he should lose them. But his remaining strength was fast failing him; he struggled through those two manfully, and then, throwing up his arms, fell back and expired, relinquishing his grip only at the very last moment on those which remained.

Having the latter part of the day yet before me, I thought I might vary the interest by a pull across the Danube to the Hungarian shores, and make a short visit to the picturesque town of Semlin. Glad indeed I am that I went, since by doing so I am able to make my wanderings the richer by yet another incident.

* * * * *

Hungarian gipsies—yes, there they were, a whole tribe of them. What a relief, to scrape off one's warpaint and smoke the pipe of peace with this friendly tribe—for a tribe of at least seven or eight hundred it was, who, out on that broad plain over which Semlin dominated, had encamped in their black Kurdish-looking tents.

It has been my lot to fraternise with gipsies in many parts of the world, and though not *au fait* at Romany, I can make myself understood, and am hailed by them, as a rule, as a "Tachene," or Romany Rye, the equivalent for "gipsy gentleman," which is considered one of the highest compliments which they can confer; and I must say, if they have been the Gitanos of Spain, the Bohemians (from "Boem," which is the old French for sorcerer) of France, the Italian Zingari, Turkish Tschingenes, German Zieguner, or, lastly, the Pharaoh Nepeks of Hungary, amongst whom I now was, I have always found them a genial, kindly, and hospitable people, much maligned as to the appropriation of

other people's property, which, according to their own account, is invariably taken by the "gorgias" (outsiders) who sometimes intermarry with them. But I was now destined to see them in a new light, for I had not long been sketching in their midst before it was evident that mischief was brewing.

The evening meal was just over, and the camp fires were still blazing with a vengeance, while round them in groups stood olive-complexioned, long-haired, wild looking Nepeks, talking in low, excited whispers; anxious women, in some cases clutching their babies nervously in their arms, looking on, while the more demonstrative tribesmen flourished formidable-looking, dirk-like knives in a menacing way, high in air, or shouted defiance at the propositions made by others, which they emphasised by striking the ground viciously with the long staves which many of them carried. It was a calm before the storm, which presently broke out with sudden fury. What the point at issue may have been I do not know, but had a bomb-shell burst over the heads of those Nepeks at that moment the general confusion could not have been greater, the children and women rushing helter-skelter across the plain in the direction of the town for protection. Only one, I remember having noticed, remained behind, a sort of gipsy Joan of Arc, who, seemingly, became the leader of a group of frantic Romany.

Before many minutes had elapsed, the fight, in the midst of which I found myself, began to rage furiously; shrieks, yells, imprecations rent the air on all sides, a fiendish spirit of hatred seeming on the instant to animate both sides. As to those long staves, they were more effective than dangerous; not so the knives though, which glittered in the evening sun in every direction. It was like a surging wave of humanity, on the ebb and flow of which depended which, first on one side then on the other, was in the ascendant.

Personally, I was carried whichever way that struggling tide went. First one and then another fell beside me, those long blades doing their terrible work all too surely, till at last, as if by common consent, that conflict for the moment subsided as rapidly as it began, and all eyes were turned towards Semlin. The Magyar troops were coming down upon them at the double, and whatever their intestine strife may have been, they now, by common consent, stood shoulder to shoulder with grim determination on their swarthy faces. The order to fix bayonets was given as the troops advanced over the crest of some rising ground, and the glint of glittering steel came like a flash of fire through the mists of twilight. The struggle now was short and decisive, resistance, vigorous at first, being soon crushed by that ever rapidly advancing wall of steel; nor was it long before the ringleaders were prisoners, amongst whom, being in the thick of it, I found myself being ignominiously led off to a Hungarian guard-tent, in a small encampment of regulars outside the town. The dissimilarity, however, of my appearance led to my being taken apart from the rest, to a tent in which there was yet another prisoner, none other than the one Nepek maiden who had herself been engaged in the fray.

By Jove! I think I never, in a certain sense, saw a perfect a picture. All the vigour of the eagle, combined with the soft, sympathetic glances of the dove, were in those luminous eyes, while the pure olive of her clear-cut features looked almost pallid in its deep setting of dishevelled raven tresses, out of which, here and there, peeped the coins and beads with which gipsies of all countries love to deck themselves. Her glances when I entered were far more sad than savage. I seemed, perhaps, to come not so unpleasantly between herself and those rough guards on duty outside our canvas tent.

Somehow we seemed to take kindly to each other, and had I been more proficient in Romany I could have wished such imprisonment to last an indefinite time; as it was, we were taken together before the officer in command, and my artistic mission being soon explained, my sketch-book affording no little amusement to that courteous Hungarian, I was set at liberty.

What became of my fellow-prisoner I know not; I only remember that, as I was ferried across the Danube again that night (for it was now long after dark), I looked back with a certain yearning towards that encampment of Nepeks, and that my dreams later on in Belgrade were a curious medley in which bright eyes and raven tresses played a conspicuous part.

It is impossible, I take it, be we bachelors or Benedicts, to over-estimate the influence of the fair sex on our destinies; indeed, I feel, in bringing these rambling reminiscences, as I now reluctantly do, to a close, that I owe to my wife the warmest expression of my appreciation of the inestimable services she had rendered me in connection with them. Had it not been for her admirable generalship (if I may be allowed the expression) in concentrating on a given point the rough memoranda—made years ago—which from time to time have formed the material for each chapter, then "The Wanderings of a War-Artist" might have been erratic indeed; besides which, placing herself in the double capacity of literary critic and British public, her sound judgment has done much to influence my writing while yet in manuscript.

I will allow that it is not an uncommon thing to lay the flattering unction to one's soul that the good points of such efforts are entirely due to oneself, unwilling as one always is to accept equally the responsibility of one's shortcomings; though, after all, since we are *one*, may not this little tribute

to her invaluable aid be another form of egotism, tempered however, by the reflection that such a help-mate is, indeed, one's *better half*.

Those who before reading these pages glanced at the preface may remember, though the book promised, as it is, to be complete in one volume, it did not pretend to embrace the experiences of a life-time, and so when, in the language of Douglas Jerrold, I say "There are pippins and cheese to come," they will not be surprised to find my fund of adventurous travel has not by any means been exhausted. If then the verdict of my readers be in my favour, and these jottings of my early and later life have been of interest, I have not only, in the immediate future, thrilling incident by flood and field in Asia Minor and Europe in store for them, but may also afford them a glimpse behind the scenes of artistic life at home, intending to devote some time, amongst other things, to the peculiarities of that social mystery—the artist's model—and further to discuss many matters of general interest which, in the Great City and elsewhere, have come within the range of my experience.

After all, one is what the critics and public make one, and so, awaiting developments, I will place my pen and pencil *pro tem.* on one side, and hopefully say *au revoir*.

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